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Business, Roosevelt, and the New Congress

By W. M. Kiplinger

What will Congress do? Will the President be in complete control? Will he favor business? Will the bonus be paid? Will we have inflation? These are a few of the questions to which Mr. Kiplinger, from his peculiarly advantageous position, indicates the answer

You have asked some nice pat questions on Washington, or you would ask, if we were to talk together.

What will Congress do? What will the President do? Will inflation come? Will business revive? How much and when? Will the swing be "right" or "left"? Will there be new "white rabbits"? Will business be helped or hurt? How? What does the future hold?

I don't know. That surely clears the air. I don't know precisely, accurately, and specifically the answers to your questions.

A definite forecast of the next six months is impossible. Not even the President of the United States, in whom many things center, could say with certainty what Congress will do and what the effects will be. There are too many forces to be reckoned with.

But it is possible to foresee certain general directions of policies, to calculate the general nature of the outcome of many issues.

If a forecast is tackled in this tentative spirit, and if it is accepted in the same spirit, then it is apt to be valuable for guidance.

The reason I am so fussy about tearing down before I start building up is this: Too many people, especially too many business men, have a vague idea that things in Washington are cut and dried in advance, like an exhibition wrestling match, and that if you can get the "inside dope" you will know all about everything. True, there's some "inside dope." But there are a hundred different brands of it, different sources, different motives. You've got to believe some, disbelieve much, put it all together, before you know what's what. Approximately what's what.

Here's a passing incident to illustrate the point: A few days ago three Congressmen called on me. One was an old experienced member, and two were younger members. They wanted to find out what I, as an objective outside observer, thought they (Congress) would do. They knew what they individually intended to do, and what certain groups of their associates hoped to do. But they also recognized the existence of big pushes, big pulls, collisions, compromises. For two hours we swapped information, gossip, speculation. We agreed and disagreed, made a tentative picture. This procedure is

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repeated day after day in Washington. Always the picture is changing, but usually it adheres to a general pattern of prospects figured out in advance.

Official forecasts, utterances, and interviews, such as appear these days in news dispatches, are not always dependable. Officials express their individual hopes, rather than well-rounded appraisals of realities. They pose. They say things for effect. The average reader doesn't know how much weight to give, how much to discount.

Unofficial forecasting, such as is attempted herein, is based on accumulation of as much information as possible (never complete), from as many different quarters as possible (never all-inclusive), plus a lot of weighting. This weighting involves the intellectual methods known as head-scratching and thumb-twiddling. It also involves scientific application of the rule that certain public men and certain public groups talk, on occasion, through their hats.

Look backward before looking forward. Two things have occurred during the past three months, since I wrote you last in these pages: (*a*) A bit of a rebellion of business interests. (*b*) The elections.

The rebellion started in August and reached a high point in October. It wasn't very spectacular, and "rebellion" is too strong a word. But it had certain measurable results: The government took heed. Without veering its course materially, the government switched its line of talk to new emphasis on the need for appeasing business sentiment and cultivating the "co-operation" of business. Bankers led in the spectacle, and others are now following. At least they *talk* co-operation. Previously they talked bass; now they talk falsetto.

The elections gave the New Deal not merely "victory," but also a whale of a lot of new responsibility.

The net effect of the business rebellion and the elections on the government administration was essentially sobering.

There's quite a different spirit in Washington now, as compared with a few months ago. It is less exuberant, less smart-aleck, more conscious of the bigness of the job. "Sober" is the word.

Note that Washington for two months has made an effort to be quiet, to avoid shocks, to create an atmosphere of harmony with business.

Now look ahead to Congress.

First, the organization, the mechanics, the physiology of Congress.

Senate and House are 3-to-1 Democratic. The Senate is less, the House is more, but to avoid arithmetic, 3-to-1 is close enough.

The House must wrangle over election of a Speaker. Byrns of Tennessee has the largest number of pledged votes. But the administration, meaning the White House and the Executive-Departmental crowd, doesn't want him. They prefer Rayburn of Texas.

The significance of the speakership contest lies in the possibility of bad feeling which may come out of it. Bad feeling within the big Democratic majority might ruin the whole New Deal program. Watch the wire-pulling to avoid it.

Note that the South is and will be pretty much in control of key positions in both houses, despite the cries from North, East, and West.

On most big issues the President will control Congress. On a few issues he will maintain nominal control by shifting his own position, by compromising. Control of Congress by the Executive does not go along automatically with the fact that members of Congress bear the same party tag as the President, or even with the fact that most Democratic members have been re-elected by hanging to the Roosevelt coat-tails. Despite the elections, there's no solidarity among the Democrats in Congress, and on many issues party discipline will not be preserved. But on most of the big issues, there will be party regimentation.

The President will not have control over the extreme "lefts" (the extravagant spenders, the wildcats), or over the extreme "rights" (the ultra-conservatives, the budget-balancers). He must fight them both, and rely for support on the big bulk of the middle-moderates. Thus administration support will shift, rearrange, and re-form on each succeeding big issue.

It isn't coalition government in the European sense, but it is the nearest approach to coalition government we have seen in this country within a generation.

Republican minorities will protest and gesticulate, to build a case for 1936, but they can't stop anything which the Democrats really want. On some issues they will split, on some they will go along.

Blocs or spheres of influence will cut across both party lines on numerous occasions: the farm bloc, the veteran bloc, the public works bloc, the labor bloc, the industrialist bloc, and others.

Behind every bloc is a "lobby." The lobbyists will be more active, more aggressive, in the next session than in the last. Lobbies are merely organizations for expressing and applying the force of specialized public opinion—each convincing itself that it is acting in the public interest. The President must deal with lobbies as well as with Congress, for on many votes Congress will be manipulated by the lobbies.

In the foregoing is the briefest possible outline of the background or setting for the next Congress.

The two most important points to keep always in mind about the next Congress, for the sake of perspective and balance, are these:

(1) It will be a "spending Congress." Spending main-

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ly for public works of one kind or another, spending to create a forced business activity, spending to make jobs. It will spend less than its members wish in the aggregate, for the White House influence will be repressive, relatively conservative. Nevertheless it will spend a plenty, will build up Treasury deficits, will make an unbalanced budget for at least two more years. To meet these deficits the government must borrow. In order to borrow successfully, there must be government control of the credit machinery. Therefore——

(2) Congress will vote some centralized control of credit. Not a "central bank," not the *form* of a central bank, but the rough equivalent in the way of political domination of credit policies. This means inflation, credit inflation, budgetary inflation. Congress will take fresh steps toward inflation, while the government will hope to control it, to prevent its being "runaway" within a few years.

Forced spendings, the cause; centralized control of credit, the effect. The two are related, although the case is not quite so simple as this.

Now let's get down to earth on prospects for some of the more important measures and situations. Let's shuttle between Executive plans and congressional desires, not limiting ourselves to new legislation. The purpose is to hit the high spots of government policy during the next six months, to be as definite as circumstances warrant, and to point directions along which you may figure your own affairs with a minimum of later shocks, surprises, and collisions with government policy.

Inflation

Chances are that there will be no inflation of currency by the next session of Congress—no greenbacks, no fiat money, no printing-press money, no inflation of the German variety.

Chances are that there will be no new silver legislation of major importance from the standpoint of monetary inflation, although there may be a few minor gestures to help the silver situation itself.

There will be no new legislation to devaluate the dollar, no reduction of the minimum gold content below 50 per cent of the old content. (It now stands at 59 per cent.) Neither will the President reduce the dollar from 59 to 50 at any time within the visible future—probably. There is no promise, but there is implication in all the official acts, that the *intention* of the government is to keep the dollar's content where it now is. There's a patent desire to establish a fair degree of monetary stability.

Inflation seems to be coming by a different route, by expanding government credit, government loans, borrowings, with eventual acceleration of private bank credit.

Prices

For the short range of months, the government is not particularly interested in a consistent upward movement of the commodity price level. It seems to be prepared for a period of adjustment, in which some prices will move upward, others downward. Governmental eyes see higher prices as a goal over the period of the next few years, however.

Public Works Spending

A year ago there was a big flurry to pour out government money fast, mainly through CWA, to steam up business, to prime the pump, etc. Then this movement died down for the summer, and it was discovered that the pump was not yet primed. Now the idea is about to start up again. There will be a revival of government spendings.

More public works, less direct relief—this is the plan. Public works will take on a wider variety of forms, including loans and/or grants to local governments. Details have leaked out and been published, and will be disclosed authoritatively early in January, perhaps piecemeal. The important point is that the program will be big scale. How much isn't yet definite, but four to five billions a year is a good guess.

Budget

The budget deficit for the current fiscal year ending next June 30 will be something under four billions. Perhaps about the same for the succeeding year. Thus a public debt of around thirty-six billions 18 months hence, by June, 1936. Offset eventually, of course, by repayments of government loans, and by consideration that we will have gotten something tangible for a good share of the expenditures.

Pay by Taxation

Eventually we shall pay the bills by taxation. It isn't clear whether Congress will raise taxes this coming year. The administration at this stage professes to hope that it will not. This should not be accepted at par; there is a bare chance that taxes will be raised.

Existing special excise taxes will be retained and extended.

A general sales tax or a general manufacturers' tax is possible, but not probable, despite business propaganda for it.

Bonus

Some sort of cash payment of the bonus will be voted, but it is too early to figure just what. It will not be cash payment in full to all; it will be a compromise. It will cost perhaps a billion. It will improve consumer purchas-

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ing power temporarily along toward the middle of the year.

The funds will be obtained by borrowing, not by fiat money issues.

Central Bank Idea

Outright inflationists want a full-fledged central bank, a government bank, to control credit and to issue money. Pressure for it will be strong.

The administration is opposed, will win out, will compromise on a number of schemes for giving the government certain definitive powers over the Federal Reserve System, making it less "independent," more and more government "dominated."

The plan is to control inflation by the credit route. Some think it can be done, some doubt it. All admit it is risky business.

Inflation of the flight-from-the-dollar variety is not intended, of course. Centralized control of credit will be a preventive—IF radical political hands are kept off the control handles. It's a big IF. It's a situation bearing close watching from month to month.

The government is heading, of course, toward some form of nationalization of credit, of banks, and of banking.

NRA

The present NRA will be supplemented by a substitute after next June, with less broad powers, without the licensing power, with some co-operative schemes for dividing the responsibility of enforcement between industry and the government.

Some measure of government control over industry will be kept. The principle of NRA will not be abandoned.

Labor

The 30-hour-a-week legislation will not be enacted. Organized labor will work for it, but doesn't really want it, and will trade for something else.

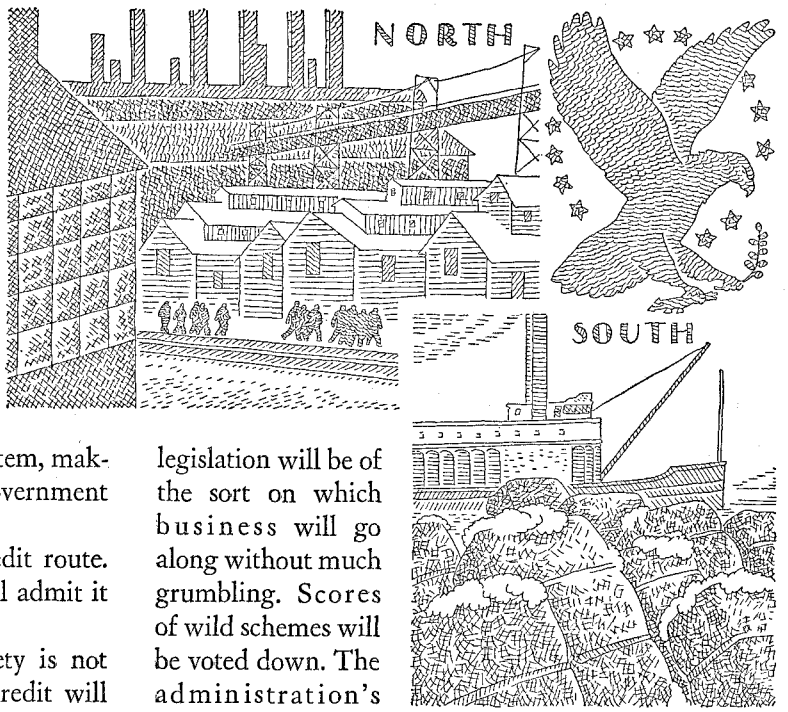
"Collective bargaining" will be further defined as to method of application. Until then the government will have no fixed and definite labor policy.

Some kind of greater responsibility by unions may be provided, perhaps prohibitions against interference by strikers with those who want to work.

The administration is still "pro-labor," but it has shown a progressive luke-warmness toward the A. F. of L.

Social Insurance

There will be moderate "half-way" programs on employment insurance and old-age pensions. Generally the legislation will be of the sort on which business will go along without much grumbling. Scores of wild schemes will be voted down. The administration's program will be so moderate that left-wingers will denounce it as "reactionary."



Agriculture

The AAA act will not be changed materially. Revisions will be mainly in the direction of encouraging exports, keeping alive the future export markets, particularly for cotton and wheat. Congress will conclude that we have gone too far in the direction of restricting production to something resembling domestic requirements. There may be some kind of new scheme for keeping up domestic prices, and for "dumping" the surpluses on the world market at world prices, lower than domestic prices.

Processing taxes will not be abandoned next year.

The land-use program will be further developed and refined.

To refinance all or most farm mortgages will be the object of a big drive, and there's a bare chance that it will be successful. It will come from semi-conservative quarters, the moderates of the agrarian bloc.

Interest Rates

To make lower interest rates, lower return on most invested capital, little by little, bit by bit over the next few years—this is a definite intention of the government. Congress will go along with enthusiasm. It is one phase of the "redistribution of wealth," toward which government policy is directed. The argument is that it is less drastic than other measures which might be politically dictated in the future.

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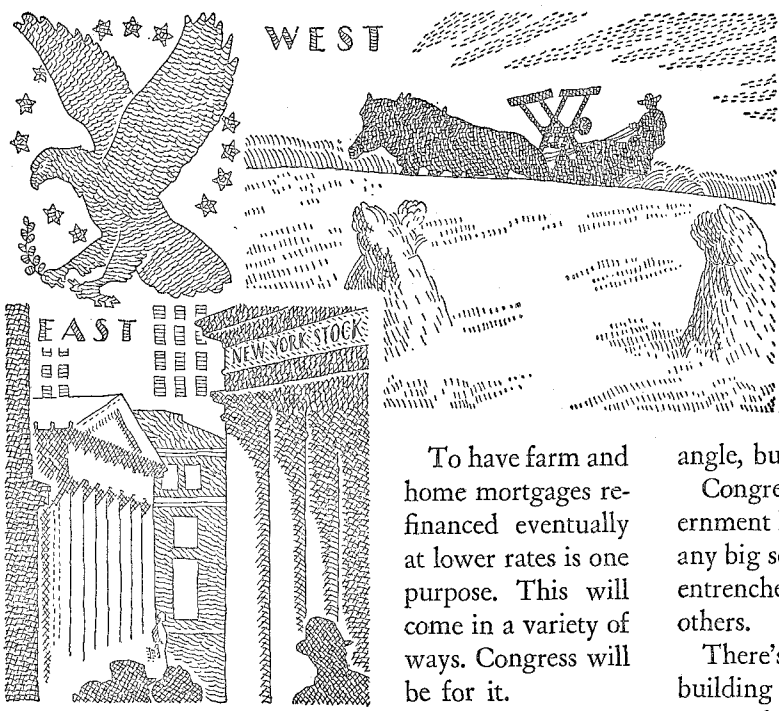

To have farm and home mortgages refinanced eventually at lower rates is one purpose. This will come in a variety of ways. Congress will be for it.

Railroads

The Co-ordinatorship of Mr. Eastman will be extended.

Regulation of trucking and other competitive forms of transportation will be attempted, and there's better than a 50-50 chance of enactment of a bill.

To allow a few railroads to sink into receiverships, but only the few which could not hope to pull out even if normal business were speedily restored—this will be the government's policy, as applied through the ICC and RFC lending powers. To save from receivership those roads whose financial difficulties would be solved by restoration of normal traffic in a couple of years—this also will be the policy. It may be described as a liberal lending policy.

Utilities

A slightly less hostile, slightly more favorable attitude toward good operating companies is evident within the government. But holding companies will be put under some form of federal regulation.

The TVA experiments will be continued, but there's a new spirit of questioning within the government of the too-ambitious plans.

There's a fair chance that the St. Lawrence project will be approved by the new Congress.

Real Estate

Repairs and modernization loans are rapidly growing under the FHA's encouragement and insurance against loss.

Mortgage reforms, looking to new construction, are in the paper stage. The purpose is to make a boom in new residential construction. The question is, When? A few enthusiasts say next summer and fall. Most cool observers think in terms of the spring of 1936. A few skeptics say 1937.

Low rents, throughout the country as a whole, still are a deterrent to new building. "It is cheaper to rent than to build." This situation is improving, from the owner's angle, but the improvement is slow.

Congress will make many gestures toward direct government loans to refinance home mortgages, but this on any big scale probably will be prevented by the strongly entrenched lending interests—building and loans, and others.

There's a hope within the government for lower building material costs, and lower hourly building wages, but no definite plan for accomplishing either. Much grumbling is heard against the "poor organization of the construction industry."

Many things have been omitted from the preceding discussion. Space prevents.

Here's a final shot of guidance on Washington policies in the next six months:

A spending Congress, but less wild than advance advertisements. Pretty much under control of the Executive. Tendencies toward government control of credit, government lending, government domination of broad credit policies. Tendencies toward helping debtors of many classes. Tendencies toward use of government credit to accomplish this. Big public works, to supply the deficiency in industrial activity, jobs. Proportionately less for direct relief, with its inevitable degradation and scandal. Step by step toward inflation, in the hope that it will be of the controlled variety. Eventually higher taxes, perhaps this coming year, perhaps not. Further muddling on our foreign trade policy, further reluctance to accept imports.

That's all.

[Editor's note: If you are not familiar with the many government publications which can be obtained free or at nominal cost, suitable for business information and guidance, write the Business Editor, Scribner's, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and ask for a "Guide to Government Publications."]

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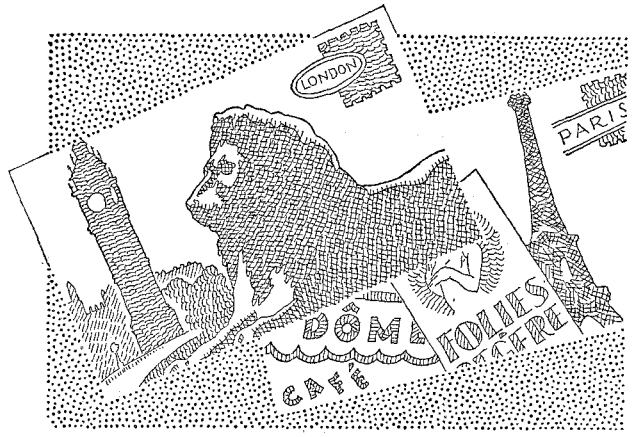
One of the Girls in Our Party

A STORY

By Thomas Wolfe



THE mid-day meal was ended and "the tour"—a group of thirty women, all of them teachers from the public schools of the American middle west—had got up from their tables and left the dining-room of the sedate little Swiss hotel where they were quartered. Now they were gathered in the hall beyond: their voices, shrill, rasping and metallic, could be heard lifted in a united clamor of strident eagerness. In a moment one of the older women, who wore an air of authority, returned to the dining-room, and looking through the door at two young women who were still seated at one of the tables hastily bolting a belated luncheon, she called imperatively:

"Miss Turner! Miss Blake! Aren't you coming? The bus is here."

"All right!" Miss Turner, the smaller of the two women, was the one who answered. "In a moment."

"Well, you hurry then," the woman said in an admonishing tone as she turned to go. "Every one else is ready: we're waiting on you."

"Come on," Miss Turner said quickly, in a lowered tone, as she turned to Miss Blake, "I guess we'd better go. You know how cranky they get if you keep them waiting."

"Well, you go on then," said Miss Blake calmly. "I'm not coming." Miss Turner looked at her with some surprise. "I've decided to pass this one up. I've got some letters to answer, and if I don't do it now, they just won't get answered."

"I know," said Miss Turner. "I haven't written a word to any one in two weeks. The way they keep you on the go there's no time to write." The two women got up from the table, moved toward the door, and there faced each other in a gesture of instinctive farewell. Then for a moment each stood in a constrained and awkward silence, as if waiting for the other one to speak. It was Miss Turner who first broke the pause:

"Well," she said, "I guess that means I won't see you again, will I?"

"Why?" Miss Blake said. "You'll come back here before you get your train, won't you?"

"No," said Miss Turner, "I don't think so. They've taken our baggage to the station and I think we're going to get out there on the way back—I mean, all the girls in *my* party."

"Well," Miss Blake said, in her curiously flat and toneless way, "I guess I won't see you, then—not until we get to Vienna, anyway. I'll see you there."

"Yes," Miss Turner agreed, "and I want to hear all about it, too. I almost wish I were going along with you—I've always wanted to see Italy—I'd almost rather go there than where we're going, but then you can't take in everything at one time, can you?"

"No," Miss Blake agreed, "you certainly can't."

"But I think it's just wonderful how much you do see!" Miss Turner went on with considerable enthusiasm. "I mean, when you consider that the whole tour only lasts six weeks from the time you leave home, it's wonderful how much you do take in, isn't it?"

"Yes," Miss Blake said, "it certainly is."

"Well, good-bye. I guess I'd better go."

"Yes, you'd better," Miss Blake answered. "I wouldn't want you to miss the bus. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Miss Turner answered, "I'll see you in Vienna. Have a good time, and take care of yourself, now."

"All right," Miss Blake said flatly. "You do the same."

Miss Blake watched the bus go, then turned and went quickly upstairs to her room and set to work on her unfinished letters. She wrote:

> England was the first place we went to when we left the ship. We were in England a whole week, but it rained all the time we were in London. The coffee that they drink is awful. All the traffic goes to the left in London, and none of the girls could get used to this. Miss Cramer, who is one of the girls in our party, came within an inch of being run over one day because she was looking in the wrong direction; I know they have a lot of accidents. London was also the place where Miss Jordan slipped and fell and sprained her ankle when getting out of the bus. She is one of the girls in our party. She didn't get to see anything of London because she was in bed

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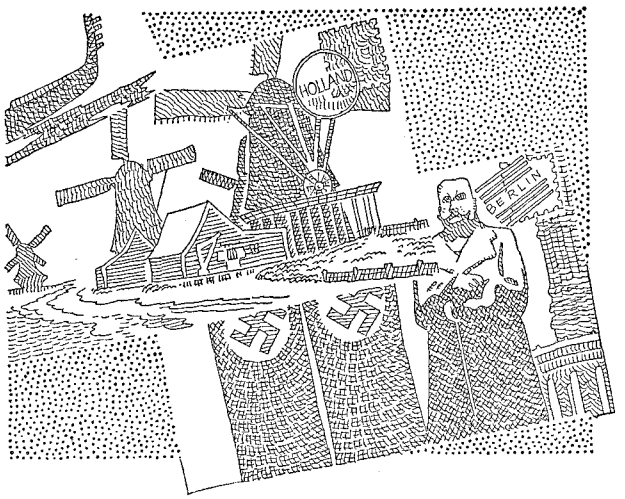

all the time we were there and has been walking on a cane with her ankle taped ever since. But we took two bus-tours while we were in London that covered the whole city. In the morning we saw the Bank of England and the Tower of London and the Crown Jewels and came back for lunch to an old inn where Doctor Johnson, who was a good friend of Shakespeare's, used to eat. Miss Barrett was especially interested in this as she teaches English literature in the Senior High at Moline. She is one of the girls in our party. After lunch we saw Trafalgar Square with Nelson's Monument and the National Gallery. We didn't stay long at the National Gallery, we just stopped long enough to say we'd seen it. Then we visited the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey with the Poets' Corner, and Buckingham Palace with the sentinels on duty walking up and down. We got there just as the King and Queen were driving out; we got a good look at her but you could hardly see the King because of that big hat she was wearing. You couldn't help feeling sorry for the poor man. As Miss Webster said, he did look so small and henpecked peeking out from behind the edges of that big hat. Miss Webster is one of the girls in our party.

We also spent a day at Oxford. We had good weather there, it didn't rain at all the day we were there. Then we spent a day at Stratford-on-Avon where Shakespeare was born. But as Miss Webster said, they've fixed that house up a lot since he lived in it. It didn't rain the morning of the day we went to Stratford-on-Avon but it started in again as we were coming back. It rained most of the time we were in England. No wonder everything is so green.

The next country that we visited was Holland. Of all the countries we have been to I like Holland best. Everything was so clean in Holland. We spent three days in Holland, and it didn't rain the whole time we were there. We were in Amsterdam for a day, and we went out to the Island of Marken where all the people were dressed up in their quaint costumes and even the children wore wooden shoes just the same as they have done for hundreds of years. Miss Turner took some pictures of some children. She is making a collection to show to her classes when she gets back home. It is a very interesting collection, and most of the pictures came out very well. Miss Turner is one of the girls in our party.

We spent another whole day at Haarlem and The Hague. We saw the Palace of Peace and some pictures by Rembrandt, including "The Anatomy Lesson," which of course was interesting to me and some more "grist for the mill" as I will be able to make use of all this material in my drawing class when school takes up again.

In Holland we had the nicest guide we met on the whole trip. Every one was crazy about him, we have thought so often of him, and laughed so much about him, since. He was an old man named Mr. Vogelsang, and when Miss Watson, who is one of the girls in our party, asked him what that name meant, he said the name meant Song-Bird, so after that we called him our Song-Bird. You couldn't get the best of Mr. Vogelsang, no matter what you said. He always had an answer ready for you. We have laughed so much about it since whenever we thought of Mr. Vogelsang.

Vogelsang iss my name unt dat means Sonk-birt. Sonk-birt by name, sonk-birt by nature; if you are nice to me perhaps I sink for you. Now ve are comink to de olt shot-tower. It vas conshtructed in de year uff sixteen hundert unt t'venty-nine mit contribushions mait by all de burghers uff de town. De roof is all uff golt unt silfer conshtructed vich vas gifen by de laities from deir chewells, ornaments unt odder brecious bossessions. De two fickures dat you see on top uff de olt glock iss subbosed to represent de burgermeister uff dat beriod, Pieter Van Hondercoetter, unt his vife Matilda. Upon de shtroke uff t'ree o'glock you vill see dem come out on de platform, turn unt shtrike mit golten mallets on de bell—so! it comes now, vatch it!—so! *vun!* de burgermeister shtrikes upon his seit vun time—you see?—So! Now! *two!*—de laity shtrikes upon her seit vun time—so! now! *t'ree*—de burgermeister shtrikes upon his seit—now it iss t'ree o'glock—all iss ofer for anodder hour—unt laities, dat's de only time dat a man has efer been known to haf de last vort mit a voman.

Oh, you couldn't get the best of Mr. Vogelsang, we used to tease him but he always had an answer ready for you.

Now, laities, dis tower vas erected at a cost of t'welluf million guilders witch iss fife million dollars in real money. It took ofer sixteen years to built it, de golt, chewells unt odder brecious metals in de roof alone is vort ofer vun million two hundert unt fifty t'ousand dollars. De tower is two hundert unt sixty-t'ree feet tall from top to bottom unt dere iss tree hundert sixty-fife shtone steps in de shtair case, vun for efery day in de year engrafed mit de name uff a citizen who gafe money for de tower. If you vould like to gount de shteps yourself you gan now glimb to de top but ass for me I t'ink I shtay here. For ald'ough my name iss Sonk-birt, I am now too olt to fly.

Mr. Vogelsang always had a joke for everything. Well, we all climbed up to the top of the tower then and when we got back down Miss Powers said that Mr. Vogelsang was wrong because she had counted three hundred and sixty-seven steps both ways, and Miss Turner swore that he was right, that she had made it three hundred and

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sixty-five both up and down. And then Mr. Vogelsang said: "Vell, laities, I tell you how it iss. You are both wronk because I liet to you. I forgot to tell you dis iss leap year, unt ven leap year comes dere is always vun shtep more. Dis year you find dat dere is t'ree hundert sixty-six if you gount again."

Well, we had to laugh then because you couldn't get the best of Mr. Vogelsang. But Miss Powers was awfully mad and swore that she was right, that she had counted three hundred and sixty-seven both ways. She and Miss Turner had an argument about it and that's why they've hardly spoken to each other since. But we all liked Holland, it didn't rain there, and every one was crazy about Mr. Vogelsang.

We were in Paris for four days, and it only rained once. We were really only there three days, we got there late at night, and we were all so tired that we went to bed as soon as we got to the hotel. But we didn't get much sleep, it was the noisiest place you ever saw, and those little taxi horns they have kept tooting all night long right under your window until it almost drove you crazy. Some of the girls thought they'd lost their baggage, it failed to arrive when we did, they almost had a fit. It didn't get there until the day we left for Switzerland and Miss Bradley said her whole stay in Paris was ruined by worrying about it. Miss Bradley is one of the girls in our party.

We took a bus tour the first day and saw Notre Dame and the Latin Quarter, the Eiffel Tower and the Arc de Triumph, and came back and had lunch at the hotel. After lunch some of the girls went shopping, but the rest of us went to the Louvre. We didn't stay long, just long enough to see what it was like, and to see the Mona Lisa. One night we all had tickets for the Opera, where we saw Faust. The next night we went to the Folies Bergères and the last night we went up to Montmartre in buses to see the night life there.

Today we are in Montreux: this is the place where the tour splits up, some of the party leaving us to take the trip along the Rhine, and then to Munich, Salzburg, and the Bavarian Alps, while the rest of us are seeing Switzerland and Italy. After visiting Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, and the Austrian Tyrol, we will join up with the other group in Vienna two weeks from now.

All of us were sorry to say good-bye to most of the girls, but we know it will only be for two weeks' time, and we are all looking forward eagerly to our meeting in Vienna and relating our experiences to one another. But, frankly, there are one or two of the girls we wouldn't miss if we never saw them again. There are always one or two on a party like this who can't adjust themselves to the group and do their best to spoil the trip for every one. That Miss Powers was one of them. She was always losing her baggage, or forgetting something, and leaving it behind; we got so tired of having her yapping all the time that there were three hundred and sixty-seven steps in that old shot tower, that she was right and Miss Turner wrong, until Miss Turner finally said: "All right, have it your own way—there were three hundred and sixty-seven—who cares about it? Only, for heaven's sake, forget about it, and give the rest of us some peace."

Of course, that only made Miss Powers madder than ever, she was furious about it. She was certainly a pest, if I ever saw one. She was forever coming up to one of the girls and asking her to write something in her memory book. She carried that memory book with her wherever she went, I believe she slept with it under her pillow.

Now when one of the girls wants to be funny, she says, "Won't you please write something in my memory book?"—it's become a regular joke with us. But Miss Powers was certainly a nuisance, and none of the girls are sorry to say good-bye to her.

We have been spending the day in Switzerland. We all visited the League of Nations in Geneva and the famous castle of Chillon this morning. This afternoon, while I am writing this letter, every one has gone for a bus tour through the Alps. We are leaving for Rome tonight.

Well, it has been a wonderful trip and a wonderful experience, as well as being very educational. I can hardly wait now until I get home and have time to think over the many beautiful things I have seen.

The tour has been well run and well conducted from start to finish. And on the whole the girls are enthusiastic about the way the trips have been managed. Of course when you have to cover so many countries—we will have covered nine countries—England, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Germany—by the time we set sail for home again, just thirty-one days after we disembarked—it is wonderful to think of all you do take in in such a short space of time.

I get a little confused sometimes when I try to remember all the places we have been to and all the wonderful things we've seen, and if I come back again I think I will take it a little more slowly and travel in a smaller party, with just a friend or two. But I'm certainly glad I took this tour, it gives you a chance to look around and pick out the high spots, so you will know what you want to see when you come back a second time. And it has certainly been very educational. Still, I won't be sorry to see home again. I am looking forward to it already.

I'm dying to see you and have a good long talk with you as soon as I get back. I'm starved for news. What has happened? Is Ted still going with the Trumbull girl, or has he found himself a new "enamorata"? ("Ain't love grand?" Especially when you are seventeen —hah! hah!) Have you been out to the lodge this summer, and were Bill and Lola there? Couldn't we get them to take us out the first week-end after I get back? It will be good to get a cup of real coffee for a change. Summer has come and gone before I knew it, and soon autumn will be here again.

. . . and the smell of the woodsmoke in Ohio and the flaming maples, the nights of the frosty stars, the blazing moons that hang the same way in a thousand streets, slanting to silence on the steeple's slope, nights of the wheel, the rail, the bell, the wailing cry along the river's edge, and of the summer's ending, nights of the frost and silence and the barking of a dog, of people listening, and of words unspoken and the quiet heart, and nights of the old October that must come again, must come again, while we are waiting, waiting, waiting in the darkness for all of our friends and brothers who will not return.

I'll see you in September.

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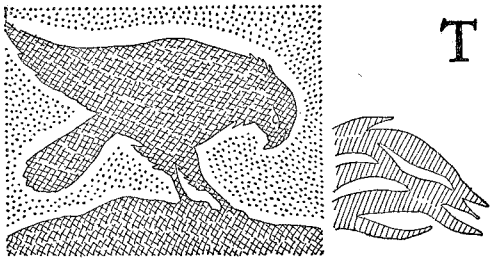
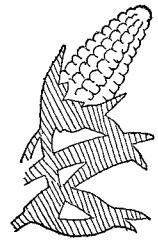
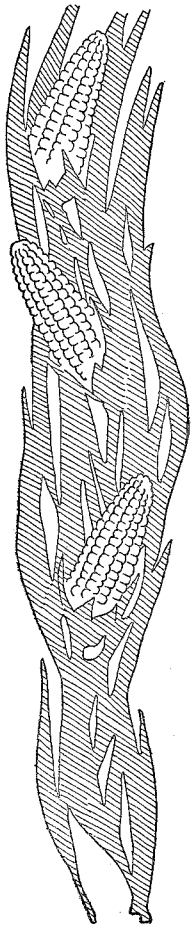


TWO POEMS BY

Robinson Jeffers





Shine, Republic

THE quality of these trees, green height; of the sky, shining; of water, a clear flow; of the rock, hardness
And reticence: each is noble in its quality. The love of freedom has been the quality of western man.

There is a stubborn torch that flames from Marathon to Concord, its dangerous beauty binding three ages
Into one time; the waves of barbarism and civilization have eclipsed but have never quenched it.

For the Greeks the love of beauty, for Rome of ruling, for the present age the passionate love of discovery;
But in one noble passion we are one; and Washington, Luther, Tacitus, Eschylus, one kind of man.

And you, America, that passion made you. You were not born to prosperity, you were born to love freedom.
You did not say "en masse," you said "independence." But we cannot have all the luxuries and freedom also.

Freedom is poor and laborious; that torch is not safe but hungry, and often requires blood for its fuel.
You will tame it against it burn too clearly, you will hood it like a kept hawk, you will perch it on the wrist of Cæsar.

But keep the tradition, conserve the forms, the observances, keep the spot sore. Be great, carve deep your heel-marks.
The states of the next age will no doubt remember you, and edge their love of freedom with contempt of luxury.

Rock and Hawk

HERE is a symbol in which
Many high tragic thoughts
Watch their own eyes.

This gray rock, standing tall
On the headland, where the sea-wind
Lets no tree grow,

Earthquake-proved, and signatured
By ages of storms: on its peak
A falcon has perched.

I think, here is your emblem
To hang in the future sky;
Not the cross, not the hive,

But this; bright power, dark peace;
Fierce consciousness joined with final
Disinterestedness;

Life with calm death; the falcon's
Realist eyes and act
Married to the massive

Mysticism of stone,
Which failure cannot cast down
Nor success make proud.

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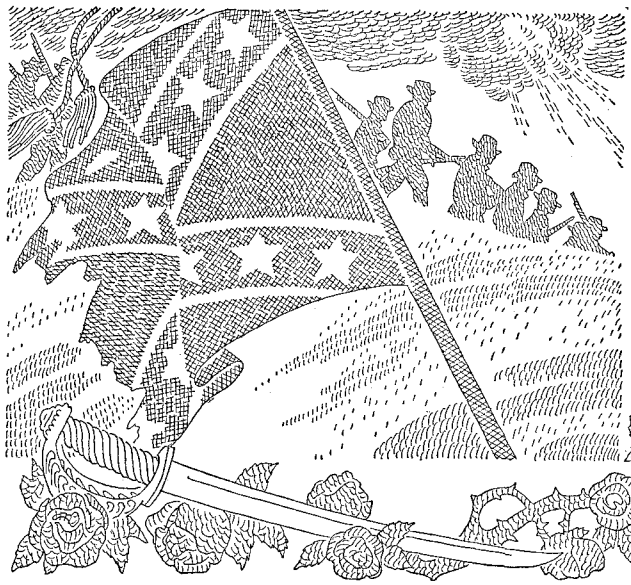

KENTUCKY

MARSE HENRY

By Henry

The second of three biographies of great was one of the most colorful figures in

HE was mellow and aged in the wood of long experience. We shall not see his like again and it is just as well. For Marse Henry Watterson, although he ranted against Wall Street and the extreme reactionaries, was a conservative at heart and he would, I am afraid, have viewed modern America with explosive alarm and disgust.

A panorama, broad and detailed, passed before his keen eyes. The editor of *The Louisville Courier-Journal* was, himself, a figure in many of its scenes. "I have read too much and seen too much," he wrote when, as old men do, he sat down to pen his memoirs. But Marse Henry did not mean this. Zest for living and for criticism was with him until he died. He had fought in the Civil War and then, as editor, had thundered against the obscenities of Reconstruction. He watched with misgivings the rise of the United States to industrial magnitude. He watched, too, the mirage of an imperialism smugly born of God; a God who smiled benevolently upon Senator Chauncey Depew, the export trade, and the United States Steel Corporation.

"I have lived a long life—rather a happy and a busy than a merry one," said the editor of *The Courier-Journal* toward the close. It was a life singularly without illusions. Marse Henry did not deceive himself about the wisdom of the people any more than did Abraham Lincoln who was, incidentally, the particular saint of this Kentucky colonel and Confederate army veteran. He did not deceive himself regarding the honesty of politicians or lawyers or journalists. "Great, great is flapdoodle," said Watterson, and he was in a position to know, for flapdoodle could sometimes be found in his editorial utterances.

An editor from the Civil War through the World War—with the Spanish War as comic-relief between—Marse Henry lived in the midst of change and admitted its inevitability. But he was not always in harmony with change. He opposed it violently when, as he saw it, the Constitution was in danger. William Jennings Bryan was a menace to the nation. Theodore Roosevelt, said Watterson, was not merely dangerous; he was insane. He sought to alter the existing form of American government, even to run for office again and again until, at last, he was King Roosevelt. In November, 1907, President Roosevelt suggested informally that corporations be licensed by the federal government so that, when they broke the law, their operation could be halted.

Marse Henry was scandalized. In the first place, he wrote, Roosevelt was the last man who should wield such power. He was far "too impulsive." Besides, "the mere suggesting of substituting the will of the executive for the judgment of the courts is in the last degree radical and revolutionary."

It may be assumed that Watterson would not have looked with favor on the New Deal. He might, along with Carter Glass of Virginia, have refused to put "that black buzzard of the NRA" on his newspaper masthead. An individualist born, he always defended individualism; even when it failed to work. During the fifty years of his editorial dominance Watterson witnessed changes that were staggering but none so complete as those which followed March 4, 1933.

"The moral alike for governments and men," he insisted, "is to keep to the middle of the road."

Thirteen Presidents came into power during the Watterson years and he knew all of them more or less intimately. To Lincoln, alone, he gave unstinted approval. Marse Henry quarrelled with most of the rest, whether Democrats or Republicans, because never would he subscribe to oaths of fealty. On a Sunday in November,

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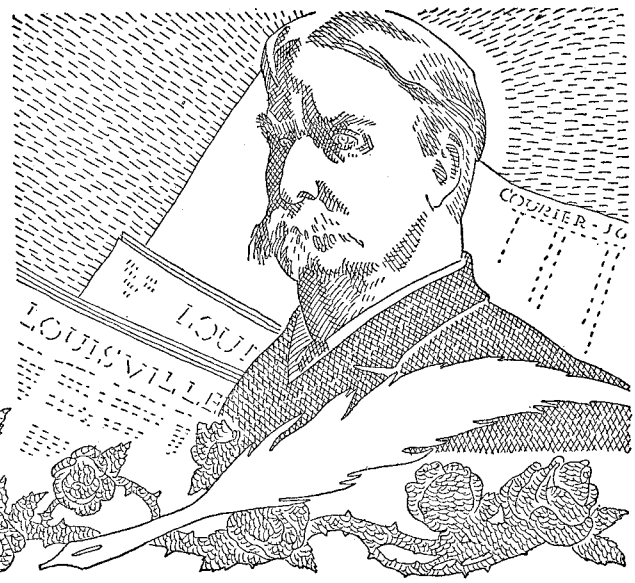
BOURBON

WATTERSON

F. Pringle

American editors. Colonel Watterson the whole field of American journalism



1908, he published an editorial commemorating the fortieth anniversary of *The Courier-Journal*. This was a splendid mixture of bombast and nostalgic memories. From the start, he wrote, "*The Courier-Journal* flew the flag of freedom. . . . It proposed to be its own master—to do its own leading—and, if die it must, to die fighting." He continued:

. . . The time will probably never come when *The Courier-Journal* will be exempt from the accusations of corrupt motives, which invariably assail it whatever it says or does. Originally it was represented . . . as a preacher of the Freedmen's Bureau, because it stood for the habilitation of the negroes of the South. . . . Then, because it fought Greenbackism, it was a hired minion of the Bloated Bondholders. Then, because of the support it gave Samuel J. Tilden, it was in the pay of the Sage of Gramercy Park. . . . Then it was rolling in wealth furnished by the Gold Bugs. And now, it is the attorney of the Brewers and Distillers, for no other reason than that it is opposed to a prohibition which does not prohibit, that it is opposed to paternal government and sumptuary invasions of personal liberty, and that it would save Kentucky from the ignominy of Maine and Georgia, where the liquor laws promote hypocrisy, favor lawlessness, and foster smuggling and adulteration. . . .

Clearly, Marse Henry was also a prophet. He did not live to witness all of the evils he predicted. It is pleasant to imagine that he may have known about the termination of the ignoble experiment after a decade and a half of error. Still, he cannot have been very much pleased as he watched the methods of the distillers immediately after repeal; the cutting of his beloved Bourbon whiskey, the exorbitant prices, the artificial flavors and colors, the bogus vintages. If he saw it all he must, I think, have called for some sheets of celestial copy paper and indicted a blast against the get-rich-quick liquor boys.

II

Henry Watterson passed through three phases of American journalism. First, as he analyzed it, there were "more or less servile party organs" in most of the large cities and in many small ones. Second came "the personal, one-man-controlled papers"; these, wrote Marse Henry with charming frankness, were "rather blatant and would-be independent." The final phase was the newspaper owned by a family or corporation. It was usually timid and dull; the interest of its owners was limited to revenue. Watterson and *The Courier-Journal* belonged, of course, to the personal, the "rather blatant" group. He crossed pens with nearly all of his contemporaries of the same school; Sam Bowles of *The Springfield Republican,* Murat Halstead of Cincinnati, Dana of *The Sun,* E. L. Godkin of *The New York Evening Post,* Frank Cobb of *The World* and the rest. But, though violent in language, Watterson was the soul of courtesy in his personal contacts. He was likely to grow very angry when some editorial underling of *The Courier-Journal* assumed the Wattersonian prerogative of criticizing a friend.

In the early '80s an item in the paper referred slightingly to Whitelaw Reid of *The Tribune,* an editor with whom Watterson disagreed on nearly all subjects. When Marse Henry saw it, his letter of apology was prompt.

"I'll abuse you, my dear Reid," he wrote, "as much as I please and whack-whaddle *The Tribune,* for truly it was never so exasperating or effective. But they shan't call you names in my presence."

And there was, of course, the famous occasion of the wager, "not of money but of wittles, with maybe a drop or two . . . to wash 'em down with," which Marse Henry made with *The New York World.* This

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was in November, 1909. Taft had been elected and Roosevelt was preparing to leave for Africa. On the surface all was harmony between T. R. and the man he had placed in the White House. Roosevelt was "through with politics." Taft was about "to carry out my policies." But Watterson, watching from his Kentucky editorial tower, was not convinced. He wrote a leader in which he said that Taft and Roosevelt would break, that a movement for the renomination of Roosevelt in 1912 had already started. Bunk! replied Frank Cobb in *The World*.

"At present," Cobb added, "there is no more danger of a Republican split over Taft and Roosevelt than of the Colonel's [that is, Henry Watterson] voting the straight Republican ticket in 1912."

Watterson leaped to his ink-pots. Roosevelt was in "the high noon of life," he wrote; his return from Africa would be a great personal triumph, he was "a most astute politician," nothing "is so easy as the raising of a misunderstanding between friends." Anyway, he would bet that Taft and Roosevelt would be "at daggers' points" by December, 1911. He would gamble a dinner for twenty-four—among the guests to be the Chief Justice of the United States and the Vice President—held at Washington, D. C.

"Bring on your feud or your food," said *The World*, accepting the challenge.

Two years passed. For months prior to December, 1911 it had been clear that Roosevelt and Taft were, in fact, "at daggers' points." Marse Henry wrote in triumph that *The World* must serve the wittles. "We pause," he concluded at the end of his lengthy editorial reviewing the case, "for breath and a reply." Despite the efforts of *The World's* editors, all too willing to finance so delightful an occasion, the dinner was never held. Dates could not be agreed upon. Finally other interests became uppermost and it was dropped.

Stories like these and a hundred others made a legend of Marse Henry while he was still in the prime of life. He went everywhere and knew everybody. Although he called himself, with literary self-depreciation, "a rustic boulevardier," he was as much at home along the Champs Elysées as on Fifth Avenue. For decades he was the perfect knight of journalism. Editors throughout the country read *The Courier-Journal* and so did hundreds of thousands of people who never saw the Kentucky newspaper. Whenever a controversy was raging the Associated Press put his editorials on its wires as a matter of course. Callow cub reporters dreamed that some day they might achieve comparable eminence themselves. The young men who worked under Watterson found a cordial welcome when they sought posts in New York or other large cities.

Indeed, a Southern accent was a real asset to the newspaper man seeking a job. He could say with a soft Kentucky drawl that he had once worked in Louisville, whether he had or not. City editors concluded immediately that he was one of Marse Henry's boys and hired him on the spot.

III

As a youth, Henry Watterson was too versatile. The wonder is that he was not crushed to mediocrity under the burden of his many talents.

"Among my ambitions to be a great historian, dramatist, soldier, and writer of romance," he remembered, "I also desired to be a great musician, especially a great pianist."

When he was twelve years old and living in Washington he accompanied Adelina Patti (who was nine) on the piano at a charity affair. "The audience was enthusiastic . . . they fairly took the roof off," was his complacent recollection of the triumph.

In later years Watterson and Theodore Thomas, who was a master of the violin as well as orchestration, played duets together. But music was to remain an avocation, "a recourse and solace . . . during intervals of embittered journalism and unprosperous statesmanship." An illness crippled the muscles of one hand when Watterson was a young man and ended the possibility of his becoming a pianist. His other ambitions were, just as fortunately, thwarted also. He wrote some verses for *Harper's Weekly* and in due time congratulated himself that he had used a pen-name. He even completed a novel which a publisher-friend agreed to bring out and then changed his mind because it was so bad.

". . . so finally I gave up fiction," said Watterson, "and resigned myself to the humble category of the crushed tragi-comedians of literature who inevitably drift into journalism."

Politics or journalism was inescapable in view of Henry Watterson's parentage, habitat and environment. "I was born in a party camp and grew to manhood on a political battlefield," he wrote. But political office, although he held it briefly, was bondage to him. He had no taste for its compromises. He was far too outspoken to rise high in the councils of even his own Democracy. Such influence as he had, and it was a great deal, was that of a vigorous editor to whom the nation listened. So, occasionally, did the politicians.

Henry Watterson, like most of us, inherited his political gospels. His father, Harvey Magee Watterson, was a politician-journalist of Scotch ancestry who divided his time between being a Congressman and being an editor. Henry was born in Washington, D. C., on February 16, 1840, during one of his father's terms in the House. This birth at the national capital was accidental; the boy's native state was really Tennessee. The Wattersons had lived there for generations and were people of

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wealth and prominence. Henry grew up in Nashville and in Washington.

A sickly boy, he was petted a good deal and assured that he was extremely bright. Tutors guided him for a time and then he spent four years in a Philadelphia school. At sixteen he was back in Nashville for more work with tutors. At eighteen, doubtless something of a dilettante, Watterson set out to paint his name in golden letters on the literary sky. New York rather than Boston was, curiously enough, his goal. He went there and obtained, due to his knowledge of music, a post as critic on *The New York Times*. This was temporary, while the regular critic was absent on leave.

The New York venture was not too successful; editors did not quarrel for his services. Before long Watterson had returned to Washington where he obtained employment on a journal called *The Daily States*. It was an anomalous position due, as he later admitted, to the fact that he was "a very self-confident young man" and the son of an important father. But it marked the beginning of his journalistic education; at the hands of a remarkable woman, Jane Casneau, who was an editorial writer on the paper. This lady had defied her time and had lived with high adventure. She had married General George Casneau of Texas, an aide to Sam Houston. She was credited with having helped to bring on the Mexican War. Now, at fifty, she was virtually running *The Daily States* and she taught young Henry how to write. In view of the fact that such a woman was his mentor, Marse Henry might have been more cordial, in the years to come, toward the feminist movement. He might have talked less about "woman, the moral light of the universe" and the "crazyjanes" who dared to ask for opportunties equal to the ones guaranteed to men by law. But the mature Colonel Watterson was, after all, a Kentucky colonel and the Modern Woman was anathema to his breed.

The Watterson of 1860, not yet twenty-one, was a handsome dog. He was not tall, but he gave the impression of height because he was very slim. His hair was almost as long as that of Buffalo Bill and was worn in the same fashion. The final touch was a goatee. Watterson had good manners. He talked well. His music was further reason for his social acceptability. Every door in Washington swung outward and the ladies, it may be assumed, sighed softly in his presence. His life was just as full professionally. Watterson, both journalistically and socially, knew every one at the Capital. He did not approve of President Buchanan, but he saw him constantly. He covered the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln.

To Watterson the approaching war meant inner torment. A Democrat, he was none the less an ardent Union sympathizer who distrusted the secession leaders and believed that secession was wrong. As the storm grew closer he left Washington and returned to Tennessee. He would not fight, he told himself. Besides, the war could not last for long. The South was weak and the North was strong. Meanwhile he would bury himself in books and turn once more to his interrupted pursuit of literature. Alas for his hopes. He was a gregarious youth, as he was gregarious in old age. A sentence or two crept into his memoirs which told why emotion had overcome reason.

"On reaching home," he wrote, "I found myself alone. The boys were all gone to the front." And the girls? "The girls were—well, they were all crazy."

"My native country was about to be invaded," he added. "So, casting opinions to the winds, I went in, on feeling."

And yet the war touched Henry Watterson only lightly. He moved through its tragedies with a careless invulnerability; complete for his body, almost so for his mind. He pushed into western Kentucky with a Confederate force, fell ill, and returned to Nashville where he passed a winter doing newspaper chores. The city was captured by Union troops and Watterson slipped out of town. General Forrest "came thundering by . . . as I was making my way . . . afoot . . . and I leaped into an empty saddle." Soon he was on Forrest's staff and engaged in skirmishes which settled nothing much. The heartbreak of certain defeat for the South did not come to him. In all his writings I have been unable to find any awareness that a civilization—gracious and lovely and his own—was being blown to atoms. All this was due, no doubt, to his divided loyalty, to the fact that he had lived in a border state.

Watterson's sword was less important than his pen, even during the war. The Bank of Tennessee had bought a newspaper and Watterson was despatched to edit it, as a kind of quasi-official newspaper for the State of Tennessee. But he altered the plan. He renamed it *The Rebel* and he made it an army organ; a *Stars and Stripes* of the Confederacy. It made no pretense of telling the truth. Watterson would publish ostensible movements of Confederate troops with the hope that issues would fall into the hands of the Federals and mislead Union commanders. There was an "Agony Column" through which the Johnny Rebs could get into communication with each other.

The Rebel was a peripatetic newspaper. Watterson wanted to print it as near as possible to the scene of operations, so he loaded a press on a wagon and started off. When he had gathered enough news he would set the press in a field and run off the issue. He had a good deal of fun and one or two adventures. He was busily printing an issue, one day, when some Yankees appeared at the far end of the field. Watterson escaped in the wagon but the Damnyankees confiscated his plant and used his type for bullets. Another time his team

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ran away and very nearly catapulted him into a Union camp. He stopped them just in time.

On the whole, he was glad when the war was over. Watterson's real career was about to begin.

IV

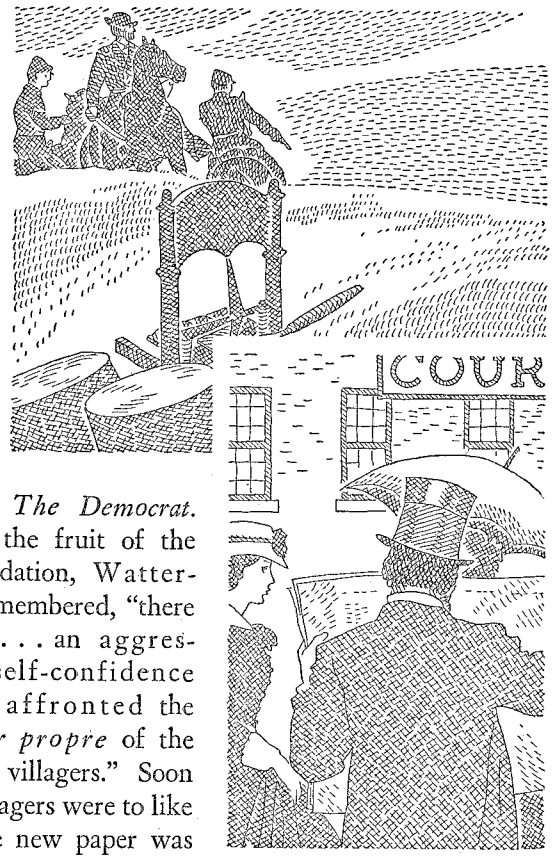
The offices of *The Courier-Journal* in Louisville must have been a pleasant place. The paper was financially successful and Marse Henry Watterson was a generous employer. Louisville was the principal city of Kentucky and despite the proximity of St. Louis and Cincinnati it received a fair share of the commerce bound for the South.

Although he was often away on his trips to Florida or Europe, Watterson was far from an editorial figurehead. He ran the paper himself and never, happy man, was interfered with by the business office. For almost thirty years Marse Henry "put the paper to bed" in person; that is, he stayed at the shop until the final forms were locked. It was his custom to hurry to the composing room with the copy for his editorials—through swinging doors which were a menace to life and limb. Often he would plunge through them just as a burly pressman started the other way. But they were never changed.

Henry Watterson was only twenty-eight when *The Courier-Journal* published its first issue. When the war ended he had settled in a Cincinnati suburb and had risen to the post of editor on *The Cincinnati Evening Times*. He was a Southerner, however, and he wanted to live in the real South. So he went to Nashville, where, with the assistance of two army friends, he took over a broken-down paper and brought it close to prosperity within a year. Then followed an interlude of travel abroad. In 1867 the owner of *The Louisville Journal* stopped off in Nashville and offered Watterson a place as part owner and editor of his newspaper. At almost the same time Walter Haldeman, proprietor of a rival sheet called *The Courier,* tendered identical terms. It was obvious that Watterson could not be editor of two competing newspapers and his egotistical suggestion that they be merged was turned down. He chose *The Journal* and, as he phrased it, "began to hammer at *The Courier.*" This went on for six months.

"Mr. Haldeman," said Watterson as the circulation of *The Journal* increased further, "I am going to ruin you. . . . Let us put these two newspapers together . . . and, instead of cutting one another's throats, go after Cincinnati and St. Louis."

It was done, with Watterson, of course, as commander of the new project. A fortnight later the surprised citizens of Louisville found a combined newspaper on their doorsteps. Included in the merger was a third



paper, *The Democrat.* From the fruit of the consolidation, Watterson remembered, "there issued . . . an aggressive self-confidence which affronted the *amour propre* of the sleepy villagers." Soon the villagers were to like it. The new paper was never dull. The new young editor, although a bumptious pup, invariably had something to say.

The horizons of America were dark as the presses of *The Courier-Journal* began to turn. Lincoln was dead. His successor in the White House was unjustly impeached and very nearly removed from office. The foes of reason were about to seize the government and wreak vengeance upon a defeated South. Graft was to appear in high places. The moral collapse which always follows war was everywhere apparent. For five years, it seemed, conditions grew steadily more grave.

"On the whole," mourned Henry Watterson in a private letter in 1873, "things do not look as bright for our beloved country as they might."

Watterson was to wage a hundred fights but none so vital to the nation as his first one. Here was a Southern editor who was also a Confederate veteran, the son of slave owners and a Democrat. But he dared to speak on behalf of the Negro and his voice carried to the corners of the nation. Marse Henry was no foolish visionary, no pulpiteer arguing on the Boston Common. Slavery was wrong and indefensible, he said, "but the armed enforcement of freedom did not make a black man a white man." He argued for the rights given to the Negro by the amendments to the Constitution. He demanded that the so-called Black Laws be removed from the statute books in Kentucky and he succeeded in his plea. Meanwhile he was constantly berating the die-hards of the

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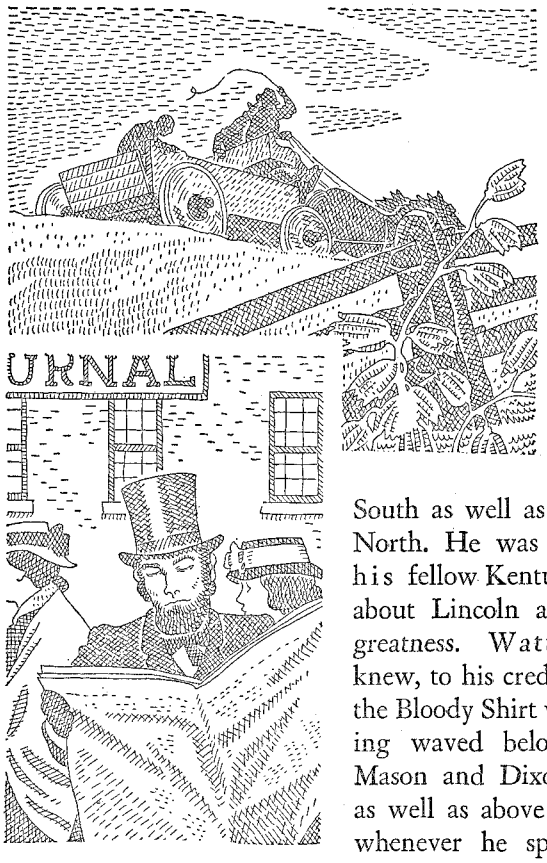
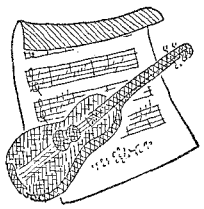


South as well as of the North. He was telling his fellow Kentuckians about Lincoln and his greatness. Watterson knew, to his credit, that the Bloody Shirt was being waved below the Mason and Dixon line as well as above it and whenever he spied its shameful folds he sent forth thunderbolts of scorn. The editorials which Watterson wrote between 1868 and 1876 were as courageous as they were wise.

Virtue was rewarded. The readers of *The Courier-Journal* increased and so, too, did the income of its editor-owner. During the war he had met the girl of his choice, a Miss Ewing who was the daughter of an eminent Tennessee family. They were married in 1865 and in the course of events had five children. Henry Watterson, the newspaper man, built himself a fine home, Mansfield, some twelve miles from Louisville, and soon to the countryside he was Marse Henry, the country gentleman. This was a charming home, generous and hospitable in the pattern of Southern homes. As Watterson grew older it was a house toward which gravitated the important people of the day. They saw an old Southern gentleman with a fine shock of white hair, splendid white mustaches, eyes almost hidden by beetling brows. They found that he was a rare judge of wines and cooking; French cooking no less than Southern. They found that their host talked almost as well as he wrote. He would hold forth on politics, letters, music, or art; his white hair tossing as he waved his short arms or emphasized some point with his expressive hands.

Mansfield was the place to which Marse Henry always returned. He was, though, a restless individual. He wandered with his brood to far places; to Switzerland in the summer, to Florida in the winter. At Washington he was entertained by the Great, not infrequently at the White House itself. When in New York he associated with the moneyed men of the day. They were charming pirates, many of them, and Watterson seems to have been aware of their charm more than of their knavery. In any event, he lunched and dined with Jay Gould without a qualm and was offered part ownership of *The World* when Gould acquired the paper for his own peculiar purposes. Later, when Pulitzer bought *The World* from Gould, an offer was made to Watterson. If he would organize the editorial staff, Pulitzer said, he could have any fee in reason.



"Go to the devil—you have not money enough," boasted the Kentuckian. He was taking things easy, he said. He did not intend to work so hard. Besides, he was going back to the wide verandahs of Mansfield.

Marse Henry was always planning to work less arduously. He retired from active management of *The Courier-Journal* several times. He announced that he would give the rest of his days to a biography of Lincoln. The book was never written. Watterson invariably assumed control of his newspaper again.

In 1876 he consented to complete an unfilled term in Congress, not because he had altered his convictions about political office but so that he could serve Samuel J. Tilden. Tilden was, save Lincoln, Watterson's only hero, pure and undefiled. When the lawyer was elected Governor of New York in 1874 the editor saw a man who could, at last, unite the Northern and Southern wings of the Democratic Party. He sounded his editorial trumpets promptly. Tilden owed his ultimate nomination very largely to his Kentucky friend. The result of the election was a harrowing blow, undoubtedly the most bitter disappointment of Marse Henry's long life. From Washington, where he was in the House of Representatives, Watterson wrote despatches to *The Courier-Journal* in which he called attention to the "Hayes Conspiracy." He quite lost his head in his excitement. Tilden was to be counted out, he said. The conspirators planned to certify Hayes, "the defeated candidate." Was there, he asked, "no peaceful remedy"? The law was clear; Tilden had been elected.

"On the law the Democratic Party plants itself," he wrote, "and means to stand until it is driven off at the point of the bayonet. It is for our people to determine . . . whether this shall be done. If they will rise in their might . . . and will send a hundred thousand petitioners to Washington . . . there will be no usurpation and no civil war. The conspirators will be thwarted."

The nation trembled at these words. Timid souls everywhere said that peaceful petition was impossible when Kentuckians were involved. They saw visions of

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a hundred thousand Kentucky colonels, their white mustaches quivering with anger, advancing upon the National Capital with hoss-pistols and mint juleps in their hands. Marse Henry was roundly abused for inciting to riot and protested that his words had been misunderstood. This was a confession of sin, although it was true. Marse Henry would have dismissed an editorial writer who had similarly failed to make himself clear.

V

Eight more years of Republican rule—misrule to the Wattersonians—followed and when, in 1884, the star of Grover Cleveland began to rise, Marse Henry watched it with only mild approval. He said that Cleveland was without experience in national affairs and that the opposition of Tammany and other groups in the Democracy made his election doubtful. He supported Cleveland in the campaign, of course, but the new President and Watterson were never quite in harmony. Cleveland was a little too lethargic to suit the volatile Kentuckian, and to the President, no doubt, the editor was unsound.

Neither was fair to the other. Marse Henry believed in tariff revision and so did Cleveland. Marse Henry was a sound-money advocate and Cleveland, more than any other President, saved the nation from extreme inflation. Watterson had always been for sound money. He had denounced the Greenback enthusiasts of the South. When the shaggy head of William Jennings Bryan appeared over the Nebraska prairies it was Marse Henry who rained the most telling blows upon it. The United States, he told the Free Silver people, would never stand for their program:

> They laugh best who laugh last. "Free Silver" may be a good dog, but "I told you so" is a better. Heed it, you jabberwocks, heed it! The tail may wag the dog in Persia, and India and China and Mexico and Peru, but it never has done it in the United States and it never will. Run, you jabberwocks, run!

Mr. Watterson was abroad when Bryan threw a convention into hysterics and was nominated. But the shouts of 16 to 1 reached him across the seas and he sent a cable which became historic. "No compromise with dishonor," was his order to *The Courier-Journal*. Bryan must be defeated. Watterson did not return for the campaign, but he wrote a series of editorials and these reveal that Free Silver was only one aspect of his opposition to Bryanism. Marse Henry, always a conservative, felt that the platform was an appeal to class feeling. He became almost as much alarmed as did J. P. Morgan, the youthful Theodore Roosevelt, and Henry Cabot Lodge. He saw revolution in the immediate future unless Bryan was crushed.

It took courage for *The Courier-Journal* to fight Bryan and this time the readers of the paper did not follow their mentor. The paper lost half its circulation in a year. Watterson hurriedly returned to the United States and the task of rehabilitation was long and arduous. By 1900—it is unpleasant to believe that expediency may have been a factor—Watterson was back in the fold. This time he supported Bryan.

"He is four years older," was his grudging admission. "He must have learned something."

In 1908 Marse Henry was confessing that he had changed his mind. He had come to regard Bryan "as one of the simplest, purest and ablest of men" and his defeat by Taft as "a national misfortune." But even this was not the final judgment. In 1916 he was again berating Bryan, now Secretary of State in the Wilson Cabinet. ". . . his absurd career in the State Department," said Watterson, "is proof of what a blunderbuss of a President he would have made."

Far greater than Watterson's interest in Bryan was his absorbed fascination in Theodore Roosevelt. They disagreed as violently as two men could and yet preserved a mutual respect which sometimes warmed to affection. Roosevelt liked to boast of his Southern blood and did so whenever Watterson was at the White House. When Watterson's onslaughts were too violent Roosevelt ignored them, apparently on the ground that the Kentuckian was slightly mad. On his part, Marse Henry had no doubt whatever that Theodore was insane; he said so in the columns of *The Courier-Journal*.

Certainly the two men had little in common save vitality and a flair for talking steadily and charmingly. Perhaps this was more than most men have. "We are an expansionist," wrote Watterson in 1900 as Roosevelt was about to become Vice-President. "But we would expand on Jeffersonian lines . . . we would have the Constitution follow the flag." Roosevelt detested Jefferson and believed in having the Constitution follow T. R. Long afterwards, in 1919, Watterson wrote:

> . . . the Monroe Doctrine was a fad. . . . We actually went to war with Mexico, having enjoyed two wars with England, and again and again threatened to annex the Dominion [of Canada]. Everything betwixt hell and Halifax was Yankee pre-empted. Truth to say, your Uncle Samuel was ever a jingo.

It was Roosevelt who had expanded the Monroe Doctrine and had, in his earlier outbursts of jingoism, advocated the annexation of Canada. The truth is, however, that Roosevelt the Imperialist did not bother Watterson very much. What really alarmed him was the President's progressive program. Thus in 1904: "We need a man in the Chief Magistracy who is a Magistrate and not a Mountebank. We need a just and sensible man, not a theorizing experimentalist." Then fol-

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lowed a plea for the election of Alton B. Parker and a bill of particulars against T. R. Roosevelt was "a self-confident, supercilious iconoclast" whose "judgment is faulty . . . spirit niggardly." He had started as a Free Trader and had become a High Protectionist. He had started as a civil service reformer and had become a spoilsman. In office he had been "brutal and reckless." The Panama revolution had been replete with "villainy from start to finish." Besides, although Marse Henry did not add it, T. R. was a Republican and Judge Parker a Democrat.

Watterson objected almost as much to Taft, as the candidate of Roosevelt, although he had the grace to point out that the Republican nominee in 1908 was a man of irreproachable character. Logic was not invariably Marse Henry's strong point. Roosevelt was too radical. Taft was too conservative. The editor had, meanwhile, no use for the insurgents of Congress who were battering down the domination of Speaker Cannon. By 1910 he had selected the tariff as the issue on which he would oppose Taft; with never a word in praise of the obvious fact that Taft was doing his level best to bring about reductions.

"The President," he wrote, "is a good example of a man out of place, of a wheel out of line, of the great lawyer who makes a poor politician."

"Marse Henry's views," insisted Taft in a private letter, "do not have any interest for me. . . . I think he is as nearly unreliable . . . as any man outside of an asylum."

Thus Watterson had a unique distinction. The President intimated that he ought to be in the loony-bin himself. He wanted to put an ex-President there. The editorials in which Theodore Roosevelt's sanity was questioned are certainly among the most astonishing in the history of journalism. Roosevelt, with self-restraint quite unprecedented, took no notice of them. As early as 1907 Watterson was writing that the President would demand a third, a fourth, and a fifth term; after this would come "Life Tenure." Next, Watterson insisted that Roosevelt and Taft would quarrel. Marse Henry's acute alarm began when Roosevelt made his "Charter of Democracy" address at Columbus, Ohio, in February, 1912. This shocked his conservatism to its foundation.

"Not during the hysteria which deluged France in blood and terror," he shouted, "did one of the Mob-caps declaim his devotion to the people with deeper zealotry . . ." A few weeks later he wrote that T. R. was "as mad as a March hare" and suggested that his family lock him up before he did great harm. On April 27, 1912, he said:

> If that one of the Cæsars who goes by the name of Nero was insane, Theodore Roosevelt, aspiring to be an imitation Cæsar, is insane. He carries all the marks typical of the perverted understanding; the devilish streak of wickedness, the ignoble malignancy, the logical intensity and inaccuracy of the lunatic.

A good deal more of the same thing followed. Marse Henry was still alarmed when 1916 arrived and the dwindling Bull Moosers were again filled with hope. He was, however, shocked when Roosevelt stepped back into the ranks of the G.O.P. and joined forces with the men who had robbed him, as he claimed, in 1912. This was an insult to all those who had followed T. R., he said.

But the rumpus was as impersonal as it was inflammatory. A day came when Marse Henry and Roosevelt were seated together at a banquet.

"I think I am the bravest man that ever lived," said Roosevelt when he got up to speak, "for here I have been sitting for three hours by the side of Brutus—have repeatedly seen him clutch his knife—without the blink of an eye or the turn of a feature."

Marse Henry remembered the occasion when he wrote his autobiography and told of his own, equally charming, reply in which he testified to the "perfect understanding" between himself and T. R.

"His mind," Watterson added, a shade innocently, "was of that order which is prone to believe what it really wants to believe. He did not take much time to think."

Sometimes Marse Henry was also guilty of too rapid cerebration.

VI

It was Watterson's sad fate that no Democrat of whom he could entirely approve became President. In 1912 he preferred both Champ Clark and Oscar W. Underwood to Woodrow Wilson, who was "a schoolmaster and not a statesman." Marse Henry was again discovering Cæsars behind every bush. Wilson, too, had designs on the Republic. ". . . beneath the veneering of scholarly polish," Watterson warned, "lay the coiled serpent of unscrupulous ambition." But he supported Wilson in 1916 as well as in 1912. Hughes was a great lawyer and would make a bad President, he said.

He did not believe that a vote for Wilson in 1916 was a vote for peace; on the contrary. He accused Hughes of being the candidate of the German-Americans and said that the Republican nominee "has uttered no word to deny that he is pro-German in his opinions and sympathies." Watterson was certain that the United States would enter the war and, unlike most of his countrymen who undoubtedly voted for Wilson and peace, he saw in President Wilson the best chance for successful prosecution of the struggle. He had been damning the Germans since 1914 and his endorsement

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was an effective answer to the arguments of Roosevelt and others that Wilson believed in peace at any cost.

"To Hell with the Hohenzollerns" was the cry of Marse Henry in 1914. This was the caption on an editorial which was among the shortest and best in the thousands he wrote. The sinking of the *Lusitania* gave inspiration for another attack which was reprinted everywhere: "The Heart of Christ—The Sword of the Lord and Gideon." Germany, he said, was "the nation of the black hand and the bloody heart." And yet Watterson counselled reason. "We must not act either in haste or passion"; in due time President Wilson would halt the German terror. He grew impatient, however, as the President continued to exchange diplomatic essays. When, at last, America went in he wrote two editorials which were a call for action. So moving were they and inspired that they received the Pulitzer award for that year. He was greatly pleased by the citation.

"The boys in the city editor's room will find out that the old man is a journalist," he beamed.[1]

Marse Henry was growing old; seventy-seven by now. A year later he transferred control of *The Courier-Journal* to Judge Robert Worth Bingham and called himself Editor-Emeritus. He did not, however, agree with the attitude of the paper on the League of Nations, nor with Wilson, nor with his close friend, Cobb of *The World*. It was inevitable, he said, that "Woodrow Wilson would be caught by such a whimsy as the League of Nations." The League tied the hands of the United States. Marse Henry would have none of it and he felt so strongly on the subject that even his connection as Editor-Emeritus of *The Courier-Journal* was severed. Besides, that oldest of apprehensions was bothering him again. They say, he whispered, that Woodrow wants a third term! Will you let him have it?

He drifted quietly toward the end; living most of the time at Mansfield, a sage who was greatly loved, who was clear-minded to the last. He died on December 21, 1921. Two years earlier he had finished his memoirs. They were rambling, discursive, without form. They were precisely the memoirs which should be permitted a journalist who all his life had been held to strict limitations of space and time. Marse Henry wondered, he wrote, why men lay awake at night and pondered the ingratitude of their stars or their countrymen. Webster and Clay had so pondered and what good did it do them now, "now that they lie beneath the mold, and that the drums and tramplings of nearly seventy years . . . have passed over their graves?" Marse Henry went on:

> All of us, the least with the greatest, let us hope and believe shall attain immortal life at last. What was there for Webster, what was there for Clay to quibble about? . . . Yet they might have been so happy; so happy in their daily toil, with its lofty aims and fair surroundings; so happy in the sense of duty done; so happy, above all, in their own Heaven-sent genius, with its noble opportunities and splendid achievements. . . .

A few pages before he wrote Finis to his memoirs, Marse Henry added: "We know not whence we came, or whither we go, but it is a fair guess that we shall in the end get better than we have known."

[1] From *The Editorials of Marse Henry Watterson,* edited by Arthur Kroch a volume constantly drawn upon in the writing of this sketch.

Next month Mr. Pringle writes of Frank L. Cobb of The New York World, *"The Newspaperman as Artist." Much hitherto unprinted material about Cobb will be included.*

POEM IN PROSE

By Louise Bogan

I TURNED from side to side, from image to image, to put you down,
All to no purpose; for you the rhymes did not ring—
Not for you, beautiful and ridiculous, as are always the true inheritors of love,
The bearers: their strong hair moulded to their foreheads as though by the pressure of hands.
It is you that must sound in me secretly for the little time before my mind, schooled in desperate esteem, forgets you—
And it is my virtue that I cannot give you out,
That you are absorbed into my strength, my mettle,
That in me you are matched, and that it is silence which comes from us.

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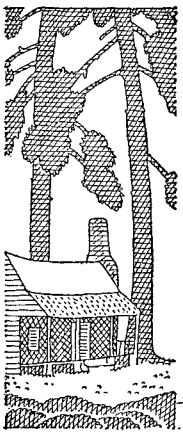

Deep Sand

A STORY

By Graeme MacNeal

MURDOCH's brain talked.

"The sand is heavy. It holds a man's feet down to where he's growed. It's a narrow country—Carolina sand belt—and a quiet one . . . there's that to be said . . . it's quiet . . . long pine needles lying atop of sand, hushing your tread . . . but for all that it's a hard country to quit. The sand's too deep."

Murdoch's brain talked in a whisper. He could hear his brain hiss and shuffle out the unshaped words, playing to itself as with a pack of fumbled cards, dealing out phrases—what was a word in the brain before it got spoked out? A kind of shadow, running out in front of speech. Spook speech.

Elsie's brain would be whispering all this while: "Murdoch's in the corn patch. Murdoch is eating cold sweet potatoes in the shadow down by the branch. Murdoch goes to work in the cotton patch this afternoon." Murdoch's work is lost work . . . work that's no kind of use. What Murdoch grows gets no price for its sweat. . . . Elsie's brain and Murdoch's were both whispering now in Murdoch's consciousness. . . . What she grows gets eat or gets put up against winter . . . taters, beans and cabbages and truck, carried into market and turned into calico and shoes and stuff. Elsie's got her laying hens. Elsie aims to buy her a pig with her chicken earnings. No use these days for a man's laboring. Man's laboring don't get its pay. No market for cotton, no market for tobacco. Murdoch just eats . . . eats up the kid's provender. Eats up what Elsie hoes.

Hark to the plop of a pine cone clost to Murdoch's foot. Big enough, you'd think, to kill a rabbit. Big enough, it looked, to knock over a kid. Sammy might could get hisself knocked that away running, tow head, in the woods, always running. Little old bare feet. No noise over the sand. Light feet not to sink in. The little ones, they run like a bog trotter. That's what Murdoch called the biggest gal. . . . Trot. Cute name. Elsie she had laughed.

Tired of kids, Murdoch was. Tired of a woman. Tired of a mule. Tired of sweating in the fields and the sand. Trash, was Murdoch MacBean. Poor white trash, working his hands off for nothing. The woman would be a heap better off on her own. Elsie's work would pay. The kids didn't need a no-account dad, not a cent for all his laboring, eat more'n you could raise with a woman's hoeing.

Murdoch would get off like he'd meant to before he begun to hanker after Elsie. Get off out'n the world and see things. Be a hobo for a spell. He was too young to get to be a field mule. Twenty-two years and four kids and a woman and work for nothing out here in the sticks. Let her get herself another man. Smarter man. Elsie had looks, tow head, bog-trotting looks, perk up a bit like she would if she had to be looking for a new man. Take the kids out to Pine Branch and see a lawyer. Desertion. My man's walked out on me. All primped up to see a lawyer and the kids in little old clean overalls. Elsie would cry a spell but not before folks. Elsie, mad, was mean and white, narrow like a worn knife blade. She'd got mean a winter night against him and stepped out on the cold floor, naked as a needle. He'd seen her by moon. Naked and mad like a little, bare, thin boy in swimming. Murdoch laughed out loud and scared himself.

Scared, he stopped. At that he heard another man walking in the woods. Stepped on a branch in the long narrow-timbered woods, the high-branched pine woods. Sassafras and oak and hickory too and for light brush, the wild plum and the dogwoods and the myrtle and gall berry. And down to the swamp hollows, bay with sweet white flowers, reeds and maples with red sproutings. Underfoot, where he was walking now, dry sand and pale scared-looking big violets, sharp wire grass, vetch and little squat iris hardly out of sand.

Another man walking. A big buck nigger, shuffling flat foot into the strip of sand that was a lane. A big, black, buck nigger with a stick like a club, getting away

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from robbery, getting away from murder, getting away from rape. A big, black, buck nigger that would need a bullet in the belly to cure his soul. There he come, going alone and quiet, big oily shoulders and narrow loins, rolling white eyes through the piney woods, swinging, hands hanging, big as slabs of black meat. Pinkish inside. Sweating so's you could smell him half a mile away.

Murdoch strode to pass him, hardening his own eyes, making them cold. Killing the nigger with a steel-knife eye. The nigger muttering something, "Howdy" or a cuss, going on by, hay foot, straw foot, big flat feet, big flat face, black as all hell, going on back into the sticks, going on quiet, going on towards the house where Elsie called in the kids to eat their pone and bacon . . . sundown.

Murdoch's mind hears nigger's brain say: met their man in the sticks, clost to ten miles gone before nooning, walking fast, met their man sweating and travelling. Man has quit them. Woman's alone. The buck nigger goes on up to the clean, gray bone-dry porch. The buck nigger speaks soft to Trot. Trot's little eyes jump up like the pale scared flowers out of the sand.

Murdoch turned. Had he his gun he'd send a bullet into the big, oily, sweaty, smelly back. He'd left that there gun of his'n for Sam. Sam going on five could use that gun for rabbits and squirrels. Coming five year now, Sam could shoot off that gun. Little bit of a square brown finger, little bit of a square brown thumb. Dirty little old finger nails. . . . The nigger's steps were gone, sand eat them one by one. Sliding jaws of white sand, white lips of sand mumbling the prints, crumbling up the prints. His own going away back of him, lasting longer than the nigger's in the hot sand, deep steps, straight as an Injun's. He looked at them. There they went till they met back with the pine-needle patch. Murdoch MacBean's footsteps, shadow steps, telling where Murdoch went and why. Tired of a woman, tired of kids and mule sweat under his shirt. Going to hobo and if he couldn't earn him a meal then steal him one and get him out West where there was gold in the rivers. Pan him some gold out of blue water cold at high noon.

The railroad lay yonder eastward. He was sloping on out across the country. The lane ran eastward until just before you come into Made Springs. Thereabouts he'd quit the lane and take to the woods again. He could skirt by them big swamps . . . he could make the railway at Ferny Junction before night. He could crope into a box car on the siding and get him a thousand miles west before sunup. A thousand miles . . . his heart beat, glad for distance, glad for change, for air with no smell of sand or pine, land that couldn't be made to grow cotton and tobacco, land that didn't know about persimmon and hot pine needles sliding under foot. Slippy as a girl's hair, girl's hair at Made Springs, where he'd got to go to sell his tobacco, rust-colored, fallen-pine-needle-colored girl's hair, sliding through his hot hands, slipping against a naked body, as soft as a rabbit's coat, white, pulsing like a rabbit's body in the hands. . . .

There were buzzards yonder in a dead old tree, about a hundred buzzards, jumping and shifting, this limb to that, upstairs, downstairs. Dead thing somewhere. Maybe they'd eaten, flapped down and clawed and beaked their craw full, or maybe they'd just got gathering for the feast. Dirty big birds that kept the sand clean, death being their food, sweet death smell their bait, the stinking damp death of flesh and blood. Flesh had ought to dry up quick like a leaf or a flower does. Dry and clean, to blow off in a wind, blow up high and down low . . . swirling.

The wind was talking now high up in the tops of pines. Swinging them long needles. They sent out rainbows, glittered in the sun like Christmas. A cardinal ran up like he'd found a steep stair from sand to branch, ran like a little snack of fire. Forest fire in the pine. Fire coming from all the way west in front of wind, coming acrost the woods, jumping up against the pines, licking the long brown winter grass . . . when the wind blew it was a fight for a man. Man against fire. Six-foot man and twenty-foot fire. Fire in a high, shouting ring about a platter of white sand and a gray clapboard house. Fire snickering its tongue to Elsie's flowers. . . .

Now, Murdoch heard wheels in the deep sand, moving slow creak-creak-creaking slow in his direction. Might be a face above the wheels that knew Murdoch MacBean. Murdoch drew out of the lane and squatted back of a laurel bush all pink and white and speckly like a gal's summer frock. His heart jumped rabbit-jumps and he felt like laughing in his throat. Hiding out like a scairt kid. Hookey. Playing at hookey, that's what Murdoch was up to. Hookey from a growed man's school day. Elsie, his school m'am with her peach switch. And the kids, just his own little old schoolmates. Wouldn't they hanker to be with him, giggling down to squat there, hiding out, running away? . . .

There come the rig. A Hooyer cart, they called it. Two old Ford car wheels with a seat slung atwixt them . . . and nothing much else but the shafts on either side a little old mule. Two women sat on the seat. One woman was bent like a hedge hog, little old face most down to her knees, little old hands like a hedge hog's paws, and a sunbonnet down atop of her nose and mumbling chin. The other woman sat up right perky, young and round, knees, waist, bust, neck, chin, a lot of red color in her face, waving a whip and singing out loud and sudden as she licked her mule along. Singing:

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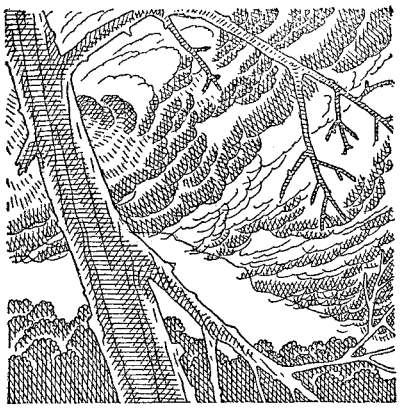
"All round the mountain, Charming Betsy,
All round the mountain, Sara Lee.
And if you never see me again
May the Lord remember me!"

until he felt like singing out himself . . . and laughing out with her. And it was Johnsie Craney, by the Lord! and she going on out among the sticks along that lane and where could she get to by that lane round noontime and where could she hold up for a bite at midday if it wasn't at Elsie MacBean's house down yonder by the branch? And, knowing Murdoch was way out'n the fields, she wouldn't, that gal, hold her tongue. Not likely. A gal who was out to Made Springs baccy sale time . . . a gal who would see Elsie just onct toss up her head and wriggle her mouth at paint on a gal's face. Johnsie's tongue and Johnsie's stories of what the boys would do for Johnsie. And Johnsie bragging on a feller name of Murdoch MacBean. . . .



Murdoch stepped out of his bush and shook a fist after the Hoover cart and the sway-backed body and the bent, shawled one. He opened and shut his fists and swallowed slutty words, man-agin-gal words, down into his stomach. Would he yell and scare them or would he run after Johnsie and pull her down and whip her with her own mule switch till she yelped her promise not to talk on him to his wife. . . . Ah, hell! who had a wife now? To scare him. Who had a wife? Not Murdoch MacBean. Better Elsie should know what Murdoch was, onct he got himself out of her hearing and out of her sight.

The Hoover cart went on, jog-jogging, Johnsie still singing in her round voice, a voice that was sort of solid to the ear, that had the very feel of Johnsie's body so that Murdoch could all but smack its full thick contours with his hand.

The brain that whispered of Murdoch to Murdoch was tired. Days and nights now it had been whispering, laying down plans for escape, shaping out pictures of Murdoch out'n the world. Now it was tired playing that little old game of plans and kept shaping words about back home. The farther on went Murdoch, the more hundred footsteps he dropped back of his shadow in that sand, the closter to home went that talker inside of him, the spook voice shuffling at unshaped words. Now Murdoch told it to quit. He was plum tired, his own self, of listening to that shuffle game. Shut up now, you. It's high noon. Time to lay down on his belly over water somewhere, to drink and eat his cold sweet potatoes and lay him out to sleep a spell. He had a heap of time, even with working round about the big swamps. He'd get to the Junction afore dark and have to lay out until he could get into one of the freight cars without being seen.

He plunged down into a hollow set with reeds and alders and smelling sweet of the white bay flowers, where water hid, and found the water black as clear ink over its muck. Cold. A snake fled out from the log he knelt on . . . chicken snake. Black and white. Made him think of that feller . . . that salesman. Wore suspenders like a chicken snake. Fancy suspenders. Sure enough like a chicken snake. Was able to show more white teeth than his mouth could learn to keep to itself. Always stretching out his lips and throwing back his head to show more teeth.

Good and cold, that black clear water, wet Murdoch's throat, made a coldness clear down to the pit of his belly. Mighty fine to get that feel of wetness after treading sand since sunup. A man was made out of water and out of earth. Part of him run with black wet streams, part of him stuck together like black muck and red clay, part of him blowed round and round like whirling sand. . . . Murdoch opened and shut his ice-wet hands, looking at them to see what they might be made of. Big, queer, red fingers that looked like they could live by their lones. . . . He squatted and opened the napkin in which Elsie had wrapped up his sweet potatoes. By golly, she'd put him in a piece of pork. It tasted mighty fine here in the strange black shadow by the new black water.

That chicken-snake feller had sort of taken up with Elsie that time at The Fair, boughten her peanuts and Baby Ruths, treated her to Coca Cola and soadys too. Murdoch, talking to cronies and buyers and such, had seen Elsie going around in the aeroplane wheel with Chicken Snake, screaming, and Chicken Snake with his thick white-shirt-sleeved arms round her, red hand in under her breasts. Going on home, Elsie had said in that simper-voice she used sometimes when she was right pleased with Elsie, "Mr. Charlie Smucker he aims to visit with us next spring, Murdoch, and do some turkey shooting. He has a smart bird dog, name of Slick."

Likely that Mr. Charlie would be on his way now with a gun acrost his shoulder and the slick long-eared bird dog at his heels, padding on, the two of them, coming to visit with Mr. MacBean, coming to visit with Mrs. MacBean, coming to put his hand on Mrs. MacBean's little breasts. . . . Murdoch's blood went all in a jump to his head and face so that something pounded there like little crowding hammers. A gal hadn't got a mite of sense about men like Charlie. Elsie could get talked round so easy by any slick feller, less'n Murdoch

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was round to show him up to her. Elsie, without'n Murdoch, would likely go jest as far as Charlie Smucker wanted her to go, and that was far enough, by God Almighty, trustin' his big white smile and his big blinky eyes and his big boy's curly head, trustin' him to be a second husband and a father to the kids, kissin' and trustin', doin' her cryin' later on, real late, nine months late, alone. . . . Even a smart cooking and hoeing and washing gal like Elsie hadn't got no real bones to her, let a good-looking easy-speaking grand new Johnnie come by, putting his hand under . . . Murdoch stood up shouting, "Shut up, you bastard!" and went on quickly, making no tracks now in the wood moss and the fallen leaves, but making all the noise he could of moving, of getting himself away through brush and vines and branches and over old dead-wood stuff. He wished now that he'd brought little old Rough along, hadn't shouted the little old dog back home. Likely if he had Rough to sort of speak to now and again, to whistle after, he'd not be listening to that crazy old word-shuffler inside his head. Now, it seemed that as many as three Murdoch MacBeans went away along the sand belt; Murdoch that kept on agoing, Murdoch that kept on awhispering, Murdoch that scolded and complained and telled them other two Murdochs where they might could get off.

At this rate, Murdoch grinned, by sundown when he got clear of the pines to the railroad, there'd be nary a freight car big enough to hold all them Murdochs, doing this and that and the other, marching along . . . a whole hill tribe of MacBeans . . . five or six or eight Murdochs running away from Elsie, little ornary Elsie with them tiny bay-flower breasts. . . .

Murdoch was coming now to the borders of the big Made Springs swamp and had to swing round it for dry safe going. It looked sort of sweet and steamy down in the tangle, seemed like the swamps was plum full of flowers this year, that they had more flowering stuff than they could hold, spilling over with white flowers and red ones. Come night, the white flowers looked like pieces of white paper. He'd seen them, coming home late, green corn under his belt, dance like crazy white candle-flames in the swamps. Same way, the dogwood, holding out crazy tilting trays of foam.

Beyond the swamp the land lifted to a ridge, and he could hear away off acrost the hidden land an engine hollering. The sun was beginning to get low and, by the time he came out, sweating, to the top of the steep ridge, through all the bramble vines and gall-berry bushes and kindred tangle, the sky was red and kind of smokey, dark-looking. And he could see below him the shacks and sheds and platforms of Ferny Junction and, on the siding, just the way he'd whispered it out, a couple of freight cars standing to get picked up. And he could see the long, running, narrowing tracks, like a ladder stuck up again a wall, made of bright wire, running together with the treads, neat as a surgeon's stitches, pulling together the bright scars of the tracks, till they cut into a red-clay bank and went on up and out in a long, shining, pointing curve.

He let himself lie down flat along the dry wire grass-covered ground to wait for dark. He was tired. The sand was heavy to walk in all day long. That train was going on away making a hollow far-off blowing beyond the cut and the earth trembled a little under his body. A fearsome strong thing was that engine running away across the earth, running out through the pines and the sand belt, shouting and blowing and ringing, sad and strange and wild.

Murdoch lay. Now his brain whispered how it would feel to stretch out on trembling hard boards over the grinding, iron wheels, hours and hours, black and gray hours, cold at dawn, hot at noon, grinding and jarring and clacking, hour after hour after hour. By gum, there was a feller setting down yonder clost to the siding, waiting to share Murdoch's quarters. And what kind of a hairy animal was that one, bag and bundle, rags, working his jaws? Didn't see Murdoch up there above him, just squatted there, staring away towards the red, smoky west.

Murdoch made himself flat and close as a lizard to the ground. He laid his head against his arms and slept.

When he woke it was not dark yet nor was it light either. It was a strange enough hour to see and there was a scaring color to the earth and the air. Murdoch got up, quick, and saw the dark smoke boiling and rolling and the fire behind it all across the horizon, boiling up above it into the sky. The whole world of pines and sand must be afire. All the sticks were being burned. And yonder, with the wind blowing toward it, lay Murdoch MacBean's house he'd built for his gal with his own two hands.

Then Murdoch the Whisperer, and Murdoch That Scolded, and Murdoch That Was Running Away, jumped together like the change in a moving picture into a Murdoch that was hurrying back home.

Down the ridge went this one Murdoch, not a whisper in his head, and through the brush and through the thicket, not caring a God damn for moccasins or bogs or black thick water, into the big swamp and leaping like a nigger with bloodhounds on his scent, and run-

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ning acrost quaking ground like a bog trotter and taking logs, clever-pawed as a coon, and splashing and breaking the sweet, white, bay flowers and taking a licking from snap-back reeds that stung like a schoolmaster's cane, and biting his teeth together against the speed and force of fire, trying not to listen to the great loud voice of wind in pine, wind that could pick up fire in its hands and fling it clear acrost the sand lanes, and the black water and the ploughed patches, so that it ran from sand to tree like a cardinal bird or sloped down, branch to way-off branch, like one of these here little old flying squirrels that come out after dusk. Beyond the swamp he came into the black hot trail of fire and trod it, not caring for pain nor for the choking fumes and got clear of it into the pine night, cool, for all that it was lit by red fire-heaven and drifted through by warm smoke that clung against the trunks as though it was a fainted woman. His throat ached, his chest cramped, he had to slow to ease his breath and steady up his muscles. Then the whisperer began to talk. To tell him about Elsie fighting fire. Little old ornary Elsie, five foot two again a twenty-foot ring of jumping, singing fire. . . .

All day he had been walking, going away from home, picking his trail for ease and safety, keeping out of the wet places and the shaking ground and the rough travel. Now he went the path the engine goes, straight as though a track was planted down before his going. And the moon ran acrost the pines so that they looked like they growed up tall to carry the light and he came out on to his own clearing and saw that the big fire had gone past, clear away above it, scattering ashes and burnt bark, but going on past, clear away, and gone.

And there was his own patch, white like a plate with moon, bare and still. And no lights in the little gray house, crouched down to sleep beneath its chinaberry tree. And no fire groping in round about it and Elsie likely run away with the kids from home.

So he went into his house and was mad clear through to find the door open so that any hobo, nigger or feller in rags, working his jaws, could step in and take what he could pick. Murdoch stepped in and stood in the kitchen and smelled corn bread and bacon fat and coffee grounds. His home had come in clost around him, but he felt he might could have been gone all round and round the world and away for twenty years, coming back home with Elsie dead and gone and the kids married and away. . . . A pistol went off above his head so that he leapt clear out of his skin. But it was a foot set to a loose board in the floor, loud enough to his nerves to kill. There must be Elsie getting out of her bed. He could hear the old mattress creak as she came off it and he could hear her light her a match. Here she come now along the passage and the light walked before her and there she was standing holding her hand again the candle flame. So many hours he'd seen her white and narrow as a knife, a mean and angry Elsie, mad clean through. He didn't know what scared him to see her now, small, sort of red-cheeked and sleepy in the eyes with hanging hair, and coming on down, sleepy and red, to meet him, the candle in her hand and her little, old, straight, cotton gown to her bare ankles . . . and smiling.

" 'Lo, Murdoch. I wasn't a mite scairt. Neither me nor the kids. Knowed you was fighting that fire and if it was getting too clost, you'd been here long ere now. You smell of smoke," sniffed Elsie, her nose against his shirt, "and you all dead beat, ain't you, honey? Come on to bed and lay out. I can get you somethin' to eat and to drink likely."

Murdoch pulled out of his clothing and laid him down in his bed. Elsie came and laid close beside him. He could hear the kids breathing quiet back of the lath wall. That would be Sam, snoring like a kitten and Bog-Trot grinding her teeth, queer way she did. There was just one Murdoch laying him down there now alongside of his wife.

Murdoch didn't want to talk any but he muttered, "Any one come by today?"

"A real purty young gal in one of these Hoover carts, with an old body set alongside of her and they stopped to get water from our well and the purty one she give our Trot a right purty string of blue beads. She was right pleasant, I thought, and then a big old nigger come on up and ast for food and he chopped me up a heap of wood and piled it neat agin the wall and I give him pone and taters and pork. He was a right good boy and he'd gone on out to Pine Springs to get him a field job yonder. . . . There wa'n't nobody else. . . ."

Elsie lay still. Maybe she was thinking of that Charlie Johnnie.

"Nobody else?" Murdoch pressed her.

"Nary one."

She lay still in the dark. The dark smothered out the knowledge of Elsie and the quiet room and the quiet sound of moving pines. . . . And Murdoch began to step out across sand. It was heavy walking. The sand was deep. It held down a man's feet to where they growed. . . .

In the next number: "Kneel to the Rising Sun" by Erskine Caldwell.

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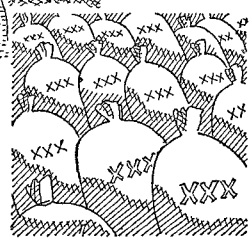
Who Is On Relief?

By C. Hartley Grattan

New and important analyses of the relief population are being made by the FERA. Mr. Grattan here presents some of these figures for the first time. Is two billion dollars enough to provide necessities for those in want?



THE poor, we are told, are always with us, and certain it is that they have been present during the whole course of American history. They were among the original settlers and have contributed the manpower for most of our striking achievements, individual and state, constructive and destructive, ever since. In times past, a remarkably mobile group within the population, they have seen individuals from their ranks rise beyond the dreams of avarice and they have welcomed others to their company who formerly enjoyed that estate or something like it. When they fell into utter indigence they have been rewarded with the invidious title "public charges," though their fellows who acquired fortunes, no matter what the method, have been translated into public benefactors. The early American laws describing the legal ways and means for the care of indigents were derived from the law of old England, where the indigent poor, in constantly mounting numbers, have been a problem for centuries. These basic concepts, supplemented and complemented by a wide variety of social legislation and accompanying governmental practices, rule the minds of most people who turn their thoughts to those who must be cared for at public expense today. The only marked change is the widespread recognition that the larger proportion of those who must be given relief at the present time have been placed in that position through no fault of their own. Only a small and hopelessly dense minority keeps up the pretense that the population receiving relief is made up of "no good" individuals who because of incompetence or improvidence must be maintained at public expense.*

In the present crisis it is clearly realized that the vast bulk of the relief population is made up of individuals and their dependents dispossessed by the operation of impersonal economic forces. They are casualties in the struggle for work, unsuspecting victims of the inexorable operations of our complex economy which periodically demonstrates its utility by refusing to function at all adequately. Yet not all the casualties have, as yet, found their way to the relief rolls, some because of personal resources in the way of savings, others because of access to the resources of family connections, while many have avoided the necessity by pursuing a checkered course of casual work and accepting, with whatever fortitude could be summoned, a constantly declining standard of living. Some of these will reach the relief rolls in the course of time, thousands of them being expected to arrive there this winter.

How many workers are unemployed cannot be stated with certainty as we lack a system for enumerating them, but 11,000,000 may be taken as a reasonable estimate at the present moment. Of the 18,300,000 persons estimated to have received relief in September about one in three was normally a gainful worker, or 6,000,000 workers. Subtracting these from the total of unemployed we arrive at the conclusion that about 5,000,000 persons classifiable as gainful workers were then unemployed but *not* receiving relief. As will be explained later, something like 9 per cent of the workers receiving relief are partially employed. If we deduct 540,000 to care for these, we find around 5,460,000 workers totally unemployed and receiving relief. These totally unemployed and partially employed workers now receiving relief, together with the nearly 12,000,000 other persons on the rolls who are either dependents of the gainful workers, or various types of public charges who should not, either in theory or practice, be on unemployment relief, make up the present relief population. Of the total group in September 10,925,000 were urban and 7,375,000 were rural persons.

It is important to get firmly in mind five basic facts about this population: (1) that the vast bulk of the people in it are from the low-income groups—the step-children of our civilization, the actual and potential American proletarians and peasants; (2) that the urban relief population shows regional concentrations of great significance; (3) that the relief population includes a disproportion of large families and consequently a large number of minor children; (4) that in the low-income groups there are proportionately more Negroes on relief than whites; and (5) that whatever it currently costs to maintain them, insufficient money has been available, thus far, adequately to provide even the elementary requirements of food, clothing, and shelter which are supposed to be every man's due in our capitalistic paradise. These generalizations are supportable by statistical data and by qualitative data of various kinds.

* While the data used in this article were secured from the FERA with the permission of the proper authorities, the ideas expressed are the opinions of the author and should not be attributed to the Federal Emergency Relief Administration or its administrators.

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The most important regional concentration is that in industrial areas. It may be speculated that within these areas there is a further concentration in centers given over to the heavy-, or durable-goods, industries. Knowledge of our economy would lead to the speculation that centers of consumption-goods production are relatively better off.

We may now test these theories with the available statistical data. Taking the total number of persons receiving relief as our index, we find that in September of 1934 (the latest month for which the figures have been distributed—the relationships here expressed can be assumed to remain constant) 5,593,894 persons were on relief in the four most highly industrialized states which also include the first and second largest cities of America. The figures are:

Pennsylvania	1,550,575
New York	1,954,295
Illinois	1,047,866
Ohio	1,041,158
	5,593,894

If we add four more states, making eight in all, we include over half of the total September relief load of 18,300,000:

Michigan	674,101
California	582,830
Oklahoma	622,528
Texas	937,923
	2,817,382
Grand Total	8,411,276

There are states in which larger *percentages* of the populations are receiving relief, but since the density of population is less, the totals are smaller. For example, the high ranking states on this basis in September were North Dakota 25 per cent, South Dakota 33 per cent, Florida 25 per cent, New Mexico 28 per cent. It is obvious, however, that special circumstances control in the states with high percentages receiving relief: North Dakota, South Dakota, and New Mexico being afflicted with drought and Florida still suffering from the aftermath of her real estate boom which was complicated by depression. It is, moreover, certain that the percentages now run still higher in the drought states. The fact remains, however, that the *greater number of the people receiving relief are in the highly industrialized states.*

It should be noted, further, that the American centers of heavy industry are in, precisely, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois! (Also, one of the "sickest" American industries—coal—is located in these states, further to complicate matters by being responsible for numerous "stranded" communities.) The significance of this is illustrated if we take the *May* figures for individual cities and make certain comparisons as follows:

Durable-Goods Cities

	Receiving Relief	Per Cent of 1930 Population
Pittsburgh, Pa. (Allegheny Co.)	285,761	21
Youngstown, Ohio (Mahoning Co.)	50,334	21

Consumption-Goods Cities

	Receiving Relief	Per Cent of 1930 Population
New Bedford, Mass.	13,058	12
Paterson, N. J.	11,287	8

Isadore Lubin, United States Commissioner of Labor Statistics, has pointed out that while the durable-goods industries would have to re-employ about 1,500,000 workers (which would affect over 5,000,000 persons at 3+ dependents per worker, a normal estimate) to get back to 1929 employment figures, the consumption-goods industries would have to re-employ but 400,000 (affecting approximately a million and a quarter persons) to get back to 1929 figures. While this calculation ignores the dynamic aspects of the situation and, of course, does not cover the entire re-employment problem it does help make plain that the heavier relief loads in durable-goods centers are of the first significance. The concentration is, moreover, entirely logical given our present economy in a depression phase. This also tells us much, by implication, about the relief population. The concentration in urban areas is the consequence of the industrial depression; within these areas it is the heavy-industry workers who have suffered most; and when analyzed by skills, it is the semi- and unskilled who make up the bulk of the relief population.

The percentage distribution is revealing in this latter connection. An analysis gives the following result:

Socio-Economic Groups

	Per Cent of Relief Population	Per Cent of General Population
Clerical	13	27
Skilled	19	17
Semi-skilled	31	21
Unskilled	32	20

This table means that the lower down the income scale we go, the heavier is the incidence of the depression. If the above percentages are added up and if the above occupational groups are taken to be the working class, it appears that while they represent 85 per cent of the urban workers they account for 95 per cent of the urban relief population. It is upon the workers that the heaviest burdens of the depression have fallen: the vast mass which had low earnings during the past "prosperity," which had small savings, small life insurance policies (and hence limited borrowing power from this source), limited credit with landlord, butcher, and baker, and painfully limited resources of such other kinds as re-sale value of luxury goods, goods for pawn, etcetera—in short, the American working class as it appears under the scrutiny of any conscientious socio-statistical analyst who has no axe to grind but that of truth. The somewhat better fate of the clerical workers, as compared with the other groups, is probably attributable to the facts that the "office force" is retained and continued in work long after the factory shuts down, that a skeleton force is retained for the duration of the shutdown, that many clerical workers are attached to "trade" enterprises, and so on.

A glance at the as yet unaccounted-for balance of 5 per cent of the urban workers is now in order. Who they are is shown below:

Socio-Economic Group

	Per Cent of Relief Population	Per Cent of General Population
Professional	2	6
Proprietary	3	8

From among these people come most of those individuals whose spectacular descents from affluence have been heavily publicized. This circumstance has led many people to believe that a considerable proportion of the relief population is made up of formerly prosperous people. *This is not true!* But this is not to say that the argument that the depression is disrupting the economic base of the middle class is not true. Quite the contrary. The appearance of persons from these groups in the relief population in the present proportions supports the larger generalization with painful adequacy. And these figures, as indeed all others cited with regard to

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persons on relief, give no indication of the consequence of reduced incomes and reduced standards of living.* These highly complex matters are outside the scope of the present paper. The people here discussed have been reduced to destitution or near-destitution.

Thus far we have been concerned with the urban workers. Turning now to the farmers we discover a tangled situation which it is impossible to elucidate satisfactorily in a few paragraphs. Only the high spots will be hit. We are here speaking in broad terms of the 7,375,000 rural persons receiving relief in September.

The relief problem in rural areas is complicated by two major considerations: (1) the agricultural depression which began around 1920, and (2) the drought. The farmers were started on their downward trend fourteen years ago when the artificially expanded market of wartime began to decline as the areas ravaged by war came back into production, the European producers responded to the governmental calls for self-sufficiency, the more distant areas (Australia, Argentine) came into the market, and the agro-biologists increased the possible yields. Under the influence of these progressively intensified international factors the farmers' incomes declined, and while the low prices received for farm products helped to underwrite the general "prosperity" by raising the real wages of industrial workers (increasing their purchasing power) the purchasing power of the farmers declined, servicing the debts on over-capitalized farms (the farmers had capitalized "futures" for years) became an onerous task, and the group faced bankruptcy. Increased production exasperated conditions for it failed to raise income but rather increased surpluses and lowered prices. Industrial depression completed the story. Drought viciously underlined the conclusion.

What group of farmers would suffer most from these factors? Naturally, the marginal commercial farmers, those who, in the best of times, received the smallest incomes. This is immediately apparent when it is stated that the largest groups among the farm population now receiving relief are the share croppers, the tenants, and the farm laborers. Since the term "owners" may conceal persons more marginal commercially than "tenants" the appearance of many "owners" on the rolls, even when drought is not the immediate reason, is not surprising. (This does not mean, obviously, what the appearance on urban rolls of large numbers of "proprietors" would signify.) The condition of the share croppers is the worst of all the groups. The system of which they are a part has decayed as the price of cotton has fallen and acreage has been reduced. Starting from a low level they have actually gone lower still and are, not very surprisingly, better off on relief than they have been for several years past. The condition of a landless peasant, unhabituated to self-dependence and with literally no place to go, is pitiful in the extreme. But the farm relief population in general has fallen into a condition which those romantics who believe that no one on the land can be too badly off would decry as incredible if it could be detailed to them. Inefficient farming methods, poor utilization of soil values, single-crop traditions, failure to develop the subsistence possibilities of the farm because of a long habit of relying upon a store-bought living, disruption of the budgetary arrangements by the disappearance of supplementary employment—all these have brought a train of suffering not statistically reportable. Yet when all is said and done it is the "marginal farmers" who, after fourteen years of agricultural depression, have "gone under." It is this group which, in the jargon of the researchers, requires more than the "temporary assistance only" needed by those farmers stricken down by the drought. While the industrial depression has intensified the forces depressing them, it is not the exclusive cause of their difficulties, as has been suggested, and they will not, it is fairly certain, come back if there is an industrial revival. All kinds of forces making for "marginality" in farming are at work simultaneously and that any appreciable proportion of the farm population at present receiving relief (other than those individuals obviously drought cases exclusively) should come back through production for the market is just incredible. "Subsistence" is their fate.

But to illustrate. In the rural areas, quite consistently, there is a heavy relief load in villages. In many cases this is attributable to the cutting away of the agricultural base on which they rest. On the other hand, their relations with the industrial system are equally disrupted. They hang suspended, therefore, between the devil of industrialism in its decentralized manufacturing, or "service" and agency aspects, and the deep sea of agriculture to which they stand in the relation of distributors. Since the village people have less resources in the way of land and so on for self-help, they tend to fall on relief more rapidly than open-country residents, except when the latter, as in the case of share croppers, are deprived of land. In some rural villages, moreover, the difficulties are directly traceable to the slackening of employment for farm labor, which indicates that there is a direct as well as a secondary employment tie-up between the rural villages and the open country on which they depend. It is fairly usual, too, to find that depression in village industries not necessarily related to agriculture causes severe trouble. In one Iowa county depression in the washing-machine manufactories was the key to the situation. In the Lakes States cut-over area generally, both village and farm populations have been subjected to intense difficulties by the exhaustion of timber resources coming along to take away supplementary and full time employment before a new economic base could be developed. Like coal, timber exploitation is responsible for many "stranded" communities. In Iron County, Michigan, the depression in iron ore production has brought about a tangled rural-village-urban problem. In Jefferson Davis Parish, Louisiana, idle lumber mills account for the high figures. In the Southern hill counties, supplementary income, which long made subsistence farming a picturesque if low standard way of life possible, has disappeared. The depressed condition of cotton has not only thrown many Southern share croppers on relief, but it has also depressed village business because the landowners no longer spend money "furnishing" such croppers. But when all was said and done, the broad generalizations about the farmers which introduced this section would not be disturbed nor would it be any the less

* An excellently appalling picture of what this means is contained in "Earnings and Standard of Living of 1000 Railway Employees During the Depression," by Carter Goodrich. (U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.: 1934.)

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true that the worst sufferers have been the low-income "marginal" rural workers, whether in the villages or the open country—the class comparable, in short, to the low-income industrial workers of the urban areas—the landed and landless American peasants and those who, directly or indirectly, depend upon them.

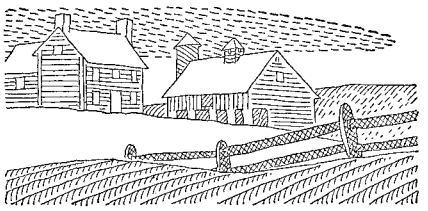
The transients, who have not before been mentioned, are a group neither urban nor rural. Their condition has been heavily publicized and indeed they are a tragic group whether they be young or old. The appearance of wandering boys in Russia after the Revolution was regarded as a disgraceful horror. How much greater the disgrace and the horror that they should appear in America without a revolution. How many transients there are no one can accurately say, for how can one count so mobile a population? On August 15, 1934, the Transient Bureau of FERA had 211,056 under care, 60 per cent single persons, 40 per cent in families. This, however, exaggerates the number in families as they tend to remain under care longer, forming pools at the centers, and on the day of the census show up disproportionately. The single individual keeps moving. A study carried out in 13 cities on the basis of applications for aid revealed that 83 per cent were single persons and 17 per cent persons in families. Of all transient cases six per cent are families. This is less than is generally supposed, but is bad enough.

We are now in a position to bring forward some supplementary evidence which substantiates the conclusion that the step-children of American civilization make up the bulk of the relief population, urban and rural. It has been discovered that by far the larger proportion of the adults in it, male and female, have passed through but eight grades of school or less. It is the "grammar school group" in our population. In this group, also, are precisely those whose health is poorest. It would cost millions to give the relief population minimum "repairs." Again, it has been shown by surveys that the rural relief population is measurably worse off in housing than the comparable non-relief population in the same areas. Upwards of half the relief populations in those rural counties, considered "problem" counties, at present live in dwellings classified as unfit for human habitation on the basis of minimum standards for the locality. It requires little knowledge and less imagination to accept this as true of the urban relief population as well.* And finally, rural studies have shown that relief households in the open country have less land, poorer land, fewer cows, pigs, fowls, work animals, and implements than their non-relief neighbors. Needless to say, a similar situation with regard to possessions obtains among the urban workers now on relief.

We come at last to the third point of the five selected for stressing—the high number of large families and the consequent presence on the relief rolls of large numbers of minor children. It is an established fact that most of the relief families are "normal" or "unbroken" families and that in the vast majority of cases, there is, naturally, a male head of the household. So-called single-person families accounted for but 13 per cent of the October, 1933, relief families in the country as a whole. These families, however, numbered but little more than 3 per cent of the total number of individuals receiving relief. Two-person families constituted 20 per cent of the relief population though 25 per cent of the general population. It is only when we come to families involving children that the opposite tendency begins to assert itself, the three-person families receiving relief approaching their percentage in the general population, the four-person families coming still closer, and finally, with the five-person families the relief population has the greater percentage, a fact which continues true straight along to and including families of 12 or more persons. Some percentages and figures will make plain what this means in terms of children on relief:

Age Groups	Per cent of 1930 general population	Per cent of October, 1933, relief population	Number in September, 1934, relief population projecting the October, 1933, per cent
Under 16....	31	42	7,686,000
16–24	16	16	2,928,000

Thus it appears that there are more children under 16 receiving relief than there are gainful workers on relief—6,000,000. When we get above 16 we quickly strike a balance and above 24 the relief population has a consistently lower percentage of representation for



each age group up to and including 65 years of age, and above this age the relationship is 5.4 per cent of the general population and 3.8 per cent of the relief population. It is the *young children who are suffering disproportionately from the incidence of the depression.*

The fourth point made was that, of those on relief in the low-income groups, the Negroes are over-represented. Applying the October, 1933, percentage relations to the September, 1934, load we arrive at the following figures:

	Per cent of 1930 population	Per cent of October, 1933, relief load	Numbers in September, 1934, load on that basis
Whites ...	88.6	81.3	14,877,900
Negroes ..	9.7	16.7	3,056,100
Others ...			

These figures tell but part of the story. Worse is to follow. In October, 1933, but 9.5 per cent of the white people in the nation were receiving relief while 18 per cent of the Negroes were reduced to that condition. The procedure of assuming a fair identity of the October, 1933, and the September, 1934, percentage distributions may also conceal the true picture of the present situation of the Negroes for there is evidence that they are losing out in competition for jobs in private industry. Analysis of these figures reveals some expected, but highly undesirable, situations. Using October, 1933, percentages we find that in Georgia, which had the greatest number of Negroes within its borders of any state in 1930, but 10.9 per cent of the Negroes were receiving relief (7.1 per cent below the United States average) while 8.7 per cent of the white population was so situated, which is less than 1 per cent below the United States average. Transferring our atten-

* Presumptive evidence supporting this conclusion will be found in the Real Property Inventory carried out by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Real Property Inventory Unit.

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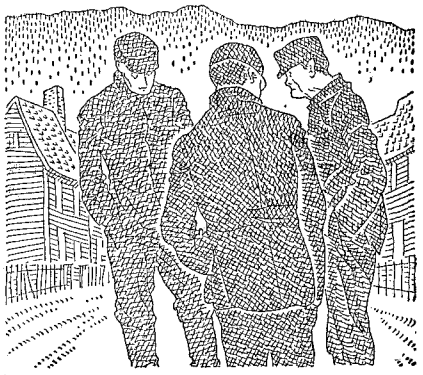
tion to a highly industrialized state like Pennsylvania to which Negroes migrated in large numbers following 1914, we find that 35.2 per cent of the Negroes were on relief and but 13.3 per cent of the whites. Thus in spite of the known employment policies of the steel mills—a color and race proportion is followed to divide and rule the workers—the Negroes suffered disproportionately. The full significance of what it means to be a Negro worker comes out when we look into the plight of the aged colored people. We have noted that in the total group aged people are under-represented in the relief population. But a tragic situation is revealed when we compare the figures for the white and colored aged. Less provision has been made for aged colored people and they have also had nothing like the same opportunity to lay by a competence for old age. They have lost out both ways. Thus 44 per cent of all the Negroes over 65 in South Carolina were on relief in October, 1933, while but 20 per cent of the whites of this age group were in such reduced circumstances. Essentially the same situation obtained in a Northern state with over 100,000 Negroes within its borders: 21 per cent of the aged Negroes were receiving relief and but 4 per cent of the aged whites. It is sufficiently apparent, I think, that, being as a race at the bottom of the heap economically in good times, the Negroes now suffer disproportionately in bad times. Indeed the evidence points to the conclusion that the Negroes are at the bottom of the relief heap in most of the areas in which they chiefly live. Truly the Negroes are being punished for being the children of Ham.



The costs of maintaining this huge population—a larger population than was resident in the United States in 1840!—are tremendous. But they are not tremendous enough properly to carry out the job undertaken. In most parts of the country the people on relief are not, naturally, being maintained in the condition to which they are accustomed and, where they equal their former condition or—more rarely—better it by being on relief, it is one of the most devastating commentaries on our economy ever made. What, in dollar terms, do they actually get? This is a difficult matter to state simply, as the average allowance for a family of four in the country as a whole is deceptive, it conceals an urban-rural differential, a sectional differential, a colored differential, and a size-of-family differential.

A glance at the figures for September, 1934, the latest month for which a breakdown is available, will illuminate the first two points. These states are selected at random from the forty-eight.

SEPTEMBER, 1934, URBAN-RURAL AND SECTIONAL DIFFERENTIALS

	STATE AS A WHOLE	PRINCIPAL CITIES	REMAINDER OF STATE
Maine	$44.46	$51.20	$43.42
New York	45.09	46.95	38.66
W. Virginia	13.77	17.41	13.32
Georgia	13.11	19.38	10.93
Ohio	25.42	29.06	19.45
Kansas	22.18	19.63	22.83
Texas	12.37	15.27	11.48
Colorado	27.52	38.33	24.35
California	36.59	36.48	37.20

In September the national averages were $25.79, $34.23, and $19.90. A little study of the table will make it clear that the rural people are getting less to live on, a fact not always clearly related to their resources for self-help, that exceptional states like New York tend to raise the United States average, and that sectional differentials are very important—compare Maine and Texas for example. How much the seeming advantage of receiving $46.95 in New York is cancelled out by higher living costs is something to reflect on also.

The color differential is a highly explosive matter and is based on the assumption that Negroes need less to live on, a theory evidently evolved by people with a thoroughgoing philosophy of race repression who have never pondered Shylock's speech. No one in his right mind will deny that the differential exists but many "right-minded" people would prefer not to discuss it. No comprehensive study of the matter has yet been made so it is impossible, at present, to be dogmatic about the exact dollars and cents nature of the spread. All evidence points to the fact that it is widest in areas where the race question is most volatile and that it narrows toward the vanishing point as the volatility decreases.

The size-of-family differentials are more difficult to isolate for each family is a separate problem and received its "budgetary needs." It should be emphasized, however, that the figures cited as averages are for a theoretical relief family of four. The United States average being $25.79 in September, 1934, this gave $6.45 per person per month or about 21 cents per person per day—not very fat living.

A final factor determining how much relief a family gets is not a true differential either in theory or consequences. The reference is to "supplementary relief"—an allowance to supplement incomes insufficient to cover a minimum budget for living. This insufficiency may arise in two ways: from low wages and from too few hours of employment. There are cases where heads of families employed full-time have sought relief because of insufficient earnings. In such a situation, obviously, relief would be a direct, indirect or consequential case of employers seeking to have their labor costs underwritten out of public funds. The industries would then be parasites on relief funds! Quite rightly the relief authorities resist such efforts to tap hidden subsidies, though wages being what they are in many industries, it is not easy for complete humanitarians to do so. How many receiving relief are working for private employers—that is, earning wages at other than relief work? Of the 2,980,000 urban families receiving relief in September, 80 per cent had no employed member. Of the remaining 20 per cent, a little more than half had less than $10 a week coming in. This tells us nothing of the size of these latter households but the presumption is in favor of their being large, since they were granted supplementary relief. In the cities, also, 6,280,000 individuals between the ages of 16 and 64 were studied and it was found that 9 per cent were employed at regular, non-relief, work. The number of relief persons working is, there-

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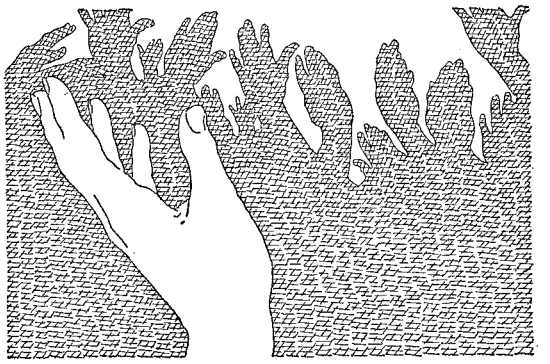
fore, not very large and as a rule little is earned per individual.

Finally it should be said that the relief population not only gets direct relief and, in over a million cases, the alternative and preferred (by the administrators) work relief, but also commodities of one kind or another. The latter are handled through the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation. Many things have come to it from the Department of Agriculture through the AAA as "surpluses" while others have been direct purchases. The money involved in these operations is allocated to the Corporation by the states from the Federal funds supplied for relief purposes. The commodities are delivered to the state relief authorities and by them filtered down to the relief population. In recent months vast quantities of the following have followed this route: pork sides and commercial cuts, canned beef, butter, cheese, fresh beef, boneless beef, fresh veal, cornmeal, lard, sausage, coal, and blankets. And so, by various means, the relief population struggles along.

What the total cost of maintaining the relief population since the depression began may be, cannot be exactly stated. It can be noted, however, that the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, up to October 31, 1934, had distributed $1,337,488,226.90 of Federal funds to the states in eighteen months. Many think that unemployment relief has become an exclusively Federal task. In reality the aim of the FERA is to supplement and not to supplant state and local responsibility. From January, 1933, through June, 1934, the Federal Government supplied 63 per cent of the funds, the State governments 16 per cent and the smaller political divisions 21 per cent. The grants to states vary. In eighteen months the Federal Government supplied 29.9 per cent of the Massachusetts funds, but 99 per cent of the South Carolina and Mississippi funds. No fixed relation has, obviously, been established, the controlling factor in Federal action being the need of the unemployed. If we assume that the Federal funds have accounted for about two-thirds of all funds available to the emergency relief administrations, these agencies had, by the end of October, expended over two billion dollars on the relief population.

And this is not enough! It was not enough for several reasons. In the first place relief allowances are calculated on a budgetary basis. The mere calculation of budgets, however well it is done, is no guarantee that they will be filled. Relief in the United States is a bookkeeping problem in one of its aspects, so much money being made available by Congress or by the President through executive orders. The total sum allowed bears no relation to the wealth of the American people—liquid or in fixed property—but only to that part of the wealth which, through taxation, is available, or prospectively available, to the Government and can be had in competition with all other public services—including the army and navy. Mr. Hopkins's financiers have to stretch what money he gets for his task as Relief Administrator, as far as it will go. Naturally the funds available control their allocations, not the budgetary needs of the people receiving relief. When the money finally seeps down through the several administrations to the relief authorities actually giving out the funds, the discrepancy between total funds received and total amount needed according to the budgets is painfully apparent. The gap is closed by a simple expedient: cutting down the sum allotted each case—that is, not filling the budget. This is frequently done in a very stupid fashion—by a *pro rata* cut all along the line. As any relief worker should know, this works the greatest hardship on those whose need is greatest as is indicated by their high budgets. This loose method allows the family having less need, according to the budget specified, to go further toward satisfying that need than is possible for the family with greater need. Obviously this is unfair.



Supposing, however, the budget is inadequate in the first place! After all, the underlying assumption in every thing the Roosevelt Government does is that recovery is around some as yet unreached corner. Of this its partisans are as convinced as ever Mr. Hoover was—or is. Relief is a device for bridging a crisis. As Mrs. Roosevelt put it with callow, unpolitical candor, relief protects property from the assaults of those in distress. Relief is currently administered on a crisis basis—by the Federal *Emergency* Relief Administration. What may save human beings in a crisis which is, by definition, a period of limited duration, is hardly adequate for a long pull.

When funds available do not cover budgets, the situation becomes intolerable. Take food. I have before me a folder entitled *Family Food Budgets for the Use of Relief Agencies* which was prepared by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor in collaboration with the Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture. It contains two food budgets, one described as "adequate" and the other as "restricted." Either one would be hard on readers of Scribner's. The point here, however, is that, when funds are short, retreat is made from the "adequate" budget to the "restricted" budget and the variant diets in it are described, in the folder, thus: "The restricted diets are for emergency use only. They are a guide when funds are insufficient to provide a fully adequate diet. The 'irreducible amounts' represent quantities below which no diet should ever fall, and they may not be adequate for use over a long period of time." The depression is lasting a "long period of time." The conclusion is obvious. It is underlined when it is stated that in some cases inadequate funds have caused a retreat below the "restricted" budget—below the "irreducible minimum." That is horrible.

And food isn't all. The relief administrators have never really faced the problem of paying the rent on the inadequate (to use a mild word) houses occupied by the relief families. Then there is the matter of clothing. Of course all persons are clothed, after a fashion, when they come on relief. Replacements are the problem. They are

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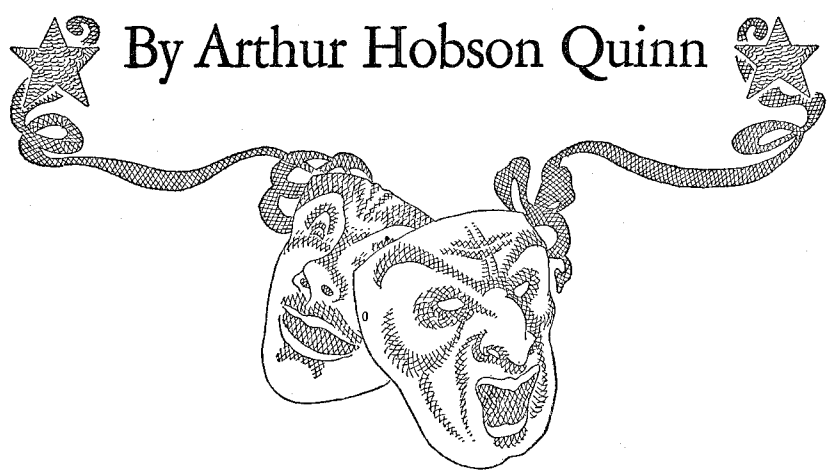
provided in four ways: they are included in budgets and purchased by the relief population from cash received; or special merchandise orders for specific garments—or for shoes—are issued; or they come from the Red Cross or other private charity organizations, chiefly in the form of second-hand clothing; and some clothing is made in the sewing rooms operated by the Women's Division of FERA. There is no uniform national practice and no one pretends that adequate provision for clothing is made. Adequacy in this field is an accident. Or take medical care—an acutely serious matter for the relief population. At present a rough estimate would place the payment made for medical care at two million dollars a month, one million being Federal money. If we take the estimate of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care for the cost of adequate care per capita, $36, and cut it in half, it would cost, in round numbers, $300,000,000 a year or $25,000,000 a month (12½ times the present expenditure) to provide the current relief population with adequate care. This says nothing about the cost of catching up with accumulated needs, for it is the relief group which has long suffered from inadequate care, nor does it take account of the cost of hospitalizing the insane and the tubercular.

Further analysis would uncover further inadequacies in the present program. With no essential modification in "philosophy" it would cost many times as much money as is currently expended to bring the standards up to adequate levels—to really do a good job. Granting that it is egregious folly to expect relief policy to be controlled by any other than crisis considerations, by any other outlook than that of betting on recovery, and by any other basic purpose than the protection of property rights, there are still three courses open for the future. 1.—Attention can be paid to those who are pressing and shouting for lowered relief costs and resort can be had to a program of giving out the bulk of the relief in commodities (some of which may be processed by unemployed persons in factories operated by the relief administrators) through the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation, plus a minimum amount of cash relief and no work relief. This will be cheap relief. It will, however, displease the retailers and processers who are, at present, getting at least something out of the relief population. These same retailers and processers may be howling for lower relief costs right now, but with the blocks in their mentalities we can have no concern here. 2.—Relief expenditures can be stepped up and all the employables on the rolls be put to work and the standards for the unemployables immediately raised to or above the present definition of adequacy. Work relief is more expensive than direct relief and far more expensive than commodity relief. This whole scheme, needless to say, is based on John Maynard Keynes's dubious theory of achieving prosperity through lavish Government spending. 3.—The present hobbledehoy system can be continued. During the week ending October 11, 1934, there were 1,387,119 persons on work relief exclusive of those on administrative project payrolls, or a little less than one-fifth of the estimated number of gainful workers receiving relief. All others were receiving direct relief. The adequacy of the relief given in either form is open to question. Even to continue this system will require the bookkeepers to allow Mr. Hopkins more funds, if the 18,000,000 people currently in his charge are not to slip toward utter deterioration at an accelerating rate.

Faced with these possible courses, what tack will Congress take? More money? Less money? I assume that Congress will be full of "bookkeepers" and that the issue will be debated as a money issue. Would it not be more civilized to say that it is not a money problem at all, calculate adequacy liberally, without regard, in the first instance, to how the funds are to be distributed, and let this Lazarus population sit at the table of American wealth, even if below the salt?

The Real Hope for the American Theater

By Arthur Hobson Quinn



From actors, from managers, from aspirants in and out of college who wish to break in somehow to the playhouse, the question is constantly put to me, "Do you think there is any hope of the theater coming back?" When I reply, "Coming back to what?" they are a bit vague. To the days of 1921–1922, when even to walk through the offices of a producer lined with hopeless applicants was a tragedy? To 1916, when the first Pulitzer Play Committee began its checkered history by finding no play worthy of the prize? To 1903, when Daniel Frohman told us in *The Theatre Magazine* that the American stage had reached its lowest depths and there was no hope for the future? To 1896, when the "Syndicate" was formed which controlled through its booking facilities the leading theaters on the road and shut the doors of nearly every playhouse to Mrs. Fiske and Richard Mansfield or any other actor who had the courage to resist its intolerable de-

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mands? People of the theater, like all of us, have short memories. If we believe the records of contemporaries, the American theater has been in ruins ever since 1749, when the first company of which we have any reliable account was chased out of Philadelphia by the municipal authorities. To any one who knows the history of our stage, there is no cause for despair.

The evils of the theater always tend to cure themselves. When the Syndicate became apparently a monopoly, a rival soon arose to demand a share of the profits and re-establish competition. The lure of Hollywood today is no more of a menace than the fire hazard of the early days or the Puritan intolerance which led an evangelist to pray in Burton's theater for the soul of its proprietor, who was leading the youth of the land to their moral ruin.

I am not unfamiliar with all the discouraging mechanics of the present theatrical situation, from the demands of stage unions to the quieter racketeering of the owners of theaters whenever a hit comes in. But I am concerned here with something more fundamental. All great periods in the American theater have been brought about by a group of playwrights who have provided first-class plays which able actors have interpreted and intelligent producers have directed. It was the combination of Augustin Daly, Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas, William Gillette, David Belasco, Edward Harrigan, James A. Herne, Charles Hoyt and Clyde Fitch which made the 'eighties and 'nineties memorable. Usually this upswing comes just after a sterile period. After Mr. Frohman had rightly spoken of the dead time of 1903, the renaissance of the drama began in 1906 with the coming of William Vaughn Moody, Percy MacKaye, Rachel Crothers, Langdon Mitchell, Edward Sheldon, Josephine Preston Peabody, and Eugene Walter, and the older playwrights like Thomas and Fitch and Cohan did their best work in *The Witching Hour* and *The Truth* and *Get Rich Quick Wallingford*. While the Pulitzer Prize Committee was searching vainly for a worthy play in 1916, Eugene O'Neill walked into the Provincetown group and began his career. The depressing year of 1921–1922 gave him his opportunity to have *Anna Christie, The Hairy Ape, The Straw,* and *The First Man* put on. If the theaters had been full, what would have happened to them? It was the same year or the next that saw the first work of George S. Kaufman, Marc Connelly, George Kelly, Sidney Howard, Philip Barry, and Maxwell Anderson. It is upon them and their successors that the hope of the theater rests today. For Mr. William A. Brady, that genial veteran, never said a truer word than his reply when I congratulated him on the success of Elmer Rice's *Street Scene*. "There's nothing the matter with the theater," he said. "What we want is good plays."

How are these good plays to be secured? First, of course, from the group of established playwrights I have just mentioned, who fought their way into recognition over ten years ago. The most cheering sign lies in the fact that only one of these men is resting on his oars. *Merrily We Roll Along* and *Green Pastures* show how far the joint authors of *Dulcy* have progressed. So, too, a comparison of *White Desert* with *Mary of Scotland,* or of *You and I* with *The Joyous Season,* of *Swords* with *Yellow Jack,* is very comforting. These men all seem to recognize that we live in a world where values are confused and shifting, that the old social, political, and economic contrasts have partly broken down, and that new themes or a new treatment of old themes are essential in providing the conflicts and contrasts which are the life of a play. This is all the more remarkable because the stage is one of the most conservative of institutions, and one which hates to let go of a situation which has once been successful. One manager who had seen fifty-two of the plays produced at the summer stock theaters this season told me that all but three "had a baby in the second act." In my opinion, the audience of today is not to be thrilled any longer by a baby in the second act. I am convinced of this after seeing two plays this fall which had otherwise much to recommend them, Owen Davis's *Spring Freshet* and *Spring Song* by the Spewacks, in both of which the infant was much too important. Illegitimate passion will never cease to be the theme of drama, but it will have to be treated in a subtle fashion, as in Mr. Barry's *Tomorrow and Tomorrow* or *The Animal Kingdom,* or to be allied to darker and more profound motives, as in *Mourning Becomes Electra,* before it is artistically successful.

The old dramatic laws continue to operate, of course. The themes that draw human sympathy will continue to be self-preservation, love, family affection, loyalty, patriotism, self-sacrifice, faith, idealism. But it is cheering to see the new ways in which these old motives are being established. One of the most significant is the dramatization of those quietly heroic moments in which science achieves its victories. *Yellow Jack,* by Sidney Howard, was the best of these recent plays because he stuck close to his theme—the fight against yellow fever in Cuba and elsewhere—and kept extraneous love affairs off the boards. The death of Lazear, who had injected the poison of the mosquito into his own veins, was one of the most impressive scenes in modern drama. The keynote was stuck in these words:

Gorgas: He's getting weaker.
Finlay: No, Major Gorgas! The stuff of courage doesn't grow weaker! It grows stronger. Stronger and brighter! Until it blinds us! But we do see its flaming sword cut through the veil!
Gorgas: What veil?
Finlay (pointing): Out there, where knowledge hides!

Men in White, by a new playwright, Sidney Kingsley, had a longer stage life and won the Pulitzer Prize last year. Here there was no discovery; the conflict lay between the devotion of a young physician to his research and his love. The high moments in the play came when, even in the most trying personal situations, the work of the physician had to go on. The first offering of this season by the Theater Guild, *A Sleeping Clergyman,* by James Bridie, owed its best moments to the unconquerable devotion of a scientist to his research for a serum, which will save humanity "whether it is worth it, or not." The avenues opened by these plays are surely among the most promising of dramatic themes. If playwrights can interpret clearly and without technical language some of the thousands of problems which arise in the lives not only of physicians but of chemists, astronomers, biologists, and other investigators, the scope of drama may surely be widened tremendously. The dramatist must remember, however, that the mere reproduction of a hospital or laboratory is not

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enough. There must be something worth while, something that gives a lift to the spirit, or there will be no play. And it is just because the research of a biologist or a chemist is capable of being translated into terms of that struggle for self-preservation, which is the most fundamental and universal of human emotions, that it presents such possibilities. But the playwright must choose his scientific discovery adroitly. It must either be based on facts, as in *Yellow Jack*, or on what might occur, as in *A Sleeping Clergyman*. It was interesting to notice that the Scottish playwright invented a world-wide epidemic with a rather marvellously quick cure. Nobody in the audience seemed to bother about the improbabilities, however, because the scene was so tense. Yet, somehow, on looking back to both plays the stark veracity of *Yellow Jack* made it more significant.

One of the most natural developments of the effort at self-preservation lies in the struggle to preserve personal identity. Modern life is so charged with currents of standardization, centralization, unionization, socialization, and what not, all conspiring to submerge the individual, that there is a rich field for plays that celebrate man's struggle against these forces. Of course plays have always been written about the conflict of the individual against something larger than himself. A century ago the political rebel was celebrated, fifty years ago the rebel against economic tyranny, and, with Moody, the note was sounded of rebellion against the tyranny exercised by tradition and social ossification. In this country Eugene O'Neill has been the chief exponent of the struggle of the individual against something that would hold him down. Eight years ago in this magazine I analyzed his contribution in his earlier plays to this theme and I shall not repeat what I said about them. But since then have come from him even more profound studies of the human soul, beginning with *Lazarus Laughed*, which the East has not yet seen on the stage but which was triumphantly produced at the Community Playhouse in Pasadena, California. Mr. O'Neill's own explanation of the play in a letter to me is so much better than any paraphrase that I must quote it:

> The fear of death is the root of all evil, the cause of all man's blundering unhappiness. Lazarus knows there is no death, there is only change. He is reborn without that fear. Therefore he is the first and only man who is able to laugh affirmatively. His laughter is a triumphant Yes to life in its entirety and its eternity. His laughter affirms God, it is too noble to desire personal immortality, it wills its own extinction, it gives its life for the sake of Eternal Life (patriotism carried to its logical ultimate). His laughter is the direct expression of joy in the Dionysian sense, the joy of a celebrant who is at the same time a sacrifice in the eternal process of change and growth and transmutation which is life, of which his life is an insignificant manifestation, soon to be reabsorbed. And life itself is the self-affirmative joyous laughter of God.

And still there are "dramatic critics" who speak of Eugene O'Neill as a pessimist or a writer of melodramas! They were baffled by *Strange Interlude*, failing to see that the revelation of the actual thoughts of the characters to the audience while the other characters remained ignorant of them gave rise to a conflict between reality and unreality which was intensely dramatic. This device, however, could hardly be imitated by other playwrights, although as a matter of fact it had been employed before. But in drama the master who uses a stage device best makes it his own. Yet I am not one of those admirers of Mr. O'Neill's art who lay the greatest stress upon his masks and other stage experiments. In *Days Without End*, last year, the double personality, represented by a second actor, failed to appeal as strongly as the "asides" of *Strange Interlude*, although the play itself seemed a finer drama. If it would be difficult for another playwright to use the methods of *Strange Interlude*, it would be practically impossible for him to use those of *Days Without End*. While *The Emperor Jones* broke all the traditional theatrical rules which forbade monologues and made the art of play writing more fluid, the technic of *Days Without End* is simply a *tour de force*. Yet the struggle between faith and disbelief has rarely had a more glorious exposition.

It was in *Mourning Becomes Electra*, however, that O'Neill indicated an avenue for new playwrights to follow. Taking a great plot from the Greeks, he made it in terms of American life a new thing. There are, after all, only a few great plots; instead of avoiding them and writing about nothing, as is so often done today in both drama and fiction, why not frankly take an old one and, by calling attention to the source, disarm criticism? Mr. O'Neill did not inaugurate this mode of play writing, of course. The Elizabethans, from Shakespeare down, were fond of it although they did not always so clearly indicate their sources. What made *Mourning Becomes Electra* such a great play was the inner strength of the characters. No gods come down to straighten things out for Lavinia or Orin Mannon, as they did in the Greek dramas. These New Englanders are brave human beings, facing the consequences of their own acts, in this world or the next. There is no self-pity in Lavinia for her unmated life as there was in Electra. As she turned into the empty Mannon house, a sacrifice to her mistaken but lofty sense of duty to keep the secret of the family disgrace from all eyes, those who were privileged to see her knew they were present at one of those supreme moments in the theater that come but seldom. All the relentless drive of Puritan morality which has colored a large part of the continent was implicit in Lavinia Mannon. And even if such scenes and such a play do not occur often, it should be an encouragement to those who are optimists concerning the American stage. For never, even in Shakespeare's day, has a great playwright come alone to a nation.

The success of *Mourning Becomes Electra* should lend encouragement of another sort to new playwrights. I do not agree with those who believe that the audiences, whether in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco or in the smaller towns, demand a "happy ending." What they do demand, however, is a logical climax. Mr. O'Neill knew that no audience refuses its sympathy to a murderer or an inciter to murder. It does not like a liar or a thief or, above all, a fool, but an audience knows that a murderer will be punished by his own conscience or his fear of discovery. For a murderer strikes at the basic principle of which I have spoken, the human being's intense love of life, and that gives his actions an importance impossible to bestow upon the actions of a lesser criminal.

There is probably more nonsense written about Eugene O'Neill than about any other contemporary playwright. One evidence of this failure to understand him was the chorus of surprise when *Ah! Wilderness* broke on

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the vision of the semi-profound critics. Having failed probably to see the first act of *The First Man,* with its delightful satire of a stodgy New England family, they had decided that he could not write comedy. Yet there it was—a human, tender, compelling play, in which the weakness and the strength of a family bond were touched wisely, lovingly, and with infinite sympathy. So they fell back upon the explanation that the acting of George Cohan was alone responsible for its success. And then Will Rogers acted in the same part with great acclaim on the West Coast! They should have learned from *The Emperor Jones.* When that play first arose to startle the conventional, the same critical wiseacres attributed the result to the acting of Charles Gilpin. Then, after Paul Robeson had surpassed Gilpin, and Rutherford Mayne in Dublin had proved that a white actor could equal or even surpass a Negro in the part, it gradually dawned upon these critics that it was the playwright, not the actor, who had made that drama important. *Ah! Wilderness* is no excursion into unknown paths for Eugene O'Neill. It springs from his boybood days in New England, and the play is just another protest against intolerance and an appeal for comprehension of a boy's longings for adventure. That the great figure is that of the father who protects his son is a happy accident which has added to the enjoyment of thousands. For the combination of the two kinds of Celt that are represented by Eugene O'Neill and George M. Cohan does not very often occur.

There is clear evidence that contemporary playwrights are realizing the appeal which this struggle for the independence of the individual spirit will make to almost any audience. Sidney Howard gave Miss Cornell a fine opportunity in *Alien Corn* to reveal the prison which a small college town may prove to an artist. Philip Barry in *Holiday* expressed through a brilliant comedy the longing of the young to enjoy life before the keen edge is dulled by conformity to a régime of wealthy acquisitors. What made *Another Language,* by Mrs. Rose Franken, such an instant hit? Not only the perfectly selected cast but the instinctive reaction of an audience to the protest of a young wife against the deadly tyranny of a mother-in-law who was crushing every one of her children through her feminine insistence on the ordering of their lives. Just why some plays succeed and better ones fail has long been the subject of speculation, but it will continue to be a fascinating problem. *Another Language* was a good play, but Philip Barry's *Joyous Season* which ran only a few weeks last year was a better one, and the theme, that of a family who were getting on each other's nerves till they were rescued by the visit of their sister who was a Mother Superior of a convent, was somewhat akin in its theme to Mrs. Franken's play. I think the newspaper critics again were to blame, for their reviews showed clearly that they failed to understand the profound spiritual significance of *The Joyous Season.* They have apparently ticketed Mr. Barry as a writer of social comedy and demand that he limit himself to that field. Certainly he has the comic spirit within him, for when I met him in the lobby of the Belasco Theater when it was quite evident the play was not going to succeed, he had just conceived the idea of an advertisement:

"An unanimous press on Philip Barry's new play!"

It seems as though something should be done about the state of newspaper criticism in New York. How many a fine effort goes down because most of the reviewers will sacrifice anything for the sake of making a clever phrase, or for showing their superiority! Cannot they be brought to realize that the salvation of one good play is more important than the damnation of ten poor ones? The poor ones will die anyway. I mention this in connection with Mr. Barry's work because he is one of the very strong reasons why I am hopeful of the future of the American drama. It hurts my sense of justice, therefore, to have the author of *Paris Bound* and *Tomorrow and Tomorrow,* two most artistic expressions of the permanent elements in marriage as opposed to merely physical passion, treated simply as an entertainer. But that he can entertain, even while he is writing about something important, nearly all his recent plays have proved.

If the American theater is to have a future, there must be a recognition, on the part of critics as well as playwrights, actors, and directors, that a play should deal only with significant figures. If there ever has been a dangerous heresy in drama and fiction, it is the heresy of "little souls." What makes it so dangerous is its sincerity. According to this theory, it makes no difference what one writes about, provided it is an accurate photograph of something. But in reality it makes all the difference in the world. I am of course not talking about social or economic importance, but of personal and spiritual significance. That is why the recent glittering successes, both artistic and popular, of Maxwell Anderson's *Elizabeth the Queen* and *Mary of Scotland* are so encouraging. When I saw Maxwell Anderson's first play, *White Desert,* in 1923, I knew he had the gift, even if the play lasted only two weeks. His early historical plays, *First Flight,* in which Andrew Jackson was the central figure, and *The Buccaneer,* a melodrama dealing with Captain Morgan, the pirate, were failures, largely, I believe, because Morgan was not a great figure and the scenes in *First Flight* took place before Jackson had become one.

Now after experimenting in the dangerous twilights of propaganda, Mr. Anderson has risen to full stature in his treatment of great historical figures. We are, incidentally, in the beginning of a revival of historical romance in drama and fiction, with all its advantages and dangers. For, as Marion Crawford said years ago, "No author can make Julius Cæsar, Mary Stuart, or Louis XI ridiculous, but . . . they can make a laughing stock of him almost as easily as they could have done in real life." *Elizabeth the Queen* is not as great a play as *Mary of Scotland,* simply because Elizabeth was not as dramatic a figure. The conflict between her fancy for Essex and her determination to rule alone as Queen of England is a selfish one, and in the last act the sympathy was swept over to Essex by her treachery. She had the odds in her favor always, for her ministers were with her and against Essex.

But in *Mary of Scotland,* all the dice are loaded against Mary and from the moment she lands at night, almost friendless, on the bleak shore of her kingdom, she has the sympathy of the audience. Knowing his art well, Mr. Anderson has made the three great forces opposed to Mary—the power of Elizabeth, religious intolerance, and

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the rule of the oligarchy of Scottish lords—as concrete as possible. John Knox attacks her as soon as she lands; her half-brother, Murray, begins at once to encircle her with the conspiracy that was to ruin her, and, by deft interludes, the sinister power of Elizabeth brings on her doom. Mary has tried to rule by her charm and her desire to tolerate all forms of belief; Elizabeth, who is more clever as well as more unscrupulous, illustrates the struggle between a keen mind and a warm heart in which the mind, of course, wins. Mr. Anderson took liberties with history. Bothwell, one of the few friends of Mary, is idealized, and for the last powerful act, Anderson had to draw on his imagination, for Mary and Elizabeth never met, after Mary had fled to England. But the playwright had to bring them together and, so far as I could see, no one in the audience cared about the facts, for the basic truth was there. If Mary had met her rival, something like that scene would have happened.

Elizabeth the Queen and *Mary of Scotland* brought to our stage splendor out of the past. That is one more hope for the future. One important element in their success was the language in which they were written. Mr. Anderson, being a poet and having been a teacher of English, knows that dramatic blank verse must be varied and flexible and must not be limited by an exact counting of accents. He has not invented any new form of verse but he has used the needful licenses so skilfully that many in his audiences are unaware that they are hearing verse at all. A few lines from the last act will illustrate this verse harmony:

"*Mary:* Leave me here
And set me lower this year by year, as you promise,
Till the last is an oubliette, and my name inscribed
On the four winds. Still, STILL I win! I have been
A woman, and I have loved as a woman loves,
Lost as a woman loses. I have borne a son,
And he will rule Scotland—and England.
You have no heir!
A devil has no children."

At the time I am writing, Mr. Anderson's *Valley Forge* has not yet been produced, and I have to judge it from an advance manuscript. Mr. Anderson has dared to attempt something in which many playwrights have failed and he has certainly succeeded in dramatizing the great fact that the Revolution was won because each threatening danger crumbled before the iron will of George Washington. He has contrasted skilfully the incapacity, selfishness and cowardice of many members of Congress with the response of the rank and file of the soldiers to the challenge of Washington's leadership. But what I like most about *Valley Forge* is the success of Mr. Anderson in making the characters, even General Howe, human beings.

It is perhaps needless to say that Mr. Anderson is not the only portrayer of great figures of history. I am looking forward keenly to the production of *Mr. Grant,* by Arthur Goodrich, which has been published but at this writing not yet played. Here Mr. Goodrich has made out of Grant's very inarticulate quality a fine dramatic effect.

Another hopeful field, full of promise and of danger, is the scrutiny of our social, political, artistic, and economic institutions, either with serious intent or in the spirit of comedy. Perhaps the most encouraging thing that has recently happened has been the great popular success of *Merrily We Roll Along,* in which George Kaufman and Moss Hart have moved on from the amusing burlesque of Hollywood in *Once in a Lifetime* to the searching drama of a playwright's spiritual disintegration. The trouble with most satires of modern life is that they are too abstract and general, but here we are never allowed to forget the three central characters. Niles, the playwright, is caught by the lure of success and by the clutch of a woman unworthy of him, and writes plays that bring him merely money but no satisfaction. Crale, the painter, keeps his own standards. Julia, the novelist, cannot fight it out, because of her love for Niles, and drinks herself to disgrace. This friendship between two men and one woman is as real as life itself. The retrogressive method of the play, by which the scenes begin in 1934 and go back to 1916, is eminently successful. It is, of course, not new, the closest parallel being Zoë Akins's *Varying Shore,* but it is carried out in a much more telling way, without sentimentality. Every young playwright should see or read the scene between Niles and Crale in which the latter begs his friend to go back to his earlier high standard. The last scene, laid in the college chapel where Niles is giving his valedictory, full of ideals, is terrific in its irony, for the audience has seen the crash of these lofty aspirations. To a disillusioned optimist like myself, it was encouraging to watch the sophisticated audience (it was what is known in technical language of the theater as a "crush hat crowd") cheering most loudly for this last scene.

This play illustrates a principle which is often forgotten, that theatrical rules may easily be broken, while dramatic laws remain constant. It has been a theatrical rule that plays must proceed chronologically, but *Merrily We Roll Along* disproves this assertion. At the same time the dramatic law of which it is an evidence still holds good. An audience loves to know something that the characters do not know. The audience of *Merrily We Roll Along* are in possession of the future, and it adds tremendously to their appreciation of the past. If the play proceeded chronologically, they would know only as much as the characters know. It is the same dramatic law as that which Mr. O'Neill made use of in *Strange Interlude,* though the theatrical device is quite different.

I am not concerned here with musical plays, but the widely different fortunes of *Of Thee I Sing* and *Let 'Em Eat Cake,* in both of which Mr. Kaufman was a principal, illustrate another dramatic law. The satire of the first of these bit deeply into the Toryism and lack of a constructive policy of the years preceding 1932, and came just at the right time. The sequel satirized an imaginary political revolution which bore no relation to the actual situation. Dramatic satire must have reality as a basis and above all it must be concrete. That is why I am dubious about the importance of propaganda plays. The Theatre Guild's production of *They Shall Not Die* last season was excellent, but the playwright, John Wexley, made the great mistake of having so many victims of the Scottsboro trial that the sympathy of the audience did not center on any one. In fact, they were not characterized at all. Of course, we were supposed to be interested in the lawyer for the defense, but we simply were not. Somehow, and this applies to nearly all the propaganda plays of racial oppression I have seen recently, the authors make the cause so much more

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important than the characters and intensify the misery so greatly that we do not care for the characters and do not believe in the misery. And that way failure lies in the theater.

It happens that several propaganda plays have centered about the Negro. Compared to the glorious imaginative creation of *The Green Pastures* of Marc Connelly, they all fade into insignificance. Here is a great source of hope for the American theater. To project the imagination of a race into the relations of God and man, to dare the apparently impossible and achieve success might have been expected of the author of *The Wisdom Tooth* and co-author of *Beggar on Horseback*. But to appreciate fully just what Mr. Connelly did, one has to take his source, the stories of Roark Bradford, and see how he has added those touches which differentiate clever fiction from a work of high dramatic art. There are other races and other lofty themes in American life which await Mr. Connelly. His latest play, *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, has a good deal of his pictorial imagination in it, but, not to insist too much upon an earlier point, the need for "great souls," it is in the play in which he dealt with the greatest figure of all, the figure of God, that he wrote his greatest drama. No one else will dare probably to follow him in the treatment of "de Lawd," or in the invention of Hebrew chieftains like "Hezdrel," who talks so like the Bible that he sent audiences scurrying to the Old Testament to see where he belonged. But that is no reason why other playwrights should not learn from this play, from Dubose Heyward's *Porgy*, and Hall Johnson's *Run, Little Chillun* that the Negro in his wistful, exalted, and emotional phases is much more suited for the stage than when he is being exploited as the victim of economic tyranny or being made the symbol of a struggle for racial equality. If the play deals with the tragedy which springs from the impossibility of this equality, as in *In Abraham's Bosom* by Paul Green, then there is sounder art. Mr. Green is one of my reasons for hope, even if his plays do not always fill the theaters. The author of *The House of Connelly* knows how to write about important matters.

There seems to be some confusion in this matter of importance, between the standards generally applied to tragedy and to comedy. While it is true that the greatest achievements of the last five years in American drama have been in tragedy, there is a type of comedy which is very hard to write artistically, but which is as delightful when the right note is struck as it is depressing when the note is false. This is the comedy of men and women moving in social relations. One of the most encouraging signs of recent seasons has been the success of such refreshing plays as Miss Crothers's *Let Us Be Gay, As Husbands Go,* and *When Ladies Meet. As Husbands Go* put brilliantly the case for the American husband as opposed to the English lover, not because he was more moral, but because he had a better brain. What could have been more deft than the conflict between wife and mistress in *When Ladies Meet*? Yet no review of the play, to my knowledge, recognized that it was just because they were both gentlewomen that the situation became so dramatic. Of the newer playwrights, Mr. S. N. Behrman has developed with marked ability the motive of self-preservation through social comedy. From *The Second Man,* through *Serena Blandish, Meteor,* and *Biography,* he has represented an individual struggling against his own weakness, his own conceit, or the demands of convention, and in every case with the sympathy of his audience. Surely in the growing complexity of social life this is a field full of promise.

I have been able, in the necessary limitations of this article, to mention only the most promising avenues in which American drama may develop. There are many others. Martin Flavin has shown, not only in his earlier plays like *Children of the Moon,* but in more recent ones like *The Criminal Code,* an understanding of the possibilities of the abnormal and the criminal tendencies which are fruitful, but only when treated with restraint. The drama of the provinces has found many recent interpretations, of which Lynn Riggs's *Green Grow the Lilacs* seems most important. If only Miss Lula Vollmer would give us another play as good as *Sun-Up!* The comedy of recollection had a promising example last season in James Hagan's *One Sunday Afternoon.* In an age when strong belief is said to be passing, such a splendid dramatic treatment of the power of faith as *The First Legion,* by Emmet Lavery, is a very heartening occurrence. No one who has seen the last act, with its cure of a little boy through his belief in a miracle which has not really happened, can ever forget it. So far as I know, it is Mr. Lavery's first play to be produced in New York, and it is only one more indication of the talent that is awaiting its opportunity.

Opportunity and appreciation—these are all that are needed. The urge to write, to act, to produce plays is perennial and will overcome all obstacles. The empty theaters will provide the opportunity and the playwrights who will thus obtain a hearing will ultimately fill most of them. But the public must learn to think in terms of the playwright as well as in those of the actor. Every artist needs the stimulation given by the recognition of the race he serves. The readers of a novelist or a poet buy the book because it is by some one they know. But the theatrical producers still labor under the belief that their largest type and their best publicity must be saved for the actor. They seem to be unaware that the actor is an interpreter and that he is nothing without the creative artist who provides him with the means by which he exists. Every one knows that the uncertainty of success keeps the theater from the stability which is essential to any business. What more certain element of stability could be imagined than a public educated to recognize at once the work of playwrights who deserve such recognition? Actors come and go, but the playwright is a constant factor. Less temperamental, less swayed by personal considerations, he is the real hope of the American theater today. But he needs to be freed from the domination not only of the actor, but also of the scenic artist. In the midst of the worst season known in that coldest of theatrical towns, Philadelphia, Miss Ruth Draper, with a chair and a table, and her own dramatic genius both as playwright and actress, broke the all-time attendance record at the Broad Street Theater. There is just one road to success in the theater, and that is a good play, well acted and well directed, produced by a manager who has the courage to produce *only* good plays. For as a great playwright who was also an actor and a manager once told us in his greatest drama, "The play's the thing."

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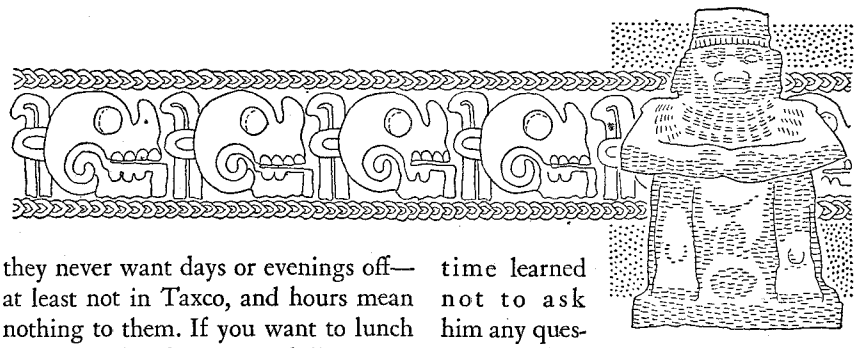
Return to Mexico

PART II

Housekeeping in Taxco

By Grace Flandrau



AROUND a bend of the mountain road was the great cathedral, alone at first sight against the sunset, and then the tiers of red-roofed houses, close to the hillside. It was an ancient little town with perpendicular streets and nothing to be seen of our house but a stone wall rising thirty feet above the narrow cobbled lane. Twilight on old masonry is sad, and we didn't know if we were going to like this place or not—until we opened the garden gate.

Perhaps it was the color, warm terra-cotta reds, rich Indian blues; or the green garden, flower-bordered, with Aztec idols set in bowers of foliage and fountains playing. Or the sturdy hand-made look of the house, roofed and floored with tiles, with window grilles of polished wood, and a winding stone stair that climbed among ferns to the rooms and garden above. Or the sun that never stopped shining, or the pleasing if rather excessive moon that flooded the hills, sparkled on the majolica dome of the cathedral and made theatrical shadows in the gardens and along the crooked streets.

But I think it was chiefly Paul and Francisca.

Unless you are fussy about non-essentials, housekeeping in Mexico is housekeeping at its easiest and pleasantest. Mexican women are natural cooks, they know how to make things taste good; they never want days or evenings off—at least not in Taxco, and hours mean nothing to them. If you want to lunch at three in the afternoon and dine at ten it's all one to them. House boys display the same unearthly virtues. Only do not disturb their routine ways—they have learned to go through certain motions in a certain way, and it is hell on earth to change.

Paul—locally Pablo—is young and a full-blooded Indian. He is softly, stubbornly conscientious and no human power can deflect him from what he calls his *costumbres*. He speaks in a low, womanly voice and moves in complete silence. With no warning footsteps he is beside you, dressed in a pair of overalls made with a particularly offensive bib, shirt open at the neck and a little black felt hat with the upturned brim cut in points like a crown. He has a long, bronze, intensely Indian face and a black mustache, and with this little crown on his head, he looks like something you see carved on old stones.

Pablo says "yes" to everything and this leads to complications.

"Can we get fresh fish, Pablo?" "Yes, señora." "Will it come by mail?" "Yes." "Will you order it?" "Yes." Daily visits by Pablo to the postoffice and no fish. At last I alter the question. "Were you expecting me to order the fish?" "Yes." "Was it to come by truck?" "Yes." "But didn't you tell me it was to come by mail and that you ordered it?" "Yes." And that was that. We never got any fish. And after a time learned not to ask him any questions. "What time is it, Pablo?" "It's eleven, señora." "What, so late?" "It's ten, señora." "Well, which is it?" This stumps him. "Who knows?" he replies, smiling remotely.

Pablo is butler, chambermaid, errand boy, gardener, groom, and caretaker and discharges all functions admirably. Everything you hear about the passion of the Mexican Indian for growing things is true, if Pablo is an example. He loves every leaf and plant in the garden with a love that could easily become homicidal. A tomato plant came up among the petunias and got so gigantic there was no room for the flowers. Tomatoes can be bought for two cents a pound in the market but would Pablo tear up the sacred plant? He would not, and nobody dared even suggest, much less insist that he should.

It enchants him to water the grass, and he spends long hours lounging against the garden wall holding the hose on the grass. Or from time to time leans out over the street with a happy smile and drenches a friend passing below. Second only to his enjoyment of this occupation is his love of horseback riding. At a moment's notice he slams on a huge sombrero in place of the felt crown, flings himself into the saddle with his feet out of the stirrups and would never, if left to himself, go slower than a dead gallop. On these occasions he converses. With Mexican politeness he suggests that everything

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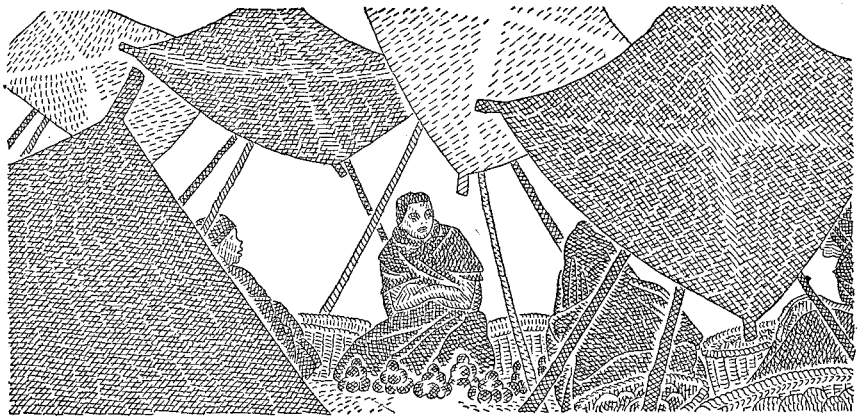

in my country is better than in his—we have bigger mountains, have we not?—harder rains, more corn, hotter chiles. Also observes: "They have camels up there,"—he has seen pictures of them on our *cigarros*. And is my country farther north than Chihuahua? Is it near the north pole? Do we cross the ocean when we come to Mexico?

But the serious business of his life is guarding the house. He sleeps here, and sits all evening, silent, on a child's chair at one end of the dark veranda. He seldom asks to go to the plaza. Once he suggested it and came back in a short time saying his wife—we didn't know he had one—had, during that interval, given birth to a girl baby. Occasionally, too, he asks permission to attend some all-night ceremony in the church. Pablo is very pious—he believes in miracles and was himself cured of a broken back by offering a gift to the very miraculous Christ at Tecalpulco. Why, we ask Pablo, do they play the drum so much in Mexican churches? "Because the good priest, Jesus, when he went suffering about the earth, always carried his little drum."

But in spite of his piety Pablo can be very hard-boiled. Skeleton dogs, so starved they can scarcely drag themselves from the path of an automobile, fill him with mirth. He also looks merrily upon drunkenness and murder. Three drunken men stabbed each other to death under our balcony one Sunday and a day or two later, when another drunken man staggered along the street below us, Pablo laughed merrily: "Ha, the *borrachito*—they'll soon have out his tripe!"

Of political faith or convictions he has none. One day when an army of trucks from neighboring pueblos roared into town crowded with Indians brought in to be filled with liquor and made to vote for the indicated candidate, I asked Pablo if he too were going to vote and for whom. A look of intense and crafty reserve came upon his face. "For nobody," said Pablo. *"No me gusta."* Which translated means quite simply, "No me like." Further than that he could not be induced to go.

Francisca, the cook, is old and not pure Indian. Her shrewd greenish eyes are not Indian eyes, and her brown wrinkled face has not aged as uncomplicatedly as the faces of Indian women—faces which wear a look, if not of happiness, at least of untormented acceptance. But at seventy, Francisca walks like a girl, swiftly erect and graceful.

Every morning, she comes up soon after breakfast—"Nothing more than to salute the señora," she states. Sometimes she brings a specimen of specially fine green beans on a leaf or an alligator pear or a piece of fruit, or presents me with a narcissus stuck in a beer bottle. Sometimes she has a young rooster in her arms, stroking its comb and telling me she paid twenty-five cents (gold) for it and will kill it for dinner. Sometimes she brings Jasmine—the Spitz puppy she adores, named Jasmine by her—"because," she explains, "he is white, white."

Francisca is a snob. She despises the little starving cur we picked up on the street and adores Jasmine because she considers him a dog of race. "He's the child of the house, the boy baby," she croons, holding him close to her face. "Oh, he's not beautiful [sarcastically], the señor thinks the other one, the yellow dog, is beautiful. He's only my Jasmine, the baby of the house." Sometimes she tells me he is nothing more or less than a little bull, a fighting bull, sometimes she says he's a rabbit or else a little dove.

Francisca also despises Pablo. She says—behind his back—that he's lazy and stupid and that this is only to be expected because he's a "natural"—the local name for an Indian. That he comes from a miserable village of pure naturals across the hills and that they are all poor and know nothing. Not a cent to their names, she says scornfully. Zapata was a native of this part of the country and Francisca knew him personally, but she cannot be made to acknowledge that he, too, was a "natural." He belonged, she stubbornly maintains, to the *gente de razon*—people of reason, as the upper classes are inscrutably called. Doubtless because he did not wear his native white pajama but was dressed almost entirely—if his pictures are to be believed—in cartridge belts and pistols.

Zapata, incidentally, bids fair to become the mythical hero of revolutionary Mexico. Clearer than any other, his purpose seems to ring out above the faulty, aspiring, brutal, human, necessary chaos of the revolution. And you have only to look at his snow-white horse, his calm, highly stylized face in Rivera's Cuernavaca fresco, to see the beginning of that legend. But he is no hero to Francisca. She is not a revolutionary, but, like most domestic servants everywhere, a most convinced conservative; and *gente de razon* or not, Zapata is, first and last, a bandit.

In Mexico no food is kept in the house from one day to another. Each night the cupboard is literally bare. Mexican cooks buy each morning everything that is needed for the day—even such things as coffee, sugar, olive oil, and so on. Only live chickens are laid in in advance and are kept in the patio each with a piece of wood tied to one leg. There they crow and cluck and occasionally lay eggs.

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In the evening Francisca presents herself for the—approximately—one dollar, or a dollar and a quarter (gold) —three or four *pesos*—with which she buys the bread, meat, eggs, potatoes, milk, fresh fruits, vegetables, black beans, tortillas for five people, and the tomatoes, chiles, onions, garlic with which she flavors her delicious soups. "A thousand thanks," and "with your permission." And a moment later, head and shoulders swathed in her blue reboso, she passes with her swift upright beautiful walk along the garden path to the gate.

In the old days we never knew Taxco. Indeed, living somewhat remotely in the sub-tropical jungle of Vera Cruz we never even heard of it, and I think comparatively few foreigners, at that time, had. There was no railroad—there isn't yet, and the only approach was by the trail over which, in Colonial times, old Borda sent out his caravans of silver. But now the highway that unites Mexico City with the Pacific Coast at Acapulco passes that way and so does every traveller in the country who possesses a car or the price of a ticket on the bus, and the peculiar will to self-destruction that impels people to ride in one.

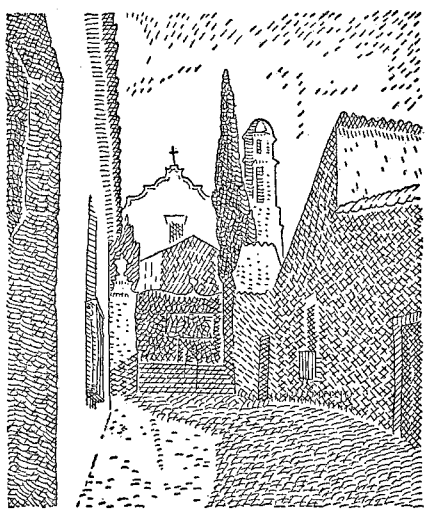
But, miraculously untouched by all this, Taxco goes on in its old ways. No newspaper is published there, there is no telephone. Do you want to send a message? You go to the garden wall and call down to some passing youngster—he is beside you in a moment and gleefully, for the equivalent of two and a half cents gold if you rather overpay him, not only carries the letter to any house in Taxco, but, if the assignee is not at home, tracks him down with unerring instinct even to his most secret haunts.

There are no factories. Everything made in Taxco is made by hand, including the quite remarkable fireworks which are turned out in the most casual way in the family sitting-room. In cool, wide doorways, craftsmen work leisurely—silversmiths, tinsmiths, shoe makers, and so on. It seems a little too much to add that in the silversmith's near our house, the men are usually singing while some stray acquaintance, gracefully lounging in the corner, plays the guitar. But it happens to be true.

On Sunday the plaza becomes a flower garden of color. The sun pours through the little white canvas roofs stretched crazily above the displays of fruits, vegetables, appallingly red and yellow sweets, holy pictures, newly woven sombreros, herb remedies, little dry fishes, hand-made pottery, Czecho-slovakian-made bric-à-brac, locally made leather goods, hand-woven horsehair. The crowd is soft-voiced, slow-moving —white-pyjamaed men, women with nun-like closely shawled heads.

All activity in Taxco is leisurely, with lots of time out for fiestas, but it is a place of continuous and exuberant noise. There are always crowing cocks, braying donkeys, the soft pattering of burros' hooves on the cobble pavements. Extremely loud rockets are perpetually going off to announce fiestas to come or as part of fiestas in progress. Busses and trucks pass incessantly with the mufflers off. The busses are jammed with travellers happily sitting on the floor if the seats are filled, or on the roof, piled high with luggage which includes live turkeys, chickens, and an occasional goat or a pig. Innumerable cars, too, bring tourists, making, if they are driven by Mexicans, as much noise as possible and speeding dangerously through the narrow streets. On any and all occasions the town orchestra marches about, a small boy holding the end of the bass viol on his shoulder while the player saws away with the same indifference to what everybody else is playing that is manifested by all the other performers.

The church bells ring continuously. They ring the hours; they begin at five in the morning to toll, softly, persuasively, for mass; they ring for funerals, weddings, and when certain fiestas are in progress, they ring all the time.



The little church next to us has two switch-engine bells that turn Taxco into an American railroad yard gone mad. All night dogs howl and yap until you swear when morning comes you will leave Taxco forever. But when another flawless day dawns, you don't.

A lady, in a charming book I have not read, describes this house and identifies it by the iron heart on the front door. She advises no tourist to miss seeing it, and few do. They appear at intervals all during the day, mostly Americans, some Mexicans.

This morning a middle-aged couple arrived, accompanied by the usual guide. She was stanchly corsetted and a good deal out of breath; her husband a matter-of-fact looking gentleman with a big cigar clutched in a somewhat grim mouth. It is the lady who talks: "Now this is what I call a room, sweetheart, and look at that floor; don't I wish, sweetheart, I had those tiles in Pelham! Aren't those painted beds cute and that cineereria—(?)—makes ours look pretty sick, doesn't it, sweetheart?" To all of which sweetheart made no single reply or ever removed his expensive-smelling cigar from between his teeth.

The next arrivals were Mexicans, a startlingly bald gentleman with a daughter who was a product of the San Antonio public schools and spoke English with a perfect Texas accent. Papa is the recent convert to a new religion (acquired doubtless the other side of the Rio Grande—new religions do not grow so luxuriantly down here) which he calls Impersonal Life. It took something over two hours for him to explain all its tenets in soft rapid Spanish none of us could even hear, much less understand. Only gathered that it offers at last all the truth and nothing but the truth and has made the Mexican gentleman supremely happy.

And lastly, two ladies from our own state. They inquire if Blair is *Señor* Saenz, the Mexican owner of the house? He said no, that his name was Flandrau.

"Then you wrote Viva Mexico?" the daughter put in delightfully.

"No, my brother wrote it."

"Well, it's just wonderful," she exclaimed, "how many notorious people live in Taxco!"

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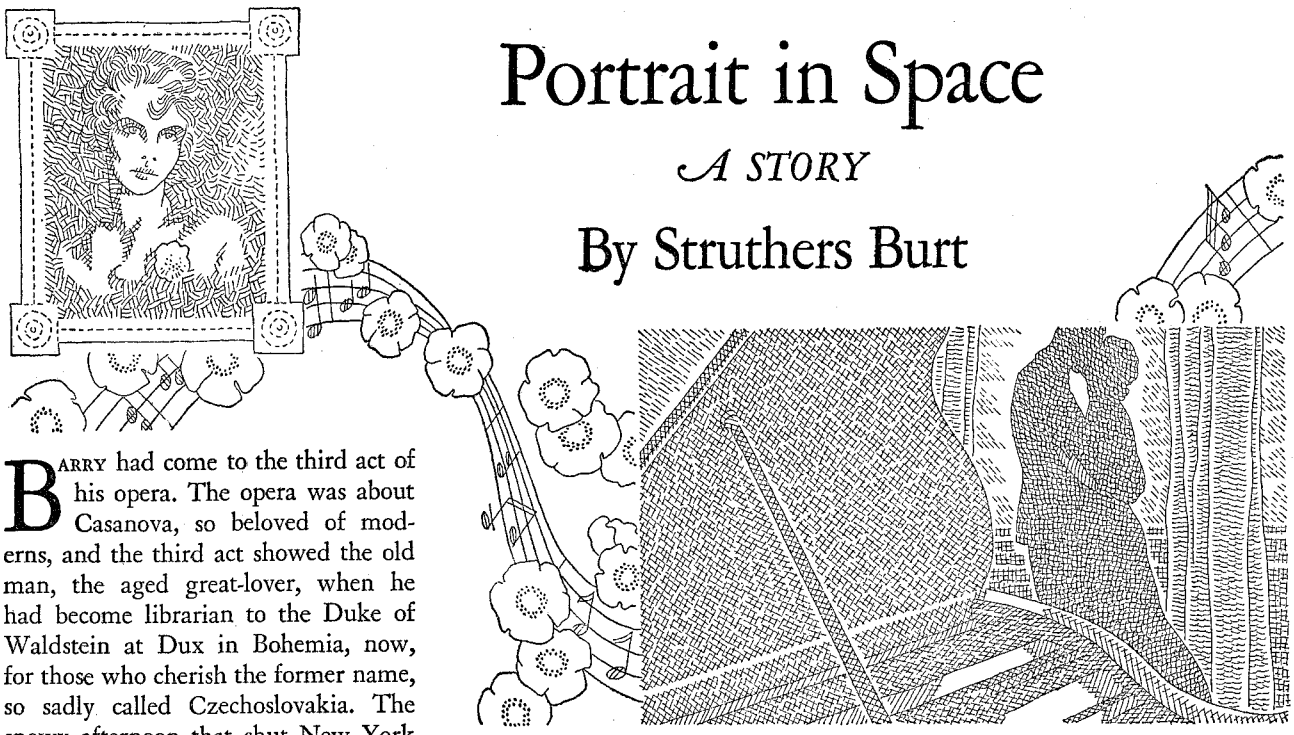
Portrait in Space

A STORY

By Struthers Burt



BARRY had come to the third act of his opera. The opera was about Casanova, so beloved of moderns, and the third act showed the old man, the aged great-lover, when he had become librarian to the Duke of Waldstein at Dux in Bohemia, now, for those who cherish the former name, so sadly called Czechoslovakia. The snowy afternoon that shut New York in, and the strange yellow dusk of snow in a city, and the isolation it gives, were all good for the writing of music, especially music having to do with an aged great-lover. And the snow created a sense of Bohemia, and an old castle, and an old man staring out of a library window with patient impatience.

Barry wrote on and on, now and then striking a note or stirring a chord on the piano, and then straightening up and bending forward to make musical notations on the score in front of him. The two small lamps on the piano, under their feminine-looking shades of salmon-colored silk, turned his crisp blond hair to a metallic neatness. Barry was not writing on old-fashioned opera. He was too young for that. He was only twenty-five, and in company with most of the young, he found old-fashioned operas pretentious and absurd. Symphonies, it had to be, or suits, or fugues, or else an *opéra comique*. Barry was writing an *opéra comique* whose apparent surface lightness would add, he hoped, poignancy to its theme and its sardonic comment. Young Mr. Moëster, who had already had two successes, was writing the libretto. Mr. Moëster had been forced to read a great deal about Casanova, up to the time no more to him than an epitome of a certain kind of success for which a good many of his friends seemed to be striving.

"Gracious!" he said. "What a find that guy would have been for Walter Winchell!"

Barry recognized his luck in securing the interest of Mr. Moëster. When you have spent the last four years in Austria studying music, and have just returned to your native country, and have the tiniest sort of income, plus the tiniest sort of salary, and no relatives save a mother and married sister in St. Louis, neither of them rich, it is sheer luck to step directly into the enthusiasm of a rising librettist.

Barry made final notations, and sat back on his piano stool, and stared at the wall above the piano. He was tired, and his eyes were opaque from close work and the release from the glare of the lamps under which he had been bending. He closed his eyes and opened them, and the opaqueness changed to a hovering, recognizing smile. The portrait above the piano stood out distinctly, looking down at him; or sideways at him, or up at him, wherever he happened to be in the room, in the way portraits do.

For an instant the portrait, in its square, plain gold frame, seemed to have turned the room to darkness, as if it were a small door opening out into the light.

Barry stared.

"Like that?" he asked finally under his breath. "—That last song? . . . Yes? I'm glad."

Then he frowned, his eyes concentrated and thoughtful, and shrugged his shoulders and got up and walked over to the wide, many-paned window, and stood with his hands on the lower seams of his waistcoat, peering out at the late afternoon. It was five o'clock, but the snow and the winter turned the afternoon to night. The snow fell straight, in big flakes, and through it the lights of the tall apartment houses on either side of the courtyard made blurred aureoles. Three or four blocks north, a huge electric cross, apparently without support, flamed in the sky.

The portrait, transferred to the retina of Barry's eyes, stood between him and the storm. Slowly it dissolved into the snowflakes. . . . A girl with a small head, beautifully shaped; dark, level, smiling eyes, under curved eyebrows; and a long red mouth, curving downwards a trifle at the corners. The girl's brown hair, rippling and with reddish tints in it, was cut short—post-war; *garçonne*—and one lock was brushed across her forehead. A trifle wistful, the face, because, perhaps, of its still unshaken confidence in the world. The portrait was dated: Rome, 1922.

She would have been about twenty-three when the portrait was painted, Barry reflected, as he had often reflected before, and that would make her thirty-four now. Not old. Just the right age for what he wanted. He was

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too poor and too unknown to entertain the thought of serious love. Thirty-four was just the right age, in a woman, for an abiding friendship with a younger man. The right kind of friendship, tender on both sides, but with no nonsense about it—or, not much. Women were hardly worth talking to, anyhow, until they were twenty-eight.

Like most mature young men, Barry had always liked women older than himself. And he was still young enough to continue to do so. But it was confusing . . . the portrait. It was of a girl younger than himself, and so it was not always easy to think of her as now much older.

Barry, his eyes narrowed at the storm, but not seeing it, took a cigarette case from his pocket, and without looking at the cigarette, stuck it in his mouth and lit it.

He was smiling at the thought of this apartment he had been forced to take in a hurry, and at more than he wanted to pay, because it was the only one he could find near the music school where he was teaching, and the only one with an extra bedroom, in case his mother or sister wanted to come on, and the only one where he was allowed to play the piano as late as he wished. An overwhelmingly feminine apartment. Permeating. In the larger of the two bedrooms, all salmon-colored silk and little discreet French prints, was a kidney-shaped, three mirrored dressing-table, cretonne covered, and a square Louis the XVth bed. And the living-room was eighteenth-century Parisian, too, with green panelled walls and narrow bookcases reaching up to the ceiling. An alarmingly feminine apartment for some one six feet tall, with long feet that still occasionally gangled from absent-mindedness or youth.

Barry wondered if the portrait could possibly realize how well, from deduction and association with inanimate remainders, he had come to know the woman it portrayed. Her books, for instance. And the dedications on a number of the fly leaves. Tri-lingual dedications, just as the library was tri-lingual. Dedications in English, and French, and Italian, to "dear Veronica," and even, at times, to "darling Veronica." Veronica! That was a nice name. Not common, except in England.

But she was not English. He knew all about her from the agent from whom he had rented the apartment. One was curious, naturally, about one's landlady. Veronica was American, and she had married a Frenchman, and her name was Mrs. Robert Marin. The Frenchman had died long ago, and Mrs. Marin had come back to America, and then had returned to France. She had been living in France for the past five years.

Sometimes Barry, when he opened a closet door, imagined that he could smell the ghost of perfume, just this side of reality.

People should be careful when they rent apartments or houses, they leave so much of themselves behind. Barry felt that he knew Mrs. Robert Marin better than if he had actually met her. He knew her character down to the ground. Conventional on the surface; worldly. These conventional eighteenth-century rooms showed that. But everything in them was beautiful and carefully selected, just as her books were carefully selected. Within a wide circle of convention, then, she was discriminating and adventurous.

Barry's cigarette had burned almost to the end.

He held it for a moment longer, watching the implacable snow.

"I wish, Veronica," he said silently to the portrait, but without turning his head, "you would come to life, and I could persuade you to eat with me, and go to the movies afterwards—perhaps."

Barry was suddenly lonely.

This was a perfect afternoon for tea in some girl's apartment. For talk, individualized and made quiet and confidential by the storm. The way storm took a huge city and separated it into its component men and women, each for a little while faintly aloof. Barry wished that he knew more girls in New York. He supposed that sooner or later he would. But so far he had met none he wanted very much to have tea with—especially on a stormy day. He remembered the friends he had left in Vienna. Nice people the Austrians. Lovely people for just such an afternoon as this. The lights of the neighboring apartment houses made him even lonelier. He remembered how lonely they had made him five months before when he had first landed. Then it had been hot September, and the windows had been open, and you could see people moving around behind them, and hear—for this was a musical quarter, filled with schools and students—pianos and violins, and sometimes, even, the hidden glistening waterfall of a harp.

In the passageway between the living-room and the bedrooms, the telephone rang. Barry turned reluctantly away from the window, and going into the passageway, unhooked the receiver.

For a moment he was confused, and then he was breathless. So much so that he could hardly answer. The hall-porter was speaking.

"There's a Madame Marin down here, Mr. Paul, who says she would like to know if she can come up. There are some books she would like, if you can spare them."

"Some books she would like—! A Madame Marin!" It was at this point that Barry became breathless. "Why, yes. Of course. . . . The lady who owns this apartment. Certainly. Tell her to come up."

He put on his coat and went to the door that opened into the outer hall, and waited on the threshold. He hoped that he could catch his breath before she arrived. He didn't want her to think him an awkward kid. And then he was afraid that, far from being awkward, he might be presumptuous. She couldn't possibly realize, of course, how well he knew her. Presently the elevator stopped with a soft hiss, and the panel slid back, throwing a shaft of greater radiance into the hall, and in the radiance, she stepped out, coming toward him smiling, one hand in front of her, in the other a small umbrella.

"Mr. Barry Paul?" she said. She laughed as if their meeting was an adventure. "What a night! But lovely. I like snow, don't you?"

She preceded Barry into the apartment, and looked around, and then turned to Barry. In her eyes was a degree of smiling repentance.

"I hope you don't mind, or think me very forward. You see, I've been living just around the corner from you for two weeks, and I've meant to call you up before, and ask you to tea to find out how you liked the apartment, but I didn't. And then—" The smile in her level eyes widened. "—I went out for a breath of air this afternoon, and I passed your door. Besides, I really do want a couple of my old books. *Green Mansions* and *Lavengro,* at any rate."

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Her eyes shone beneath her tip-tilted hat. She looked quite as young as Barry had imagined she would look. A good deal of make-up, naturally, but then all women made up nowadays. She had had enough sense, at all events, not to spoil the shape of her long mouth.

Barry found his tongue, but uncertainly.

"Yes. . . . But won't you let me make you tea?" He was angry with himself. He drew in a deep breath and held it. He was a man; he had lived all over the world; he had known lots of women. "Let me help you off with your coat," he said with unnecessary firmness.

For a moment she hesitated, before she looked over her shoulder, smiling.

"Yes, that would be heavenly. I do feel at home here. New apartments are dreary."

Barry took the smart tweed ulster from her shoulders and the little umbrella from her hand, and put them in the vestibule, and came back. She was sitting in one of her own chairs of rose-colored velour. She stretched out her small feet. Her legs were slim and elegant. Completely American, although in most ways she had the gestures and appearance of a Frenchwoman. She was a small woman, as delicately outlined still as a girl. Barry had noticed that as he had helped her off with her ulster.

"My galoshes are wet," she said, bending forward. "They will make puddles."

Barry stooped down.

"I'll take them off."

"Thanks! And I think I'll take my hat off, too. It's damp from the snow."

Barry felt self-possessed now. She made you feel that way. She had the gift of ready intimacy, once you had passed her inspection. Barry felt that he had passed. He had noticed it as she had come toward him from the elevator; critical and by no means catholic. A sudden lifting of long eyelashes, and a sudden, cool survey. Once beyond it, she took you for granted, it seemed, as if she had known you for a long time.

"I thought you were in France?" said Barry, straightening up.

"I was until a month ago, but no doubt you've heard of the depreciation of the dollar."

"Yes, I've heard of it. I'll be back in a minute."

Barry went into the kitchenette and put a kettle on to boil, and set teacups, and a teapot, and cakes on a tray, and came back with the tray. She had gone over to the bookcases and had her back to him, taking out books and looking through them. She turned around.

"How's your music? What are you writing?"

With her hat off she was by no means as young looking as she had seemed at first. Her face was thinner and harder and her level eyes were older, and you were more aware of her make-up. For an instant Barry was disappointed, but he recaptured glamour when she smiled. He told himself he liked her even better as she was. He had never wanted her to be especially young. He liked her look of experience. But she was older than thirty-four.

He put the tea tray on a table.

"How did you know I was writing music?"

"I know all about you. My agent—our mutual friend, Mr. Connolly—told me." She gestured toward the piano. "And all that music scattered about would tell me, anyhow."

Barry became bold.

"And I know all about you. I've lived with your books, and things, for five months. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks." She was thoughtful. "Books are usually what we want to be, not what we are." She looked at Barry and smiled. "Not everything, I hope. . . . I hope you don't know all about me. I'm a fairly mature woman."

Barry, sitting opposite her, leaned forward, his hands between his knees.

"How old are you?" he asked softly.

Her eyes were astonished.

"Forty, if you must know. What a young man!"

Barry looked at the portrait and then back.

"I wouldn't have thought that. I thought you were about twenty-three when that was painted."

She laughed indulgently.

"You shouldn't ask such questions, you know. You force me to be honest."

"Forty isn't old," said Barry bravely.

"No?" She smiled once more. Then she became grave. "I was twenty-nine when that was painted, but I was still extraordinarily young and innocent. You see, I was married when I was eighteen, and I had only been a widow for a year." Her voice was edged. "But I grew up." She got to her feet and went over to the piano, and stood looking up at the portrait, a faint deprecating smile moulding her mouth.

"I'll get the tea," said Barry, and returned with the steaming kettle. "Will you make it?"

"All right."

She sat down at the table and bent her head over the tea caddy and kettle.

"I guess I'll have to marry Mr. Endicott," she said under her breath.

"Who's Mr. Endicott?" asked Barry crossly.

She looked up from the table, surprised and mischievous laughter in her eyes.

"Mr. Endicott? He's a charming gentleman of about fifty-six who lives in Baltimore, and who wants to marry me. He's rich and a widower, and has wanted to marry me for years. I see him often in Paris. He's most attractive." She was reflective. "What between the depreciation of the dollar and the depression, I think maybe I'd better. I'm becoming desperately poor."

Her level eyes were watching Barry with amusement, but he did not notice this, as he was looking fixedly away from her.

"Don't you approve?"

He looked back at her without interest.

"How do I know? I don't know either him or you."

But underneath his studied indifference he was embarrassed and flattered—and excited. She had meant to be personal. She treated him exactly as if he were her age. In fact, between her slimness, and her gaiety, he was beginning to feel more than her age. Masculine, amused, protective.

She finished her tea and stood up.

"I must be going now. I'll find those books, and go. Will you play to me sometime . . . often? I adore music."

Barry stammered. He took his courage in his hands. She couldn't go. This was too marvellous. And the storm made him lonely. He looked away, and back, and spoke shyly.

"Are you doing anything tonight?"

She was silent for a long moment, then she laughed softly.

"Why—no. Why?"

"I thought . . . Won't you dine with me and . . . and go to the movies?"

She laughed again, this time delightedly.

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"I'd love to. What fun! But first I must go home, and change, and tell my daughter."

"You have a daughter?"

"Very much of one."

"And I'd love to play to you sometime." Barry hesitated, and then said what he hadn't wanted to say. "You see, I do feel that I know you so awfully well. Do you mind? Your books, and——"

"That portrait?" She was silent, her eyes withdrawn and a little sombre, but as they met Barry's, they smiled. "I wish you'd forget that picture. It isn't me. . . . At least—not any longer." She surveyed Barry. Her voice was compassionate. "You're lonely, aren't you?" She became gay again. "I'll expect you, then, at seven."

A curious girl, this daughter, Barry found her to be. Haunting. Like an enchanted princess. She had her mother's long mouth, drooping down a little at the corners, but unlike her mother, she was tall and blond, with blue and brooding eyes; her blondness a French blondness, warm and tawny. No doubt it had been her father's coloring.

Quite a girl, Barry decided. And she would be more of one when she grew up. She was twenty, but in some ways young for her age. In other ways, she was old for her age. About her was the atmosphere of a person who has lived in many places and known many people, but none of the latter well. And she had the rudiments of real humor; sardonic, observant. That, too, was unlike her mother. Mrs. Marin was gay and, at times, witty, but she was not humorous. With Mrs. Marin, Barry often felt older, as he had felt that first afternoon, but with Cécile he often felt younger. This annoyed him and at the same time amused him. He began to look forward to those ten minutes or so when he would come to have tea with Mrs. Marin, or dinner, or to take her to the movies or a concert, and he would find Cécile in the drawing-room of the new apartment. Mrs. Marin was always late, so he and Cécile would talk, or, rather, he would make conversation with Cécile, and she would answer in her precise English, with a trace of French accent. She did not seem to feel that conversation was necessary. She was more than modern in that respect. But Barry suspected that once started—once she gave you her confidence—she might talk a great deal. She had not given him her confidence. By no means. To the contrary, Barry was sure that she regarded him with suspicion. Well, perhaps it did seem out of the way to a girl of twenty, this . . . this friendship between him and her mother. But, on the other hand, Barry was equally sure that Cécile, too, looked forward to these ten minutes and made a point of being in the drawing-room when he arrived.

And then Mrs. Marin . . . Veronica . . . would come in, and Cécile would almost visibly disappear, although she would still be sitting upright in her chair—with a charming, youthful awkwardness—and from then on she would say nothing. Merely think. About what, Barry wondered.

Abruptly, unexpectedly, there came an afternoon—a Sunday—when she talked in a soft, uninterrupted, deprecatory manner, her eyes not meeting the interested, thoughtful eyes of Barry. Barry was amazed.

She sat forward on her chair, her slim long fingers interlocked, pressing together because of nervousness, and although her voice never lost its calmness, Barry saw that she was trembling.

Her story was not unusual. The perpetual story of youth, because of youth, never altogether happy. But in her case there was an especial slant to it. Not an unusual slant either, but something beyond the ordinary rebellion. She wanted to be herself; to be an individual; to have some life of her own. That was to be taken for granted. But more than that, she was tired of being dragged from hotel to hotel, villa to villa, city to city. She was tired of sitting silently in corners. From the time she had been a little girl everything had been wrong, and she had always sat in corners.

"What do you want to do?" asked Barry.

"I'd like to act."

"Well, that's easy. Study a little, and maybe I can get you a job."

Through all her talk, although she never mentioned it directly, was careful not to, Barry had a sense of men, attractive, debonair, secretive, treating Cécile like a charming child, coming and going in the hotels, the villas, and the cities; treating Cécile as no more than a charming decoration; a chair, a vase, incapable of making deductions. In her various corners—Parisian, Italian, American—Cécile had sat, and thought, and listened, and surmised.

For a while Barry was unhappy. He had never before allowed this picture of Mrs. Marin to remain uppermost in his mind, although frequently it had forced itself upon him momentarily. Because of a sentence, or a gesture, or a point of view. Mrs. Marin . . . Veronica . . . had a complete, and varied, and easy knowledge of men. Barry realized that. But why not? Barry took hold of himself. He was modern. Cécile should be told that all this was natural. That it was none of her business. Her mother was an attractive woman; a fascinating woman; not much more than a girl herself. Naturally men were attracted to her, and, having had an unfortunate experience in a too early marriage, why should she be in a hurry to marry again?

Barry explained this gravely to Cécile.

Mrs. Marin . . . Veronica . . . had never made any bones about her past, anyhow—whatever it had been. She neither brought it up, nor avoided it. Women were as much entitled to a past as were men.

For the first time Cécile's blue eyes met Barry's directly. They widened as if she found him ingenuous.

"You think so? The trouble is even men can't get away with quite such a general attitude, let alone women. I wish Mother would fall in love, but what she does prevents her from falling in love." She laughed uncomfortably. "I don't know how Mother got into this conversation. I didn't mean to bring her in." Her voice, for the first time, took on a note of protest. "She's too fine a person to waste herself on continual excitement. She gets in her own way."

"We all do," said Barry sagely.

"I detest men. I'll never marry."

Barry smiled. But it was really nothing to smile about. He had heard the same remark before, and almost invariably from girls who had their mothers too much on their minds.

He was immensely touched by Cécile's confession. She mustn't be defeated. He would see if he couldn't get her away from her mother. They were bad for each other. Cécile should have a career.

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Threading his thoughts, there had been a strand of grim amusement that he should be sitting here, forced into this parental position, when he himself was so confused. He should ask Cécile's advice in turn. That would be funny, wouldn't it? It occurred to him that frequently in life people must be consulted as he was being consulted, when all the while it was they who needed counsel. He was no mature man, and, at the moment, he was well aware of it.

Mrs. Marin . . . Veronica . . . had gone into the country over the week-end, and Barry, finding Sunday suddenly empty and restless, had called Cécile up to ask if he could have tea with her. It would be some relief, anyhow, to sit in her mother's drawing-room and reconstruct in Cécile's image something of her mother. And now, Cécile was sitting in the same chair in which, two nights before, her mother had sat. At moments it was almost possible to imagine that she was her mother. Dark instead of blond; little instead of tall; gay instead of embarrassed.

They had come back from a concert, he and Mrs. Marin, and she had asked him in for a sandwich and a drink. Presently, for some unaccountable reason, he had found it difficult to keep up his end of the conversation, and she seemed to be having the same difficulty. At all events, the room had suddenly grown large and empty; filled with shadows and silences. Queer silences. The clock, wedged between books, halfway up one of the bookcases, ticked loudly. Barry had never noticed it before. Finally Barry arose to go and stooped over Mrs. Marin's hand . . . Stooped closer, and closer, and altogether close.

Impossible! he thought, in the whirling globe of his mind, but inevitable! This was something he had always known was going to happen, and yet, had been sure would not.

She reached up her arms and drew him down.

"You stupid! Haven't you always known?"

Barry sat on the edge of the chair. In a little while she laughed softly and pushed him away, and stood up.

"You must go now—right away! When will I see you again? Soon? . . . No, no, Barry. You're in too much of a hurry. You are like all Americans—too romantic to begin with; not romantic enough in the end."

She went into the hall with him and watched him put on his coat.

"Will I see you Monday? I'll be back then."

"Will you go to a movie with me Monday night? I'm busy all day."

She was thoughtful.

"Mr. Endicott—," she stressed the formality, "—is coming up from Baltimore late Monday and will surely ask me to have dinner with him."

Barry's eyes narrowed.

"Very well—if you prefer. What's Endicott's first name?"

"Grandin." She was cross. "I don't prefer. I'll tell him I have an engagement I can't break. Are you satisfied now? And I know something much nicer than going to the movies. We'll cook supper at your apartment, and afterwards you'll play to me for hours. Will you do that? You've never played to me, you know, except in snatches."

And now here he was listening to Cécile as she pressed together her long slim fingers. And tomorrow was Monday night.

Abruptly she, too, asked him to play, stopping in the middle of her monologue as if ashamed.

"Play something before you go, Barry. I've never heard you play. I know nothing about you as a musician."

"What do you want?"

"Something of your own."

"I'll play you some of my opera. I've never played it to anybody before except Moëster, my librettist."

Her eyes were flattered.

"What's it about?"

"Casanova. But we're hunting a name. There have been several plays and ballets about him recently, and then, if we just used 'Casanova,' people wouldn't know who he was."

"I know who he was."

"You do?"

"Yes, of course. I've read his memoirs."

It wasn't so bad—the music, Barry decided, as he played. Especially the third act. Poignant; wistful under its laughter wherever it laughed. Barry played for half an hour or so, then he stood up. Suddenly he felt slightly treacherous. He had never played this way to Mrs. Marin . . . to Veronica. Silly to feel that way. She had never asked him seriously until the other night.

At all events, he had moved Cécile. Her voice had little high notes in it.

"That's wonderful, Barry. I didn't know you were so good. I'm stupid." She was silent, staring at the fireplace. "He was terribly sad, wasn't he?"

"Who? Casanova?"

"Yes. One of the saddest people in history. So charming, and so good—really—in so many ways, and so talented, and so driven by his pursuit of the impossible."

"The impossible! I thought he was notoriously successful?"

"Not in any real way. You can't be successful if you collect people only as sensations. Any satisfactory sort of relationship must be hard work. It takes brains." She hesitated. "At least, I imagine it must—I have never been in love."

Barry grinned.

"You're a remarkable girl, Cécile. You've read and thought a lot, anyway."

Fortunately on Monday, work filled the day, and so it was five o'clock, and dark and cold and clear, before Barry had time to stop at a delicatessen store for supplies. He had determined upon a real dinner. A pot of caviare. An especial brand of soup. Thick slices of ham to broil. Glacéed sweet potatoes. Lettuce with chicory. French pastry from a pastry shop . . . then back to his apartment to bathe, and change his clothes, and set the table. There had hardly been a minute to spare, it seemed, before his bell rang, and he was glad, for every now and then, like a witch emerging onto a crowded stage, there had turned up in his mind, during the day, a shadowy figure of mixed elation and interrogation.

What next? And what was he going to do about it? And what was he expected to do?

He had tried to dismiss the figure scornfully. "You are young," he had told himself. "You're not expected to go beyond the minute. No wise person goes beyond the minute."

But was this so? In everything else wise people were expected to go beyond the minute.

Well, here was the minute now. He opened the door, smiling.

"Quick!" he said. "Come in! I have missed you so."

"You have?" She laughed and let him pull her to him, as he shut the door.

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"You've been away a thousand years."

"I'm glad you think so."

She pushed him away.

"You look like an angel, Barry. I never knew how much like an angel you looked. Let's cook supper right away. I'm hungry as a bear."

She undid the parcels in the kitchenette with little cries of delight.

"Caviare! Will you want toast?"

"Yes, please. I'll boil the soup, and then you cook the ham and warm up the potatoes."

She paused with the bread knife suspended over the loaf she had found.

"You couldn't have missed me very much, Barry. Cécile told me you and she had a wonderful talk."

"We did." Barry bent over the soup. "She's an astonishing girl, Veronica."

There was an edge to her voice that made him turn his head.

"Very. You played her your opera, didn't you? I never even knew you were writing one."

"If a musician has any sense, he doesn't say he's writing an opera until it's produced."

"Not even to me?"

"You haven't shown much interest in my music until the other night."

"Oh! . . . well . . . will you play it to me tonight?"

"Certainly."

She came forward with the slices of bread, hunting for a toaster.

"Well, we won't quarrel. This is fun, isn't it? I used to fuss around and cook with painter friends in Paris after my husband's death . . . Cécile says your opera is very beautiful and very sad. She gave me a most learned dissertation on Casanova. I didn't even know she had read him."

Barry, stirring the soup, chuckled.

"Barry, this is really the essence of life, isn't it? . . . A man and a woman working together, and talking, and being together."

Very much so, Barry concluded, as he sat opposite her across the small table. They had had a cocktail, and he had bought some mild red wine, and the candles framed her face.

She pushed back her coffee cup and sighed contentedly.

"And now, when we've washed the dishes, you'll play to me, won't you? Barry, I wish you'd turn that portrait to the wall. It's not me, you know. It's a silly, ignorant girl."

"I love it."

When they came back from the kitchenette, she turned out all the lights except the two on the piano, and stretched herself out on a long-chair in the shadows.

"Ravel, first," said Barry at the piano. "And then some Debussy, and after that . . ." He laughed. ". . . Barry Paul. No Bach, or Mozart, or anything like that. This is not their mood. Do you like Ravel?"

Her voice came out of the shadows.

"I love all music. Didn't you know that? I've often wished I didn't love it so much. It makes the back of my neck cold."

Barry played for a long while without interruption. There was no sound from the shadows.

"Casanova," he said finally.

It was strange playing your own music, so absorbing and yet comparatively releasing to your mind. Half of your mind could think of other things. This is heaven, he thought. I have never been so happy.

Mrs. Marin spoke only once.

"He's old now, isn't he?" she said. "Barry, you're a genius."

"Nonsense."

He came to the part in Dux, in Bohemia. To the snow and the library window. Beyond that, his music was not yet in shape to play. He wheeled about on the piano stool.

"That's all," he said, "at present. Like it?"

She did not answer, and he was pleased. When people did not answer he knew they were stirred. He had the artist's hatred of easy compliments.

She gave a sudden exclamation and jumped to her feet, and crossed the room to the electric switch. She snapped it down impatiently.

"Thanks, Barry, for playing me that music. Cécile is right. The end of all Casanovas is sad . . . sad! Only I don't think Cécile meant to be quite as subtle as it would seem." She hesitated. "Perhaps she was even more subtle than she seemed."

She was standing with her back to the wall, her hands behind her, her eyes wide, staring at the portrait above Barry's head.

"That girl," she said, "—that girl in the portrait—made one or two mistakes." She laughed. "About a dozen. She thought she could have her cake and eat it. Well, there comes a time when you can't . . . Barry, may I use your telephone?"

Barry had not moved from the piano stool.

"My telephone! Certainly. But why? What have I done? What's the matter?"

Her eyes met his; smiling, but with no trace of amusement.

"You've done nothing, Barry, darling . . . at least, nothing you are conscious of. Only I think I had better go home, and I think I had better call Grandin Endicott up and tell him I'll marry him, before I change my mind. He asked me this afternoon, and I told him, no."

Barry arose slowly and walked toward her. Anger had stalked up his body, making his flesh creep. He leaned down toward her.

"Oh!" he said. "So you're that sort of a woman, are you? You like to make fools of men."

She threw back her head sharply, and then her eyes softened.

"This is the first time I have ever made this particular kind of a fool of a man." She put her hand on his shoulder. "Oh, Barry—Barry darling, don't despise me. Hate me, but don't despise me. Try to understand me. I'm trying to save myself, Barry . . . and you." Her lips twisted. "And you won't be too lonely. Cécile will be here. I'm going to leave her with a cousin, and you can help her with her acting."

"And of course," said Barry bitterly, "you don't love me at all?"

Her eyelids fell and opened. She looked at him defiantly, then gently.

"Barry, if I were anywhere near your age, but I'm fifteen years older. . . . Can't you get that through your head? And I'm poor, and you're poor, and you're just starting in. I couldn't help you in any way whatsoever."

"You could help me by loving me," said Barry. "You could help me by marrying me—if you would?"

She caught her breath, her eyes widening into his.

"Oh, Barry . . .! You have said the final thing. Dear, in six months you would hate me. . . . How do I know if I love you? There're . . . there're so many ghosts. I never thought about really loving you until today, but if I stay here, I will. Now, let me pass, Barry dear—I must telephone."

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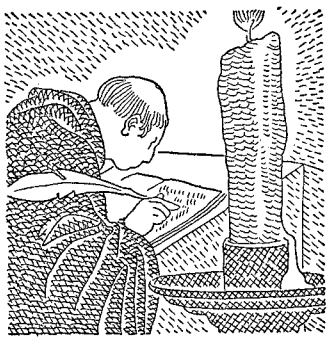
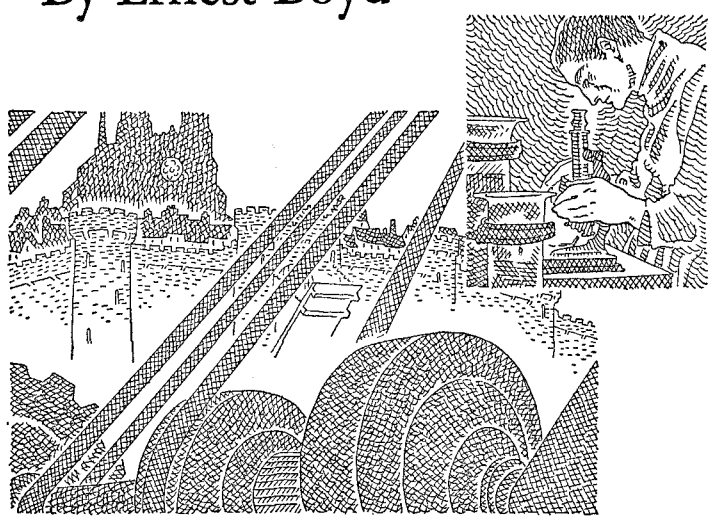
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY



The New Mediævalism

By Ernest Boyd



Are we heading for a new Dark Age? From both reactionary and radical come demands for "authority," the suppression of freedom of thought, strict adherence to doctrine. Mr. Boyd here speaks up in defense of liberalism

SNEERING at liberalism is one of the favorite pastimes nowadays of the younger generation of intellectuals and their middle-aged leaders, who seem at last to have come into their own. Not that the pastime is new, but it has a new audience. On the contrary, like so many of the other ancient novelties which they offer by way of constructive ideas, this one is more than stale; it is exasperatingly so. Thirty-five or forty years ago, when the British literary world began to be slowly permeated with more or less socialistic ideas, it became the fashion in advanced circles to bait the Liberal Party, and in the years immediately preceding the war, the same kind of criticism was extended to liberalism in general. The gist of the argument was that the liberal stopped half way, and that, if he really wished to achieve his ideals, logic demanded that he become a Socialist.

This was essentially a political argument, and with the extinction of the British Liberal Party during the war, it ceased to have any cogency. The attitude of mind known as liberal, however, is another matter. It is quite independent of political parties and a vital factor in the lives of civilized communities. In a world when the free expression of opinion and the free interchange of ideas were the normal procedure between educated people, liberalism, like other schools of thought, expected to be confronted by other intellectual concepts, whether more radical or more reactionary. Freedom of discussion was the very essence of liberalism. Hence the intense interest of those twenty-five years of pre-war literary life which were the formative period of those of us who are now in the middle-forties.

Today the situation is very different. With freedom of every kind threatened, curtailed, or extinguished, liberalism has become the only bulwark against the New Mediævalism, standing for a philosophy of life which transcends the particularism of separate radical parties. As the principles for which it stands are increasingly violated or abolished, we can view it in historical perspective. As a political party it had the defects which are inevitable in any such party, but as a way of life it has virtues which were never so sorely needed nor so admirable as now, when a concerted drive is being made from many different quarters to destroy or discredit them. One of the most recently popular coryphæi of the new obscurantism, Nicholas Berdyaev, while advocating and rejoicing in the approach of the New Middle Ages, describes the present era as the end of the Renaissance, the latter being the point at which the history of modern Europe began. Is it not significant that the history of Europe from the Renaissance to our own time is essentially a history of the development of liberalism?

What, after all, is the *Leitmotiv* of the movement which began with the Humanists of the fourteenth century, and included the discovery of the New World, the Reformation, the French Revolution, culminating in the nineteenth century doctrine of evolution, and the overthrow of Tsardom in the twentieth? It was a continuous process of emancipation, from "the prison-house of theological system," the absolutism whose symbol was the Bastille, the superstitions which were exploded by *The Origin of Species*. Gradually, laboriously, painfully, and courageously, the freest minds of their respective eras were establishing the right of modern men and women to think, act,

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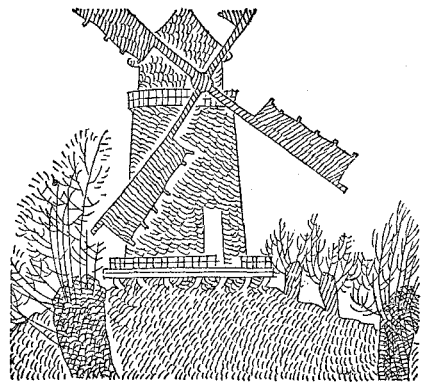
and live for themselves. The recovery of the pagan past for the building of a rational future was the first step towards a conception of civilization released from the dark inhibitions of the Middle Ages, whose culminating figure, Dante, actually placed Aristotle amongst the damned—an earnest of the mentality of an age when, as Schopenhauer put it, fists were more exercised than brains.

Whatever else may be said of liberalism, it cannot be accused of shameful ideals. Fists and eternal damnation have played an ever-diminishing part in the methods of the emancipators. Whether success or failure has attended their efforts, whether the actual end attained has disappointed the hope that inspired them, the liberal leaders of modern history have had both a practical and an inspirational influence upon mankind, which has profoundly altered the world for the better. It is hardly necessary here to recite all the changes in the direction of greater freedom and enlightenment, of more humanity and less cruelty, of increased immunity from torture, pain, and mental and physical terror, which have been the work of liberalism in its various manifestations during the last eight hundred years. Even within the past fifty years, aside altogether from scientific and mechanical progress, the process of emancipation from obsolete ideas, absurd conventions, and reactionary bugaboos has been such that millions are unconscious of the deliberate struggle by individuals and unpopular minorities which these victories of reason, tolerance, and common sense represent.

By the vast majority of people these things are just taken for granted and, very frequently, ignorantly, or deliberately abused. A generation has arisen which, never having had to fight for an enlightened principle, regards those who did as rather quaint enthusiasts who got wildly excited about irrelevant matters, such as feminism, pacifism, agnosticism, factory legislation, trade unionism, secular education, and so forth. These commonplaces of today, like most other forms of human freedom, were never freely conceded, but were wrested at the cost of much sacrifice and suffering from absolutist and theocratic governments. They have not brought in the millennium, nor did their sponsors believe they would, and in many respects a number of these ideals are far from complete realization, but they have gone into the making of a world which, at its worst, compares very favorably with that of the thirteenth century and the Holy Inquisition.

It is in this indifference and ignorance on the part of the very beneficiaries of eight centuries of enlightenment that the heralds of the New Mediævalism take hope for their dark future. Frustrated millenarians amongst the more educated and the more supine of the precociously cynical mob (that is, cynics without experience) are those to whom they look for recruits. The method is simplicity itself, and may best be likened to grasping a nettle and calling it a rose. If one mentions the admitted horrors of thirteenth-century Europe, then one is triumphantly informed that, at least, there were no unemployment "dole" and no breadlines. "Dole" is essential to this argument, since to refer to the unemployment insurance scheme, to which employers and workers proportionately contributed, would be to admit that liberalism had taken an honest and not degrading step towards meeting an industrial problem which did not exist when the merry peasantry of Spain were watching the Inquisition roasting heretics. If the masses of the people lived in abject ignorance and actual or metaphorical serfdom, we are told that they were better off than if they were reading tabloid newspapers, voting for venal politicians, and corrupting their morals by attending the movies. All these retorts which pass for serious argument with the new obscurantists amount to saying that, at least, Jeanne d'Arc did not die of wood alcohol poisoning, and if the Gothic cathedrals still stand, it is because there were no awnings in summer time which might catch fire through carelessly thrown cigarette stubs.

In a word, the general drift of the New Mediævalist reasoning is that people were very much better off when they believed the earth was flat, when machinery was embryonic, and industrialism unknown. Whatever they may have suffered, they were incomparably better off than they are today, even if employed and in the possession of a radio and a car. This point of view, while eloquent upon the happiness of



the peasantry in the Middle Ages and of the artisans in the days of the guilds, has a more menacing air when it is a question of the intellectual charm of the theocratic régime. Here a vast and bold sophistry is employed, which consists in nothing more or less than a reversal of the historical facts and a fantastic rewriting and rereading of history. The chief spokesmen amongst the laity of this school of thought are the familiar figures of G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc in England—Shaw's famous fabulous monster, the "Chesterbelloc"—the Russian Nicholas Berdyaev, and Henri Massis and Jacques Maritain in France. These last three are becoming more and more familiar in English, as they are being translated or paraphrased to supply the devotees and hangers-on of the New Mediævalist movement with arguments which have hitherto been lacking, very naturally, in the Protestant and in the English-speaking countries.

Of the three, Henri Massis is the most virulent; as one might expect from an ex-Huguenot, Jacques Maritain is the most ponderously learned in the teachings of scholasticism, though his learning has been challenged by authoritative schoolmen; while Berdyaev, a converted Marxist, is the most foggily Slavic. All three are ardent believers in the sole authority of the Roman Catholic Church, both Frenchmen hold that the sum of human wisdom is contained in Saint Thomas Aquinas, and all three are in high favor with Catholic intellectuals, Anglo-Catholics, and that nondescript group of reactionaries commonly known in this country as New Humanists. Broadly speaking, these various elements, although they differ in matters of detail, unite in upholding what they describe as the "principle of authority," which they conceive as com-

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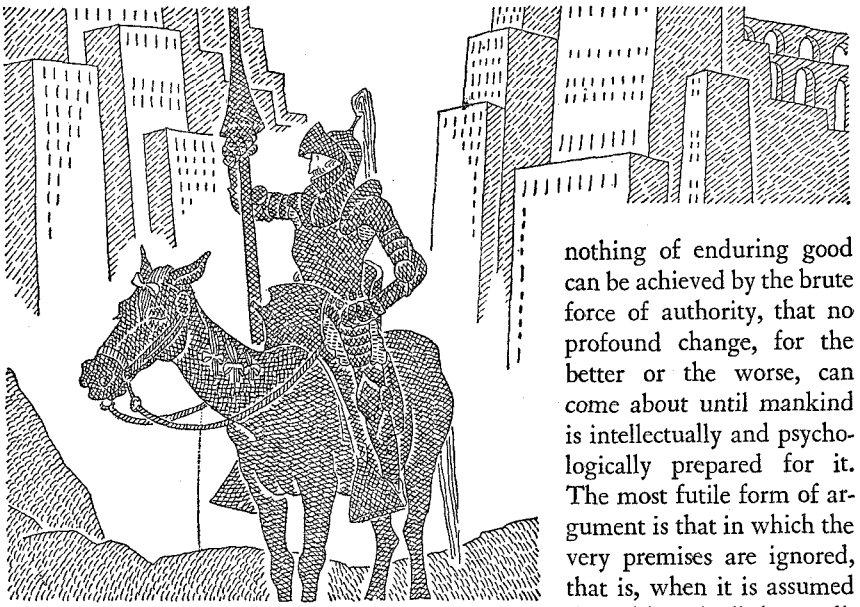

pletely incompatible with liberalism and modern democracy. Towards Fascism many of them turn a lenient, if not furtively enthusiastic eye, but for that "principle of authority" which has been invoked to create the U. S. S. R. they express the utmost detestation. Evidently, they only like "authority" when it coincides with and promotes their own particular hopes, fears, and prejudices.

Apparently, because industrialism and the attendant growth of mechanical progress synchronize with the development of liberalism, the New Mediævalists have reached the astonishing conclusion that liberalism is responsible for all the problems that bedevil this machine age. When the complainants are sufficiently young, they never fail to state that liberals were responsible for the war, because they could not prevent it, and for a disastrous peace, because they failed to establish their principles. This method of reasoning, if it can be so called, obviously rests on the fallacy that minority opinion can prevail, contrary to the very principle of liberalism, against the wishes of the majority, and that a principle is worthless, unless it can be imposed at will upon those who reject or cannot appreciate it. By the simple process of applying this form of unreason to every liberal ideal and every liberal accomplishment, it is easy to obtain a formula which leads straight back to the Middle Ages.

Clearly the very essence of liberal enlightenment has been a conviction that nothing of enduring good can be achieved by the brute force of authority, that no profound change, for the better or the worse, can come about until mankind is intellectually and psychologically prepared for it. The most futile form of argument is that in which the very premises are ignored, that is, when it is assumed that, although all the conditions have been altered, the people concerned retain their original preconceptions. As the faintest knowledge of history or experience of the world shows, what was considered impossible and outrageous yesterday is the commonplace of today, for the simple reason that it is now supported by the general consensus of public opinion. The history of liberalism is strewn, not only with unfulfilled hopes, but with definite achievements, all of which were once opposed and denounced, but which have increasingly entered into the *mores* of our time. Elementary as this fact is, it is constantly overlooked or misunderstood by those who see in human evolution a series of ukases issued by God or by those endowed with divine authority. Consequently, they assume that, if whatever they desire can be effected by decree, then it becomes merely a question of determining who shall make the decrees, in order to bring about a world free from heresy—heresy as defined by them.

The aim, therefore, of the New Mediævalists is to discredit by every possible means those measures of intellectual freedom which have been gradually won by appeals to reason. Messrs. Berdyaev, Massis, Maritain, and their disciples will accept reason, only if the reasoning be scholastic. Otherwise, they make great play with the limitations of reason and delight in dwelling upon such mysteries as cannot be rationally explained. Yet, they have no hesitation in citing Aquinas's argument in favor of the existence of God, as sterile a piece of scholastic ratiocination as the worst rationalist could devise, and a stupendous example of begging the question, to boot. As in the matter of authority, it is they who decide what is to be authoritative, so in the matter of reason, they will accept only such reasoning as leads to the very conclusions which are suspect. The reason of a Huxley is contemptible, that of an Aquinas is perfect. Therefore, taking modern history in general, the New Mediævalists declare that the three curses upon the world today are the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the French Revolution. This simplification is comparable only to that of their allies, the French Royalists, who have discovered that, if the Jews, Protestants, and Freemasons could be proscribed as alien enemies, France would revert to the golden age of Louis XIV.

This historical glorification of the Holy Roman Empire, of the French monarchy, of the mediæval guilds, proceeds on the bland assumption that we know only of what was good in those times, that the dark side of the picture, the inevitable and horrible concomitants of that state of society, can be dismissed as negligible, as grossly exaggerated by the "sickly humanitarians" of the time and their successors, to quote the epithet usually employed to designate those of us who are not wholly indifferent to the hunger, suffering, and pain of others. While our mediævalists are never tired of pointing out the destruction of human values which is the price paid for the progress of industrialism, science, and machinery, they always talk of their own favorite epochs in history, of their own social, political, and economic nostrums, as if they were free of equivalent or worse drawbacks. Unfortunately, what they have to offer belongs to the past; every one of their remedies has been tried before. History records the results. All have been found wanting. Neither in the days of absolute piety nor in those of absolute monarchy were men any closer to the millennium than they are today. The mass of mankind is infinitely better off and more civilized, the lot of the intelligent minority has enormously improved. Shall the latter be plunged once more into the New Middle Ages?

That would seem to be the aim and hope of the New Mediævalists. Wherever intelligence raises its (to them)

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ugly head, they belabor it with every weapon in their arsenal. The critical state of continental Europe, even when, as in the case of the French, it threatens the only first-class democratic power on the Continent, serves as an excuse for ceaseless anti-liberal propaganda. Anti-Semitic to a man, they do not do more than half-protest against Hitlerism, and then only because that fine exemplar of the principle of "authority" has run afoul of the Roman Catholic Church. Ignorant equally of Marxian and orthodox economics, they gladly accept all the legends of Mussolini's Italy. Whatever system promises the death of liberty and individualism, the serio-comic Fascism of Moseley in England, the serio-comic royalism of the Camelots du Roy in France, can count on their tacit or avowed support. The sad spectacle of Europe on the brink of barbarism is obscured in an appropriate blur of classicism, neo-Thomism, and militarism—for pacifism they have the same contempt as for humanitarianism.

In questions of lesser importance superficially, although fundamentally essential in any enlightened order of society, the New Mediævalists urge the cause of reaction. The emancipation of women is consistently undermined by the suggestion that their place is in the kitchen, the nursery, and the church. Since independence in general is deplored, the independence of women is doubly deplorable, since they have in their hands, to a large extent, control over the destinies of future generations. A large breed of reactionary mothers, preferably taking their instructions in womanhood from male celibates, would constitute the greatest triumph of mediævalism over modernity. Hitler and Mussolini have been quick to put this theory into practice. Since the suffragette has become a comical figure out of an already forgotten past, it is an easy step for our reactionary doctrinaires to ridicule the efforts of the feminists, who alone have made the present status of women possible.

In the New Middle Ages, as in the old, the success of absolutism is dependent on the servility of the masses and the connivance of the intellectuals, and both are governed by the precise nature of the various narcotic substitutes for thought. Dogmas that were in the process of absolescence are being revived and new dogmas are being invented, to which unquestioning obedience is expected or compelled, according to circumstances. These dogmas are all the more dangerous to freedom of thought because of the numerous, all-pervasive methods of propaganda which modern invention has placed in the hands of those most interested in bulldozing the masses: the radio, the movies, the popular press. Directly and indirectly these three media exert an overwhelming pressure in favor of the current orthodoxies and against every form of intellectual independence. Furthermore, they are almost inaccessible to those who might use them for the intelligent interchange of ideas. At the same time, both in this country and in Europe the number of weekly and monthly periodicals devoted to the expression of independent opinions has noticeably decreased since the war.

Dogmatic orthodoxies are not the sole prerogative of the conservatives or Right wing groups. Taking Soviet Russia as their model, the radicals have largely, in many cases completely, abandoned all pretense of intellectual independence. Possessed of the only true gospel, according to Saint Marx (as they think), they issue ukases against all and sundry, not only against their avowed political opponents, but never more virulently, more intolerantly than against their own sectaries of various denominations. They pontificate, threaten, and punish with the impudent assurance of those endowed with omniscience and plenary powers. The Marxian inquisition harries its victims with the theological fervor of its predecessors, and if its Galileos are fewer, that is only because its undisputed sway is still challenged outside Russia. The communist spirit is willing, only the Communist International is weak.

Where rational and independent discussion of Marx's teaching was once the rule, it is now the exception. Consider the early debates of H. M. Hyndman and the Social Democratic Federation in England with Bernard Shaw, the Fabian Society, and Stanley Jevons, when Marxian theories first engaged the attention of the intellectuals. In the eighties and nineties freedom of thought was still respected amongst intelligent people. Nowadays, instead of using their brains, they hurl anathemas and pronounce excommunications. Like their opponents of the Right, the Left wing groups suffer from the common illusion of our time, to wit, that their theories, remedies, and proposals have never been previously examined and found wanting. For the theological determination of the one is substituted the economic determinism of the other.

A recent article in *Editor and Publisher* pointed out that "less than 26 per cent of Europe's population enjoys anything that remotely resembles personal liberty and freedom of expression and conscience." This statement was graphically illustrated by a shaded map showing the countries where absolute or limited censorship exists. The only white spaces were France, the British Isles, Scandinavia, and Czecho-Slovakia. Three hundred and sixty million people in Europe are living under this black pall of various kinds of dictatorship and regimentation. It is a spectacle which takes us straight back to the thirteenth century. It is simply the obvious and outward manifestation of the general anti-liberal trend of the post-war generation, the universal craving to be ordered, bullied, and disciplined in the name of theological, militaristic, and political mumbo jumbo. These conditions are not the cause but the symptom of the decline of liberalism.

The spectacle is one to rejoice the hearts of our Neo-mediævalists, as they continue to exhume shibboleth after shibboleth, however discredited by the experience of history, and to serve them up to their docile followers. Intellectual cowardice and subservience are essential to their purpose, the desire for every kind of activity except that of the mind, a craven longing for mythical and mystical anodynes to evade the issues which have been faced by enlightened thinkers for the past eight hundred years. The failures of liberalism are admitted, and most readily by liberals themselves, since it is their own ideals that are at stake. But those failures are as nothing beside the bloody wreckage and dark desolation which have ever been the concomitants of absolutism, blind obedience, and obscurantism in all its forms. The virtues of liberalism, of free thought, of humanitarianism have never been more effectively illustrated than in Europe today, as she stumbles blindly along the road which can lead only to the New Middle Ages.

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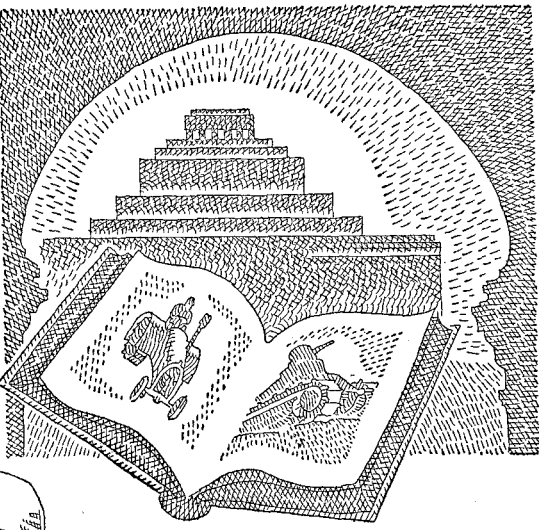
Reading in Russia

By Mary Geisler Phillips

An adventure among the books and bookshops in the Soviet Union which shows what Russians are reading and what the old bookshops offer the traveller



In the Soviet Union today there are over twenty-five millions of young people who have no memories of life before the October Revolution, who have never had the slightest contact with the outside world and who know nothing but hard, bare existence under the present régime. Since they are the future rulers of one-sixth of the earth's surface, it behooves us to watch them and to observe their reading. Their horizon is bounded by the barbed wire borders of their own country, and historically they are cut off from even their own past, since Russian history begins with the October Revolution of 1917,[1] hence their reading is somewhat restricted.

It is almost impossible not to read in Russia, for every available wall, indoors and out, is plastered with slogans, the sayings of Lenin, the six conditions of work of Stalin, or enthusiastic propaganda for the Five Year Plan. Apparently Russian eyes never tire of the color red and the Russian brain never lags over statistics, for around each red wall-chart depicting graphs and curves and figures showing the success of the plan, will be a cluster of young men and women deeply engrossed.

The government bookshops are the only stores bursting with wares of any kind; but there every shelf is full, for the Soviet publishing house puts out 35,000 books in one year, more than the number published in the United States in the same length of time. For a few copeks in Moscow one can buy treatises on nearly every subject under the sun—medicine, engineering, pig culture, poultry culture, bee culture, books on the spy system, information on abortion, the works of Karl Marx, the life of Lenin, the history of the revolution. There is a notable lack of other history, with all the centuries of Russian life under the Czars ignored, and the tale of the rise and fall of other civilizations does not yet exist for these people. Few books are concerned primarily with the arts, probably because the printing house is too busily occupied supplying the demands for information on heavy industry. Most of the books in the government shops are printed on poor pulp paper, with paper backs, but they are new and fresh and they sell like hot cakes to the workers who are avid for knowledge of all sorts.

I watched the two Russians with us one day to see what sort of books they would choose to buy. One, whose specialty is natura. science, went to the counter where the books on mathematics were gathered. He chose two abstruse treaties, discarding one because it cost a ruble (about seven cents), the one bought being a thin volume bound in paper and costing ten or twelve copeks, not quite a penny. Then he turned over many books on zoology, pointing out those by English and American authors recently translated into Russian. Later on we were astonished to see for sale Russian copies of United States Department of Agriculture Bulletins, one window before a bookshop being completely filled with our federal bulletins on bee-keeping and chicken-raising.

The other friend with us that day was a young Jew who had not learned to read Russian until he was nineteen years of age. He went immediately to the fiction counter where paper backs flaunted lurid pictures in red and yellow, and chose two of the gayest. More customers patronized that counter than any of the others, and I saw one man following a title with his finger and spelling it laboriously under his breath. Our Jewish friend explained that these blood and thunder stories always carry some Communistic doctrine nicely wrapped up in the plot, but that you can skip that part! We saw these pulp-magazine tales being devoured on the street-cars by boys and girls, and while we were on the road from Moscow to the Black Sea, our friend consumed about one a day, rushing to the book stall at a railway station after filling the inevitable teapot.

All the customers in the bookshop were young, but then one sees few old or middle-aged persons about anywhere, and it was noticeable that no women were buying books. Perhaps they have less time for reading, since they must work outside the home seven

[1] Since writing this, I have seen in a newspaper that plans are being formulated for introducing earlier history as well as world geography into the Russian schools. I have been unable to discover whether this is authentic information.

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hours a day and then like their sisters all over the world, probably have household chores to do as well.

We were eager to find out whether any American literature, aside from technical texts and government bulletins, were being read. There was nothing in the new bookshop, which was not unexpected since we realized the attitude taken by the ruling Communists toward "bourgeois" and capitalistic literature. O. Biha, writing in English for the magazine *Literature of the World Revolution,* says that "outside the Soviet Union, there is only in Germany an extensive literature which is ideologically and organizationally connected with the proletariat," and they will have nothing to do with literature concerning any other class. Mr. Biha truly says that "the entire literature of proletarian writers is agitation and propaganda for the revolutionary movement" —the movies we saw, the magazines we read, even the daily papers were nothing but lessons in Communism, and deadly dull most of them were.

Nevertheless, art for art's sake will some day flourish in the Soviet Union, according to B. Ettinhof, Assistant Chief of the Art Sector in the People's Commissariat for Education of the RSFSR, who explains the active interest "of the many million worker and peasant masses," and their yearning to participate in the various forms of art. However he goes on to say that "in the main, art must with every powerful means of mass influence inherent to it aid in the raising of mass consciousness, in the organizing of the mass will, mind, enthusiasm for the great social reforms, for socialistic construction going on in our country, for international socialist education. Such are the main aims of art according to the Five Year Plan."

Whether a culture so harnessed and restricted can ever produce literature that will "intensify experience and make moments beautiful or terrible beyond the comprehension of a cool outside observer," books that will bring "an ecstatic sense of life," remains to be seen.

We asked many of the Russians whom we met whether they had read any of our American writers, and learned that Upton Sinclair's works are popular. We found too that a few had read *Babbitt,* and hoped to have more of Sinclair Lewis's novels. To our surprise, the most popular book by an American author seems to be *The Life of Henry Ford.* The Muscovites spoke with such scorn of our capitalists, Rockefeller and Morgan being the two names they knew, that I remarked,

"But don't you consider Henry Ford a capitalist?"

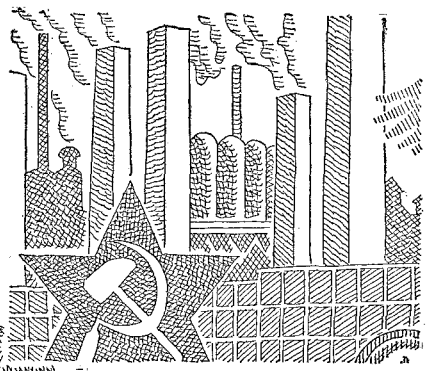
"Henry Ford? He is a worker!" was the enthusiastic response. Either Ford himself or his Russian publisher must be remarkably astute to be able to present this man in such a light that in spite of his millions he is still accepted as a fellow worker in the Soviet Union.

There is no doubt that the youth of Russia is reading, and that he is receiving from his books a distorted image of the world in which he lives. What this will do to the mass psychology we shall see in the next decade when the leadership of the country passes into the hands of today's boys and girls.

We had not been long in Russia before we felt the need of books to ease the strain of living in this new country, where, as a Soviet writer puts it, "life is boiling." The "boiling" that we did was mostly exasperation over interminable delays; with Great Russians, Tartars, Kurds, Ukrainians, Gypsies and others of the 185 nationalities making up the Soviet Union, we were forever standing in line.

"Let's find a second-hand bookstore," I said. "Then at least we'll have something to do while we wait."

I thought of the entrancing book stalls along the Seine, and had a homesick pang for that peaceful spot in Philadelphia, Leary's Old Book Shop, where one can browse for hours undisturbed and where rare treasures are often unearthed. The last thing I bought there was Henry James's *The Two Magics*—oh, if I could find something like that in Russia! I thought of these things as we followed the turnings of the Chinese wall, pushing through the usual throng of the proletariat, hunting a bookshop. I never walked the streets of Moscow without wondering where the intelligentsia walk, all the gently nurtured, the educated, the refined, for they are rarely encountered on the streets.



But this day we discovered where they lurk. From the turmoil of swarming streets, we stepped inside a shop and immediately felt at home. Here was the same lack of air and light, here was the unruffled calm of all old book-stores. And before the piles of books in happy disorder stood absorbed readers in spectacles, the same sort of bookworms that stand before the ten-cent shelves or one-franc stalls the world over. The few people placidly reading in this dim room in Moscow were actually middle-aged!

We made for the shelves where books in English rubbed elbows with French literature—seven rows full, reaching to the ceiling and necessitating a climb on the ladder. Many times I have discovered a precious volume tucked away on a top shelf, out of the reach of the grasping hands of older bookworms whose creaking joints keep them on the ground level, but this top shelf revealed merely a First Year Algebra, a textbook on metallurgy, another on mining, and three old medical books—nothing to make one forget the sights and sounds and smell of train travel.

The next shelf was more promising for it began with *Alice in Wonderland,* inscribed on the fly-leaf "To Jean, from Mamma." Who was Jean and how could she bear to leave *Alice* behind her? Perhaps the book had inadvertently fallen behind a shelf, or perhaps in packing there was not room for everything and the unenlightened packers did not realize that of all books to leave behind on foreign soil, *Alice* is the last! I shall never know, but I like to think of some little English Jean reading *Alice* on the banks of the Moscva. Next to this book stood *The Wide, Wide World,* an old-timer I had not seen for many years. On the fly-leaf, in round,

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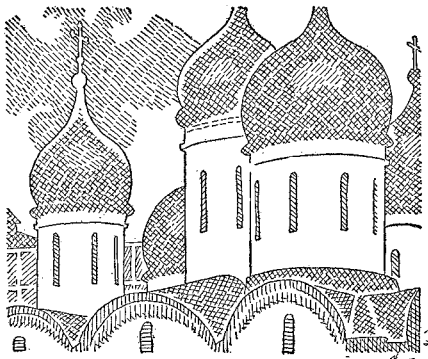

childish hand, I read, "For Sister." Well, Sister, did you, even as I, mingle your tears with Ellen's when "the floodgates of Ellen's heart were opened and she wept?" You were wise, Sister, to leave Ellen to the oblivion of the musty shop; you could learn much more about the wide, wide world without her and her tears.

Red-bound volumes of *The Rover Boys* came next, and beside them, three volumes of *The Vassar Girls Abroad*. I had no desire to meet the Vassar Girls in England, Holland or Italy after gazing at their buxom forms with wasp waists and leg-o'-mutton sleeves, each girl equipped for European travel with a parasol.

The shelf below this one yielded ten or twelve of the Tauchnitz edition of old favorites. I passed by Ouida, Sir Walter Scott, Washington Irving, and picked up *Lorna Doone* and several of E. F. Benson's novels. I shall never forget the strange contrast of reading these books in a "hard carriage" travelling over the monotonous steppes. *Lorna Doone* proved enthralling enough to make one forget the sensation that one's bones were coming through to the uncompromising wooden bench, but the society novels of Benson seemed thin and unreal, far removed from this virile world where the amenities of the drawing room and the insouciant trifling of lovers are unknown.

On the counters of the bookshop were a few English books of more recent date, not yet relegated to the limbo of the upper shelves, and there my heart was warmed by a thumbed copy of *The Yale Review*. Beside it, hobnobbing in the way of the sociable Westerners, were the catalogs of the University of Arizona and the University of Wisconsin. How in the world did these three drift together in this strange corner?

In Kharkov, just a square away from our hotel, was a low building, shrinking back from the sidewalk, its big window dimmed with cobwebs, its door always hospitably open. It was so near that it was possible to say, when a long delay seemed imminent:

"I'll be waiting at the second-hand bookshop at the corner."

Once there, I would step down the single grimy step to mull over books so thick with dust that one wondered how long it had been since other fingers touched them. I found a book that I wanted badly, an enormous tome in leather, containing the choicest pictures from *Punch* for several years. I might have had that big, whimsical book for five dollars, and a Russian could have bought it with his roubles for seventy cents, but it would not go into the rucksack, so reluctantly I gave it up. One day, while looking for maps among portfolios that yielded nothing but steel engravings—"The Stag at Eve," "Othello" and "Charlotte Corday"—I saw with envy an old Russian whose greasy hair lay on the greenish collar of his shiny coat, handling a folder of colored etchings. They were exquisite things, sketches of various types, a Russian priest, a Cossack, a Gypsy—I saw them all as I looked greedily over his shoulder, and I meanly hoped that he would not have money enough to buy them all. But the clerk was contemptuous of them and sold the lot for a mere copek or two. After the old man left, with the light of a treasure finder in his eye, I opened the folder. Not one of the lovely Russian etchings was left, nothing there but a few Parisian fashion plates, "La Revue de la Mode," dated 1881, 1887, 1889. I smiled to think that then as now in other countries women were concerned mightily about styles of dress, while at present in the Soviet Union, the least important thing about a woman is her gown.

Our choicest find in the little bookshop of Kharkov bore a gold crown above the imperial double eagle on the faded red backs of its two volumes entitled, *Free Russia,* by William Hepworth Dixon, published in London in 1870. The frontispiece, labelled, "Convent of Solovetsk in the Frozen Sea," is in color, the onion-shaped pinnacles in bright green, the towers topping the high wall in red, the water of the foreground very blue, with white gulls sailing in the sky.

The preface to this fascinating book of travel begins, *"Svobodnaya Rossia*—Free Russia—is the word on every lip in that great country; at once the Name and Hope of the new empire born of the Crimean War. In past times Russia was free even as Germany and France were free. She fell before Asiatic hordes; The Tartar system lasted in spirit, if not in form, until the war; but since that conflict ended, the old Russia was born again. This new country—hoping to be pacific, meaning to be free—is what I have tried to paint."

Much of that paragraph might have been written of Russia today with the change of just a few words, and from the light shed by Dixon upon the Russian people our journey was greatly illuminated. The villages he describes are exactly like dozens we passed through; the characteristics, the virtues and vices that he depicts are those we likewise observed among the Russians. Indeed, we were amazed to find how little the lower layer of society, particularly outside the great cities, has changed since the half century or more ago of which he writes. The priests and monks have disappeared, the monasteries are closed, the aristocracy and the rich merchants have vanished, but the peasants, over 80 per cent of the population, live and work and think just as they did then and are only beginning to be stirred by the onslaught of shock brigades, *kolkhozes* and *sovkozes*. But they are beginning to read, and the day may yet come when they will change habits and characteristics centuries old!

In a coming number: "Seamen: Soviet Style" by Desmond Holdridge.

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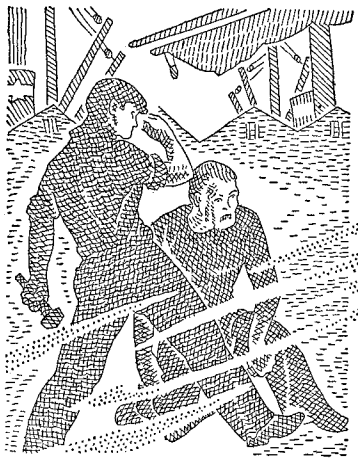

Dividends and Stevedores

By Donald Mackenzie Brown

A small investor learns about strikes by witnessing scenes of violence and talking with strikers, scabs, bankers, and economists

As I entered the fog-laden San Francisco warehouse district on the morning of July 5, 1934, there seemed to be little out of the ordinary in the life of the city. Only the frequent squads of pickets reminded one that the fifty-seven-day-old longshoreman's strike was still in progress. My car was stopped by a police cordon and shunted up to Fourth Street. There I saw a long line of red trucks emerging from the back of one of the buildings. These were the strike-breakers, carrying out the port-opening plan of the San Francisco Industrial Association. How closely each truck followed the other, and how carefully the drivers seemed to keep their faces turned from the watching picket lines; perhaps it would be unhealthy to be recognized. But it all seemed safe at the moment.

Leaving this scene I drove up Harrison Street to the top of Rincon Hill, commanding a view of the south waterfront and the Embarcadero along the Pier 38 section. As I walked toward the mixed crowds assembled there, an object whined ominously overhead and crashed into a wooden frame building on the street corner. I turned in time to see two little girls duck inside a window. Some one laughed. At the same time I caught the sound of gun-fire over the hill. The more cautious of the crowd began moving away with nervous steps; the movement was contagious and the mob poured away from the crest looking backward expectantly —some laughing. These were not the strikers, but the hangers-on, the sympathizers, and curious. Keeping on the inside of the sidewalk, I continued over the hill.

Below I saw little clouds of bluish smoke rising on the bare dirt slopes; they were tear-gas bombs coming from a group of about fifty police officers in blue uniform at the base of the hill. And charging down upon them was a shouting mob of several hundred strikers, men and boys, some in old coats, some in shirtsleeves—down upon the uniforms. They hurled rocks. They picked up the tear-gas bombs and threw them back at the police. But the bombs came thicker and the shots faster. Four strikers fell in agony. Then the ranks broke and the men streamed up the hill with police in pursuit on foot and horse. Pickets piled barricades of planks and ladders at intervals along Harrison Street, blocking machines but not the "mounties," who drove into the crowds, scattering them into milling groups. Flames shot up on the dry grass slopes of the hill, and the smoke of the weeds mingled with the blue gas from the bombs. In a few moments the red cars of the fire department were racing into the scene. Pickets tried to cut the tough fire hose. Streams of water played on the rioters, and at times on the police and firemen. I saw one bystander tying up the bleeding wrist of another who had caught a stray buckshot.

Beside me one of the older men was too slow to avoid a horse. He was trampled under. "You son of a bitch!" cried a youth, hurling a railroad spike. The officer, nightstick drawn, pursued him around a corner. Quickly three strikers dragged the injured man into a doorway. I joined them, glad of shelter from buckshot and bricks.

"What's it all about?" I asked.

He did not answer. He had laid his coat under the man's head and was blotting a gash in the temple with a dirty bandanna handkerchief.

I tried again. "What's the idea of charging the police? What can you expect when you start the rough stuff?"

He looked up this time, but with obvious contempt. He was a stevedore, all right, tall and blond, with the leathery, toil-worn countenance of one who had been at the work since boyhood. He might have been twenty-five or forty.

"Maybe he don't have to work!" sneered the second of the three.

I protested that I did.

"Well," said the first one, "suppose you'd been workin' for ten years for your company, or maybe twenty-five years like old 'Dad' here"—he mopped the victim's forehead again—"an' you got longer hours and harder work an' scummier treatment, an' every time one of you kicked you were told you could quit if you didn't like it. What would you do?"

"I might go out on strike," I answered, "but I wouldn't go around slugging strike-breakers and throwing bricks."

"You'd be plain yellow if you didn't! Why man, some of us has been with these companies longer than their owners. An', hell, what do we get for it? All the owners are out for now is to smash our unions so they can take care of us easy like in the future. What do they care if it costs a little now—it's

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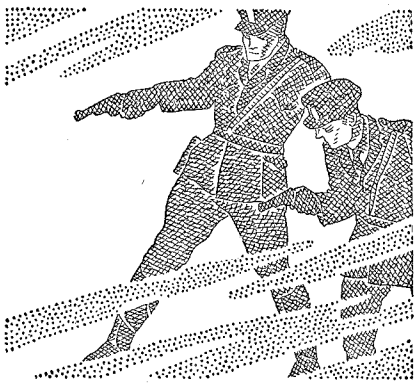

gov'ment money anyhow. They've had us right where they wanted us since they broke our big strike back in twenty-one—broke our unions plumb to hell. But there's no use tellin' you how things was. You never done that work. Most people don't think a stevedore's work is dangerous."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Not that it's gotta be—understand. But when they worked us hour after hour at a stretch without any let-up we got kinda tired. An' then they had a 'speed-up' system where the crews had to race. That was when most of the accidents happened. I was with a crew unloadin' a shipment of lumber from Seattle. That timber was heavy an' we saw the crane that was liftin' it onto the dock was weak, so one of us goes to the boss an' tells him it's dangerous. He just hollers that if we won't do the job he'll get a crew what will. It wasn't long before she broke and let a couple o' ton of lumber down on a gang of us."

"Haven't the employers agreed to submit the whole question of hours and wages to arbitration? And besides eighty-five cents an hour sounds like good pay to me."

He looked at his companions. "Sure! Might be, too, if you got it. You'd go down an' report at the docks at say eight o'clock an' maybe you'd stand around all morning in the fog or the rain. By the time you got goin' most of your day would be gone. And while you was waitin' you'd see a few guys the boss liked gettin' to work when they wanted to. The rest of us could work like horses sometimes and other-times stand around. That's one reason we're holdin' out for the hirin' hall. We'll arbitrate wages and hours, but we're gonna dispatch our own men on company call, and cut this standin' around like cattle. But the main reason we won't arbitrate the hall is that we know better—see? There ain't one chance in ten hun'erd that this here board is gonna give us control. They wanta have some fancy system they call point control. Get this straight—if the employers have anything to do with the hiring halls, us strikers is finished. Blacklisted in their damned bluebook union."

"You mean you wouldn't be able to work again? I thought they had agreed to take back all strikers without discrimination."

"Yeah, they'd take us back all right. But in a few weeks or months they'd find that this guy wasn't doin' his share o' the work and that guy was damagin' cargo and out he'd go, gradual like, see? An' the fellows that went would just happen to be us, accidental, see?"

"Well," I said, "I still think you're making a big mistake trying to beat up the scabs. It's illegal, and it only gets you into trouble."

"Illegal—hell!" they chorused. Their spokesman continued. "What would you do—what would you have the strikers do? Sit around, suck thumbs, and watch scabs run off with their jobs—the jobs they been handlin' for years?"

"You could argue with them and—isn't that what a picket is supposed to do?"

"Argue with a guy that's gettin' twenty bucks a day! There's only one kinda argument a scab understands and that's what we give 'em. Argue with 'em—Ffftt! *Educate 'em,* we calls it! An' we'd 'ave educated them truck drivers down there loadin' 'hot' freight if the cops hadn't turned the lead on us."

I saw the futility of further reasoning. I was dealing with realists. Somehow the concepts I had learned among my professional acquaintances sounded pretty lame in this situation.

The trampled man was moving restlessly.

"Why don't you take him to the Emergency Hospital?" I asked.

Their spokesman looked grim. "Do you know what happens when a picket is taken to the Emergency Hospital? The cops are waitin' for him and as soon as they git their hands on him they take him down an' book him. Then he lies around in a dirty cell all day, and if they think he's dyin' bye an' bye they'll take him back to the hospital. That's why we hadda rig up our own dressin' room."

The morning was late now, and as the streets were fairly clear of strikers and police, the men carried the injured one down the side street, refusing my offer of help. I went up town for lunch.

I ate mechanically and then walked the four blocks down to Montgomery Street to see my banker. He too had just finished lunch, and apparently had enjoyed his.

"What do you think of the strike?" I began. "Isn't it rather stupid of the ship companies to hold out like this when it's costing them more in shipping losses and high scab wages than it would have to grant the union demands in the first place?"

He settled back in the swivel-chair, hands clasped over his vest. He smiled indulgently. "Say, who has been handing you that line?"

"Oh," I replied, "I've just heard it said. It's true, isn't it?"

He smiled that way again. "In a limited sense, obviously it's true. It's costing business plenty now. But there's much more to it than just that. It's the old, old question of whether a man is going to run his own business or let some one try to run it for him."

"I see. If the International Longshoreman's Association is permitted to control the hiring hall and draw up the lists of eligible stevedores, then it is running the shipping business here in this port?"

He thought a minute. "Not entirely, no: but to that extent."

My financier was serious now. "You forget," he cautioned, "that this is not just a matter of shipping. Ship-owners, in common with most business men, have banking and commercial interests of all kinds. If they were to permit successful strikes, they'd have to put up with a concession here and a concession there without end. For instance, a shipping executive may hold a mess of bank stock in a San Francisco bank that has extensive farm mortgages in the San Joaquin Valley cotton and apricot districts. The return to the bank on those mortgages is dependent upon the growers' income, which is greater or less as the labor costs vary. A successful strike of 'cot pickers bringing higher labor costs means losses for the banker and those dependent upon him. Besides, with an absolute open shop in

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Los Angeles, business here can't compete under closed shop wage scales. A ship-owner would be a fool, any business man would be a fool to tolerate strikes. It hurts business everywhere. As your banker, entrusted with the investment of your money, I must take the same position."

With this thought in mind I headed back toward the Embarcadero picket zones. As before, the life of the city flowed on. The riots of the morning seemed to be significant in the eyes of San Franciscans generally only as topics of conversation—unless they had interests involved, cargo waiting at the docks for instance.

This afternoon the pickets were concentrated around the center of the Embarcadero. Attempts were being made to move freight cars on the state-owned belt-line railroad. About one P.M. a large crowd of pickets stood about at the foot of Howard and Folsom Streets, just across the Embarcadero from the freight cars. The strikers began shouting at the police guarding the train. Just at this time, gas bombs began hurtling into the crowd and a group of mounted police in brown uniforms charged. This was the beginning of the bloodiest struggle of the entire strike. The newspapers next day said that a picket threw a rock at the police. That may have been. The men had rocks. I did not see any one throw anything until the "mounties" charged and the tear gas started. Nor had I seen it in the Rincon Hill battle of the morning. The strikers all maintained that the police started a pre-arranged clean-up on their lines without provocation. The police, however, said that the pickets massed for an assault on the truck lines and started throwing rocks when they were ordered back. The question of who started the violence is probably futile, since the strikers felt that their jobs were being stolen, and the police were bound to protect the legal rights of the strike-breakers.

The pickets retreated in a surging mass, stopping as they went to hurl back the tear-gas bombs, to throw rocks, bricks, spikes, anything they could lay hands on. But against the gas and guns of the officers these missiles were but a feeble protest. I saw no officer seriously injured thereby. The strikers were like a crowd of bad boys running from the "cops" after breaking Mrs. O'Reilly's window. As they surged past me and around the corner they seemed to be having just a good time, laughing like school-boys. Up the street with the policemen came a newsreel camera. For a moment I was caught between two fires. I had to choose between the strikers and the police. Trusting to the conservative appearance of my business suit, I walked up to a squad assembled at the corner of Steuart Street. They were lined up there with their big open-mouthed gas guns smoking, watching the enemy disappearing around the corner, waiting for further orders. And somehow, I could not see them as the villains of the play. They were not enjoying the part they were taking. I remembered reading that police vacations had been cancelled during the emergency. Perhaps they only wanted to clean up the whole mess so they could start on that fishing trip in the high Sierras. They stood there looking tired and hot. They paid no attention to me.

One of the fast radio patrol cars raced up to the group, siren blowing.

"Deploy your men up toward Market Street! They're massing near the Ferry Building." The officers sped away.

I went after them toward the ILA headquarters. The crowds seemed to have retreated to the streets above for a few minutes' respite. The morning fog had lifted and the bright California sun was shining above the city. Towering above me was the tall, orange, steel framework of the new Bay Bridge. A police plane, brilliant wings flashing in the sun, zoomed and circled.

Suddenly bedlam broke over Steuart Street. Struggling knots of longshoremen, closely pressed by officers mounted and on foot, swarmed everywhere. The air was filled with blinding gas. The howl of the sirens. The low boom of the gas guns. The crack of pistol-fire. The whine of the bullets. The shouts and curses of sweating men. Everywhere was a rhythmical waving of arms—like trees in the wind—swinging clubs, swinging fists, hurling rocks, hurling bombs. As the police moved from one group to the next, men lay bloody, unconscious, or in convulsions—in the gutters, on the sidewalks, in the streets. Around on Madison Street, a plain-clothes-man dismounted from a radio car, waved his shotgun nervously at the shouting pickets who scattered. I saw nothing thrown at him. Suddenly he fired up and down the street and two men fell in a pool of gore—one evidently dead, the other, half attempting to rise, but weakening fast. A gas bomb struck another standing on the curb—struck the side of his head, leaving him in blinded agony. The night sticks were the worst. The long hardwood clubs lay onto skulls with sickening force, again and again and again till a face was hardly recognizable.

But an insane courage drove on the strikers. In the face of bullets, gas, clubs, horses' hoofs, death; against fast patrol cars and the radio, they fought back with rocks and bolts till the street was a mass of debris. One policeman was thrown from a horse, cracking his head on the pavement. Another suffered a cut face when he failed to dodge a heavy rock.

Remember that this was in the heart of one of the busiest sections of the city. Through it all, the innocent civilians carried on their business. Why more bystanders were not shot there as they were later is a mystery.

About two o'clock the fighting subsided, the sirens stopped blowing, and the strikers melted away. Apparently the battle was over. But hundreds of San Franciscans didn't think so. They jammed the office windows and the streets about the Ferry Building. And as though they sensed the greater slaughter that was coming, they lined the foot-bridge above the automobile under-pass at the foot of Market. This bridge commanded a view of the Embarcadero south of the ferries and was the point of vantage from which many saw the afternoon struggle in comparative safety.

They did not have long to wait. By three o'clock the strikers were surging down Mission Street around the ILA headquarters and attempting to seize the waterfront just south of Market. This time it was no skirmish, it was a mass attack. Rumors were flying that the National Guard had been ordered out and would take over the waterfront that evening. Whether the strikers realized that they must stop the belt-line freight movements that afternoon or never, or whether they were enraged at the recent gun-slaughter, I do not know. But, certainly, they were no longer bad boys on a window-breaking excursion. They were fighting desper-

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ately for something that seemed to be life for them.

They came from everywhere with fresh loads of iron and stone. They swarmed onto the Embarcadero, outnumbering the police by enormous odds. The police answer to this was gas, and still more gas. These bombs appeared to have longer range than those used in the morning, and exploded on impact. Volley after volley of these crashed into the closely packed mob, searing flesh, blinding, and choking. Where the ranks broke, mounted officers drove in with clubs, trampling those who could not get out of the way. Again the sirens screamed, and carload after carload of officers and plainclothes-men armed with more tear gas and shotguns swung into action. Many were especially equipped with gas masks.

The congestion at the foot of Market was becoming fantastic. The spectators were standing so thickly on the bridge over the under-pass that the structure was in danger of collapse. Automobiles were packed in the subway below, stopping all traffic. The gas began drifting toward the spectators. Eyes watered. Handkerchiefs covered faces. Some started running for cover, took courage, and stayed. And all the while, ferry-loads of commuters were being emptied into the Ferry Building, and ferry-loads of automobiles from Oakland and Alameda were being dumped at the auto entrance, a little to the south and in the midst of the heavy fighting.

At the height of this confusion, the battle reached white heat. More and more gun-fire came into play. Bullets crashed into office windows, scattering the curious employees, sending showers of glass onto the crowded sidewalks below. Masked officers with drawn revolvers and bombs made raids into the older buildings. Out of one of these, called the Seaboard Hotel, they came dragging two young men through a cloud of gas and smoke. One had been shot in the head. The other was crippled. Police tried vainly to drive the masses of spectators back from the combat zone, but they were thrust into it by the discharging auto ferries and street-cars. Some, trying to escape from the stalled trolleys, fell before the hail of slugs. One middle-aged woman received one in the head as she dismounted. Two men were shot. A bystander at the auto ferry fell screaming.

The superior technical equipment of the uniformed forces was too much for any human flesh, regardless of numerical superiority. The Embarcadero was cleared of strikers. There remained the broken windows, scattered glass, rocks, spikes, empty shotgun shells, and drying blood. Newspapers listed two dead, sixty-seven injured, some critically, on that one afternoon. Undoubtedly there were many more who took care of themselves and did not appear in the official casualty lists. The great majority of injured were strikers, a few were bystanders and police. I find no record of any police having been shot, a tribute to union discipline.

As the amazed spectators began to disperse after four o'clock, and the traffic became unsnarled, I went up Market and turned into Steuart Street, where the police were mopping up the remaining combatants. Near the ILA headquarters two men were helping a staggering picket away from the fray. He was stripped to the waist showing a gaping bullet hole in his back. Tear-gas fumes were drifting out of the open door of the ILA hall, where wounded were being given first aid. I had seen enough. I drove on to the auto ferry for Oakland.

The surface of the bay was covered with idle, anchored ships, most of them long, steel, red and black freighters. Together with the overloaded docks of unmoved cargo, they testified to the complete stagnation of commerce in the beautiful bay cities. At Broadway in Oakland I was surprised to see blunt-nosed olive-drab army trucks, manned by uniformed soldiers. There had been much talk during the day as to the National Guard; but I had been among those who doubted that machine-guns would be placed along the Embarcadero. Yet here they were under mobilization, ready for the order to move in.

I had dinner with an economist. We met at six at the Durant. The newspapers on the hotel desk were carrying the first stories of the afternoon's carnage. The sole topic of conversation was the strike.

I remarked at table that I had seen most of the day's skirmishing and that it seemed futile to lay personal blame for the tragedy on the participants. If there is any condemnation in order, it should be directed against those responsible for the decision to defy the strikers' demands with all the force at their disposal.

"You mean the Industrial Association," commented my friend.

"I mean the big business of the city. But," I continued, "if my banker is correct, they've got to bust labor to protect the funds we have committed to them for investment. So I guess you've got to say it's all inevitable and may the best man win!"

"If it's dividends you want, you're rooting for the wrong side," he said. "It doesn't take much to see that you can't pay dividends unless you can sell what you produce; and you can't sell much unless you put purchasing power in the hands of the public. If you want returns on your investments, you'd better go over and help the stevedores picket." He laughed.

"If that's so," I protested, "why are San Francisco business men trying to break the strike?"

"Partly because they don't know any better, and partly because they can't help themselves. Some foresee, as does E. A. Filene, that business and investments inevitably suffer in the long run by low standards of living for a large sector of the population. But most of them aren't so far-sighted. What is good for them is sound practice, regardless of the mass result."

"I've seen the earnings reports of some of my corporations, and I know they couldn't show any profit if they did what you say."

"That is true of many—not all. But isn't it better to take a temporary loss now, and realize on your investment later, than to lose everything? The government has given industries an effective monopoly by suspending the Sherman Act under NRA and unless it gives labor a similar privilege to defend its living standards, I see no prospects for future markets. In this particular case, the responsibility lies squarely with the Federal Administration. Practically all of the shipping companies involved are annually receiving millions of dollars of the public's money as subsidy in the form of Ocean Mail Contracts. They could not operate without it. Yet the administration is permitting those companies to take the lead in beating down popular purchasing power."

I had lost much of the equanimity

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with which I had been viewing the struggles of the day. I looked back upon the events I had witnessed. A formidable sacrifice. But to what end?

I took the Berkeley Ferry back to San Francisco. How peaceful and stable it seemed there in the evening haze.

Two deck-hands were conversing a few feet from where I sat in my car. When one left I walked over to the other and stood beside him for a moment.

"Do you think the strikers are getting a fair deal?" I asked.

He turned slowly, sized up my clothes with a glance. "Go down by the Ferry Building and you'll see whether they're getting a fair deal." He spoke quietly, hopelessly.

"What are the longshoremen's chances of winning now?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Depends on how other unions back 'em up, 'specially the skilled traders. You can't replace machinists and engineers very fast, but there's always plenty of scabs for the plain jobs."

"Lord," I exclaimed, "you'd think they'd have a little more decency than to betray their own kind that way. I don't blame pickets for wanting to 'educate' them."

The deck-hand looked around for a moment. "Listen," he said. "Don't ever think a scab's all bad. I was a scab in the walk-out of twenty-one. I'm a good union man now, but I haven't forgotten how it was then. I'd been walkin' the streets for six months listenin' to the same thing day after day. 'No jobs today'—'Nothing today'—'Come back next week.' And all the time tryin' to keep a wife and kid from starvin' on a dollar seventy-five a week charity. Hell, I'd have done murder for a square meal. An' then one morning at the docks they said, 'Here's your chance—a steady job and fifteen a day.' God! I didn't know there was that much money." He stopped a minute. "No, don't blame this on the scabs."

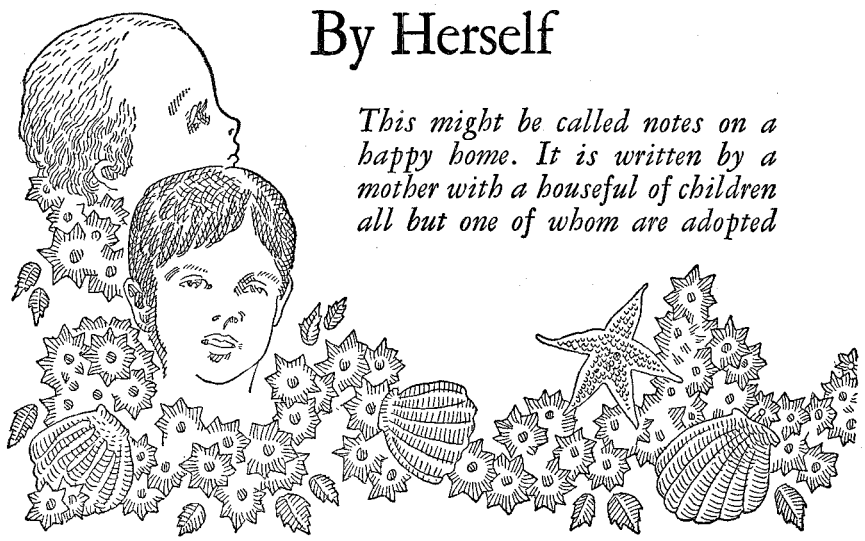
On landing I drove up the now quiet Embarcadero. Here and there little knots of pickets huddled together. I came up to one group sitting around a tiny fire built in a vacant lot. They had obtained a late extra and were scanning it by the fading light. There was grim sadness, defeat, in the stoop of their backs and in their faces.

I read the headlines. The National Guard was moving in.

Adopted Mother

By Herself

This might be called notes on a happy home. It is written by a mother with a houseful of children all but one of whom are adopted



THE pretty little wife of the high school principal sat on our porch dry-eyed and tight-lipped, pathetically tense. My two rowdy boys with some friends were climbing the big elm tree in the front yard, the twins were playing house in the next room, and Joe in the kitchen was reading aloud to Peggy and Joan as they made fudge. Amid these intimate family chatterings it occurred to me that I was far too happy and my friend too miserable, and I thought there was a remedy.

"Bea," I said, "why don't you adopt a child?"

Her wind-blown bob shook sharply. "No!" Just one syllable. But so final.

I remembered the pinched little face in the coffin: Bea's second baby. It had lived not quite three years, and their first had lived less than three months. I knew that Bea and George had spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills, but nothing seemed to do any good. The younger child never weighed more than twelve pounds. I knew of the hopes built around those two, and the mother's hunger for moist curls against her cheek. But my suggestion fell cold.

"If the blood of the Thorpes can't flow in my child's veins," said Bea, staring unseeingly outside, "I won't have one."

I think I know most of the arguments against adoption. Bea's is one of the commonest. To me it seems odd that with millions of families on earth, only our own should appear desirable and "safe." I know many a childless home like hers where children are wanted, yet because of vague fears the parents will not take the one way to get them. They have heard of the adopted child that turned out badly: never, it seems, of the child that brought disaster and heartbreak to his own parents. They shudder at the risks of inheritance, forgetting that they may not know the names of their own great-grandparents. Lesser fears become deciding obstacles: "He might not look like us"—or, "I'm sure John would never have any feeling for an adopted child."

I have reason to know that most of these fears and arguments are foolish, for I have been five times an adopted mother, and several other kinds of mother also. My husband and I—he is fifteen years the elder—were married late. Our first born child was a daughter who died in infancy. Our second, also a daughter, has just turned eighteen. No other children came to us naturally, and our remaining five, ranging in age from three to fifteen, are adopted, each from a different family. For several years I was a stepmother too, for my husband from an earlier marriage brought us twin boys who were killed later in a rowboat accident. Within the last three years, two grown children have also come to call our place home: a girl of twenty-five, and a boy of nineteen. Though without blood or legal ties, they are just as dear to me as any of the others. What I have

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learned, if anything, is that love-lines, not blood-lines, make motherhood, and that true parenthood is a stewardship which has no necessary relation to physical parenthood.

My experience as a mother covers twenty-odd years. I used to think I was going to be an old maid. An only child, I grew up perfectly uneventfully and happily in the quiet of a New England small city, going abroad for one year with Mother, and coming home—to do nothing. Father and Mother died at about the same time, when I was twenty-three, and I lived on alone in the old home, the years slipping by till I was past thirty.

I played with dolls till I was a big girl, and now I found myself hungering for a real child. I resolved to adopt somebody. Nowadays, quite a few bachelor women become adopted mothers, but I had never heard of such a thing when I made my decision.

The decision was never put into effect. References, I found, had to be given to the hospitals, and I didn't like to give the names of any of my intimate friends in our little city, where gossip is a staple article of manufacture. My father had often mentioned a beloved physician in a neighboring town; I took my courage and wrote to him. He replied with a long letter telling about his nine-year-old twin boys who needed a mother, and suggesting that instead of adopting somebody else, I might be willing to take charge of them. He followed the letter in person. We were attracted to one another. Eventually he proposed marriage.

I, however, hesitated. I knew that unwelcome stepmothers have wrought a great deal of misery in tiny, resentful hearts, and I did not believe it was fair to those nine-year-olds to present them with a mother whom they might not like.

"Let me have them for a while," I suggested; "I'll give you my answer later."

So David and Dorrance became my first children. I fell in love with them and they, I think, with me. When I finally said "Yes" to their father, I believe they felt like conspirators who had artfully arranged it themselves.

At the time of our marriage my husband was in his middle forties. As I have said, I bore him two daughters, the first dying soon after birth, the second, Joan, being a very lovely eighteen-year-old girl now, just ready for college. I have examined my heart closely about her. I love her dearly and in a special way. But so do I love each of my children in a special way, because each of them is a different, special person. I cannot say truthfully that I love Joan, flesh of my flesh, more than the others because—I do not love her more. No scales can weigh this sort of thing, for the question has nothing to do with more or less, and certainly not with the blood that happens to flow in her veins. . . .

It was not until after David and Dorrance died that my mind went back to the question of adoption. They were sons to be proud of. Their father adored them. They were freshmen at college when the news came of the accident, one of those incredible things that "cannot" happen, yet do. Being out in a boat one day, they jumped in for a swim. They were good swimmers. But something happened. One tried to save the other: we don't know which. Both were drowned.

This tragedy helped to make an old man of my husband. He continued to carry on his practice for many years, but a nervous affliction manifested itself which became worse and worse, and several years ago he had to retire and has been a semi-invalid ever since.

I believed another boy in the house might take his mind off his grief. He was always devoted to children. When I suggested adoption, however, he was only mildly interested. He left it to me.

Getting Peter cost me more pains, I think, than all the other adopted children combined. I felt I had to be so sure about everything. With a friend in Boston I scurried from hospital to hospital, interviewing physicians and superintendents and looking at babies of all shapes, sexes, sizes and ages. I even asked two well-known scientists, a biologist and a Harvard psychologist, for expert advice. They talked profoundly about inheritance factors, environment factors, and much else, till I came away with a whirling head, unsure about anything except that I still wanted a baby boy. So when a nurse in a starched uniform whom I had met before held out a little bundle of red-faced life, and I saw that it looked sweet and dear and cuddly, and I found I could have him almost at once with no more bother, I gasped, "Oh, do let me have him!" And they did.

That's how Peter came. Whereas I had expected to find out everything about him, I did find out almost nothing, and to this day I do not know how he happened to be there waiting for me.

Nothing, I think now, could have been luckier. If I had known all about him . . . but I don't. The door on that past is closed forever. To me—and to him. I have been able to say to him honestly:

"I did not give you physical birth; but that doesn't matter. Whoever did, wouldn't have been your real mother until she worked and cared for you and learned to love you as I do. For some reason that neither of us will ever know, she brought you into the world but left motherhood for me. You're my son because I wanted you and took you and raised you and loved you."

Peter filled our lives. He did not make my husband forget, but he helped to soften the sorrow by giving a new object of affection. My husband made a trip to New York soon after Peter came. He called on friends. They urged him to spend the night.

"No," he said, "to tell the truth, that new little chap is calling me home."

Peggy was our second adopted child. She came five years after Peter. I took her because—well, because it would have been impossible for me to do anything else. She had to be given for adoption. I saw her. She smiled at me. I had to have her!

Bobby was the third, and came a couple of years later. He was different from the first two, for he was not a baby, but already ten years old. He had lived in a "home" and had been given for adoption twice already, and in neither case, I think, was he really wanted by both parents. At the time of his second adopted mother's death, knowing very well that the father did not love him, he said manfully: "I'm terribly sorry for Jimmy"—Jimmy was the father's own child—"and I s'pose now I'll go back to the 'home.'"

Bobby's mind was a desert when he came to us—or a plowed field overgrown with weeds. He had been nagged, cast about, cheated of a child's birthright of love, and he was full of anxieties, perplexities, fears, and the

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conviction that he was different from other children and could never "belong" anywhere. I think the turning point in a long road of psychological wounds came one afternoon when we were alone. We had been talking about Peter and Peggy, and he said in his thoughtful way: "Course I could never really be your son, like Peter is——"

"Bobby!" I barked at him; "that's the silliest thing I ever heard anybody say. You know, don't you, that Peter wasn't always here?"

No, wonderingly, he didn't know.

So I told him about Peter. And about Peggy. And I added: "It isn't a question of where you happened to be born, or who your real parents, as you call them, were. That isn't what makes anybody belong. It's what you do yourself, and the love you find in your heart. You can be our own son, Bobby, just as Peter is, if you want to be——"

He stared into my eyes for a long, long minute, all barriers down, trying to assimilate an utterly new idea. I found myself looking into his very soul. Never did any child lay himself so completely open to me as Bobby did then. He didn't say much. Neither of us did. But from that day I knew that a new idea had taken possession of him and he meant to "belong"; and he became a different boy.

The special problems of adoption arise chiefly out of the child's actual questions and the neighbors' comments. Peter burst in on me one day when he was five years old and cried between sobs:

"Mother, Billy Bowles says you aren't my real mother. He says——"

I was thunderstruck. I knew I had done an awful thing. I had hesitated to say anything to him about his being adopted, thinking that he was too young to understand, that the time hadn't come, that some day the right moment would arrive and we would have a heart-to-heart talk about it . . . but that's a mistake I never repeated. I know now that an adopted child is never too young to be told. As soon as he understands the tone of love in a mother's voice, "My darling adopted baby" should be familiar to his ears: spoken with deep feeling in those precious and not too frequent moments when he is especially aware of loving care, so that "adopted" and "love" may be words forever associated in his memory. No concealment about it. No evasion. No mystery to pique curiosity.

I did my best to right the mistake with Peter. As long as he was half-hysterical, I merely tried to quiet him by diverting his attention to something else. As soon as possible I told him the truth and tried to make it beautiful, as I see it, not stressing it particularly, but explaining it as something about himself that he would like to know. His nature is mercurial. The shock passed off lightly. But something of a shock was there.

The others—and Peter too, I think—feel that adoption lends a little distinction. One day I had Peter, Peggy and Bobby at my knee and said: "You know, your sister Joan was sent to us. We had nothing to do with selecting her. But we went out and picked you because we wanted you——"

A week later the three of them marched into the kitchen, where I was, as soberly as a nominating committee.

"Mother—" Peter was spokesman "—we'd like to do something to make it up to Joan."

"Make it up?" Our conversation had slipped my mind.

"Yes, because she wasn't picked, like we were. . . ."

Mary and Raymond are the twins, as we call them, the last and youngest of our children. They are not really twins, of course, and a difference of eleven months separates them. My husband was past sixty when they came, I not far from fifty. There was no real reason for taking them, except that the others were growing up and I wanted them. First Mary, who made the two older boys her slave and flirted scandalously with her father, and who now waits on him like a little mother when he is sick enough to be in bed. Later Raymond, whom we got so that Mary would have some one of her own age to play with.

That ends the list of our adoptions. I should like to have one more; and may one of these days. Meantime, there are Blythe and Joe who also call me "Mother." They were brought up by their natural parents, but neither had what I call a home.

Blythe's mother was a spoiled child who married young. Blythe, in her mind, "belonged" to her. The poor child was looked after and loved too well—if "love" is the word for it—and was not supposed to have secrets that her mother might not pry into. Every minute of her time was scrutinized. Once, I remember, she came to us on her way to Worcester. She was of age then, fully able to take care of herself, but she had not been in the house fifteen minutes till the telephone rang: her mother. . . . "Is Blythe there? When did she get there? Is she all right? May I speak to her? . . . Darling, did you do what I told you? . . . Don't forget. . . ." etc., etc. Blythe was to have taken the bus to Worcester. She did the awful thing of taking the midnight train instead, allowing her mother to believe she had gone on the bus, not because she had any harm in her but because she was starving for a chance to sit quietly in front of our open fire—any fire—in peaceful escape.

Another time she fell sick at our house. I had the doctor for her three times during the night, and I was afraid once that she was going to die. Toward morning she fell into a sleep that she desperately needed, and two or three hours later her mother burst in. I begged her to let the girl sleep.

"I guess she's not too sick to see her own mother!" said she—and flounced in and shook the girl awake.

Blythe's mother and father died three years ago. She had developed a veneer of hardness when she came to us, claiming she wanted no home life. Home, to her, meant nagging and prying. I asked her to stay but she refused, and only gave in when I let her understand that I would never ask her where she was going or why, or how late she would be out. The cynical veneer soon vanished. Probably because she doesn't have to, she is specially careful to let me know what she is up to.

Blythe's case, and Joe's, make me wonder what would happen if certain parents gave their own children as much affection and understanding as adopted children often receive. Joe came to us as a friend of a friend—and stayed. His father is a famous professor at Columbia. One of his students once told Joe what an inspiration his father's courses were. Joe said to me wistfully: "I sort of wish I *knew* my father."

At home he was rebuked for small infringements of household regulations

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till he felt there was something wrong with himself. His feeling of inferiority became so serious that once, he told me, he contemplated suicide. Yet he has great talents. All that he needed was unselfish affection. The other morning I went into his bedroom before he was up.

"Mother," he said sleepily, "come here."

"What do you want?" I asked —"you big, lazy thing!"

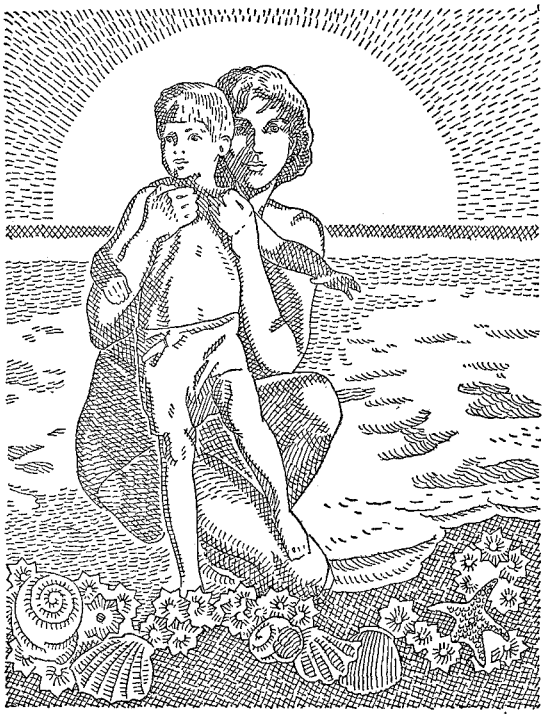
"Give me a great big hug," he said. He stretched out his arms. A grown man, almost, with stubble on his chin. "It's so good," he said, "to have somebody really love you!"

Friends ask me what the important things about adoption are. I know only two. One is the environment of the home. The other is the blood stream of the child and the physical mother—these must be clean, and every hospital has an absolute test. Nothing else matters. Nothing.

I know parents who adopted a little girl. She was two years old before they discovered that she had spastic paralysis and would never walk. Did they want to get rid of her at once because she was an outsider in their home who had become a burden? No, that's not how you treat those you love. After her coming, a little girl was unexpectedly born to them. Older sister, I think, afflicted though she is, really has more of their affection than younger.

It's easier to tell of things that are not important in adoption. One is illegitimacy. Marriage vows or the lack of them have no effect on a child's inheritance. His potentialities are sealed at conception and are unknowable, however his parents mated. Were this not so, I doubt whether one of the most famous women physicians in the country, whose husband is also a famous doctor, would have adopted two children, as she did, without knowing more about them than that the blood was clean.

I do not think it's important if the husband is unfavorable or cool toward adoption, so long as the wife wants it. When I took the twins, Mary and Raymond, I knew that my husband considered it a foolish thing to do. He had retired and our regular income had ceased. Neither of us was young. Yet within a week he was crazy about them. A dear friend who has given hundreds of children for adoption, tells me it is normal for the husband to be only half willing or even opposed; yet later he is likely to become the bigger bore of the two in ranting about his wonderful progeny.



Looks are not important to me. Others think more of hair-color, eye-color, complexion, and stature than I do, and fortunately it is possible to make fairly good guesses about these even in a very young baby.

I do not think carrying on one's own blood stream is important. Blood is not what makes motherhood.

I do not think it is important that occasionally an adopted child turns out badly. What about other children?

Finally, wealth is not important. My husband never had a large income. At the peak it was about $3600, and he always gave away a lot. Since his illness, most of his investments have gone bad. We do not own a car, and have very little money; instead of souring us, I think the situation has drawn us closer. We have experimented with many things to get money. I bake for several customers who like my cakes and individual pies. The boys help roll the pie dough and deliver the orders. The older two have paper routes. We have a big garden and sell a lot of green stuff, besides canning for our own use.

We do try to live beautifully, however. Our house is an old-fashioned, sprawling place such as you wouldn't find outside of New England, with fireplaces in nearly every room, and different levels so that you have to step down or up. There's a big yard full of trees, with open fields beyond and a glimpse of the Berkshires. We do not live by the clock and are not "good housekeepers:" it doesn't matter particularly if things are out of place, or meals are served irregularly, or if the dishes stand unwashed for half an hour. If there is a lovely sunset we go and look at it. We don't vex ourselves very much with ambitions. There is love in our home for all and we are happy.

An adopted child becomes your own, inseparably, as dear as any child of the flesh. Not long ago a friend told me she wanted a child, but she wanted one that would not be tall, and would be fair. All I could say to her was that no matter what your baby is, it seems to be the only way you would wish it to be, after you have held it in your arms.

In a coming number: "Freedom and the Child" by Doctor Grace Adams.

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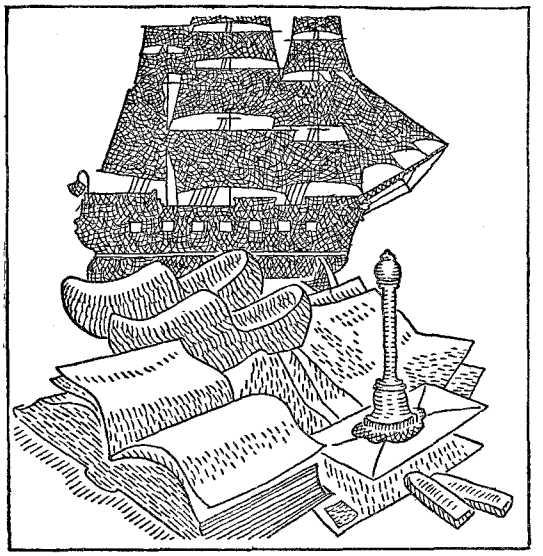
AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps



Mr. Wells as Seen by Mr. Wells . . . Paul Elmer More on Religion . . . A. A. Milne on Peace . . . Dr. Canby's Insight . . . Edna Millay and Other Poets

In reading an *Experiment in Autobiography* by H. G. Wells, I am impressed for the hundredth time by the difference between a famous man's attitude toward himself and the attitude toward the same object taken by the public. Robert Burns expressed a wish that some power might bestow upon us the gift to see ourselves as others see us; for he very well knew that no man could get that viewpoint without divine inspiration. Tolstoi regretted that he had written *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace;* he wanted the world to listen to his pleas for non-resistance and what not; but the only reason why the world listened at all to his views on religion, morals, economics was because he was the author of *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace.*

The enormous popularity of Eugene O'Neill's comedy *Ah, Wilderness!* gives little pleasure to the author; it is his play *Days Without End* that is close to his heart.

Thus Mr. Wells insists he is not a novelist, but a journalist; he scorns art, and ridicules his great contemporaries because they labored so hard over the construction of sentences; he wishes to be regarded as a prophet and a reformer, and is interested only in that World State toward which the whole creation moves. Does it? But the only parts of this Autobiography which are dull are the parts where he talks about the only subject that interests him; and, indeed, no one would care a rap about his economic views or his ideas about the only true education if he had not written *The Wheels of Chance, Kipps, Mr. Polly, Tono-Bungay, Mr. Britling Sees It Through.* I would gladly pitch all his Utopian and prophetic books out of the window for one more novel such as he used to write. As some humorist remarked, "Isn't life bad enough without having to look forward to the hell on earth Mr. Wells is preparing for us?"

The Shape of Things to Come bored me unspeakably, and I am glad it has no more relation to reality than a nightmare.

Finally, it is interesting to compare Mr. Wells's hopes for the future on earth (his only hope) with that expressed by the late Paul Cohen-Portheim in his book *The Discovery of Europe.* This Austrian cosmopolitan artist said the most precious thing in civilization was the European ideal as shown in the best culture of Greece, France, Italy, Germany, Spain, England, etc. It is a civilization made by great writers, painters, musicians, architects, sculptors, playwrights, whose ideal was a union of truth and beauty. This world of intelligence and art where the individual was free to follow the natural development of his talents, a world of freedom in creation, freedom in thought, freedom in expression, is now (according to Mr. Cohen-Portheim) threatened by two powerful and sinister forces—Russian communism and American mass-production.

Quite naturally it is to these two forces, Russian and American, that Mr. Wells looks for the salvation of the world. He believes the two men who can now do the most for that blessed World State (*his* world state) are Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Stalin; and his interviews with them bring his book up to date—they happened in 1934.

To turn to a more congenial portion of the Autobiography, he wrote this book even as some three hundred years ago Burton wrote the vast *Anatomy of Melancholy*—to relieve his own mind. Burton had suffered so much from melancholy that he became interested in his symptoms; and wrote a noble work on the subject, which, though it did not work the hoped-for cure on himself, has given delight to hundreds of thousands. Mr. Wells has found, as nearly every one alive has found, that it is almost impossible to secure the isolation and privacy necessary for the work he has in hand. He has hoped in vain that he might somehow combine solitude with comfort; and write in peace, uninterrupted by the telephone, the postman, and the innumerable social demands made today on every prominent man. For fame leads into a vicious circle; fame was attained in the first place by writing in solitary obscurity; and the wished-for fame and success, when attained, destroy the conditions necessary for continuance of the best work.

Well, he might profitably consider the only known modern instance of that perpetual isolation—the case of Henrik Ibsen. I have wondered, granted it were today possible for many writers to find that complete freedom from interruption Ibsen enjoyed for so many years, would the number of immortal masterpieces be increased? Henrik Ibsen received a stipend from his native country which enabled him

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to live in absolute seclusion in Rome, in Munich, and in other European cities. And this was the way he lived. His wife took care of the housekeeping and saw that he had his daily meals and necessary care. He received no visitors, wrote practically no letters, took no part whatever in any form of political or social life, in fact did absolutely nothing but write. He worked at his desk from immediately after breakfast till about five in the afternoon. Then he walked to a café, read the newspapers, from which came many of his plots, walked home again, spent a quiet evening, and went to bed at a regular hour. On the occasions when his wife accompanied him on his walk, she was about two paces behind, so that he did not have to talk. Apparently they were happy together; his comment on her was, "She suits me exactly!"

Every two years he produced a play.

When he was an old man, he said it seemed as if his entire life had been just one quiet afternoon. And we know that it gave him no comfort, no happiness. That unspeakably tragic play *When We Dead Awaken,* his final production, seems to say that any one who has refused to live for the sake of artistic creation, is of all fools in the world, the greatest.

There must be many writers annoyed by constant interruptions, who envy the tranquillity and peace of Ibsen's hours, days, weeks, months, years of creative work. But Mr. Wells could not possibly have lived like that. He is a good fellow, at home in a crowd.

Although he scorns the art of the novelist, and treats with ridicule Henry James, Conrad, Galsworthy, and, at the last, even Arnold Bennett, how amazingly brilliant are the pages devoted to these contemporaries! For the truth is, that when Mr. Wells forgets his zeal as a reformer, forgets economics and biology, and writes about men and women, whether imaginary or real, his true genius—the genius of the creative novelist—shines forth in splendor. The half-dozen pages devoted to Arnold Bennett are magnificent. The two men started out with the utmost sympathy; both were sceptics in religion, both were untrammelled by certain scruples, both wanted fame and money, both wanted to write successful novels. But when these desires reached complete fruition, Wells wanted to reform the world, and Bennett wasn't even interested. He wanted to enjoy the world and he certainly did so with ever-increasing gusto.

All that Mr. Wells saw in the terrific efforts at "style" made by Henry James and Joseph Conrad, was an adult mind given over to piffling trivialities; he never even guessed at the grandeur and nobility of their real aim, and the devotion with which they followed it. I shall never forget a remark made to me one day by Joseph Conrad. "This is the difference between Wells and me. Wells does not love humanity but he thinks he can improve it; I love humanity and I know it is unimprovable." He laughed genially as he said it, which did not lessen its profound significance.

The early part of the Autobiography and indeed all the part before he obtained fame and ease, is enormously interesting, because he is writing a realistic novel with young Wells as the hero; and I think the finest thing that can be said about the character of our Mr. Wells is to speak of the way he treated his father and mother. He is modest about this as he is in most of the things he says about himself. But surely, in taking care of those helpless parents as he did, he lived the good life. I wish he would read *Years Are So Long.*

One final thing remains to be said. All of the reforming zeal of Mr. Wells, according to his own "scientific" beliefs, must be without value and without meaning. It is the brain and not the mind that determines our actions; there is no such thing as free will; we speak and act only as the physical and chemical combinations in our brains permit. In the last analysis, therefore, we are not actors in the world, we are only spectators. The absolutely logical conclusion of a belief in determinism is "What's the use?"

If Doctor Paul Elmer More should read the passages in Mr. Wells's Autobiography dealing with Plato, I should like to be in the room with him, to hear his comments. Mr. Wells apparently despises classical education; but in the belief that Plato upheld sexual promiscuousness, he thinks much may be learned from the Greek philosopher, and wonders that Christians permit the circulation of his works. It would be interesting if Doctor More would interpret Mr. Wells's interpretation of Plato.

However that may be, I recommend to Scribnerians that they buy, read, and reread a little volume recently written by Doctor More, called *The Sceptical Approach to Religion.* This is a work where exact scholarship, deep thought, religious emotion, and clarity of expression are happily commingled. I do not suppose that all my readers share my own intense interest in religion; but every man is a theologian; every man thinks about God and life and death; and here in small compass is the fruit of a long career given to their consideration. Furthermore, while the book is not so easy to read as a detective story, it is written in non-technical terms. I found it thrilling. I was exalted by it. I regard its author as a truly great philosopher and an admirable literary artist. In every sense of the word, this is an important book. It will strengthen the religious faith of all those who have any faith, and it may help to enlighten those who have none. One of its effects will be to make its readers turn once again to Jowett's fine translation of Plato, now available in cheap editions.

A. A. Milne's book *Peace with Honour* is a happy combination of humor, wit, earnestness, and common sense. The author is universally known as a novelist, dramatist, humorist, and writer of books for children. This is the first time he has applied his talents to further world-peace. I think both pacifists and militarists will learn much from its pages; nobody will agree with what is said on every page, but the disarming (good word) candor of its style makes the book decidedly readable. Whatever doubts there may be about present necessities, the future is surely with Mr. Milne. He points the way the world is going.

It is agreeable to see on the side of peace an English gentleman, well-balanced, common-sensible, and wise. The pacifists whom I wholly distrust are the Communists. For your true pacifist wishes to attain peace by peaceable means; whereas the Communist can attain peace only by force of arms exhibited in bloody revolution, and maintained by military domination. It is somewhat like the kind of peace Tacitus described.

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I Remember, by J. Henry Harper, is a charming autobiography, divided into *Franklin Square, Personalia,* and *A Portrait Gallery,* wherein are presented the interesting persons and personages with whom Mr. Harper came in contact, writers, artists, actors, politicians, and others. The House of Harper has already had its historian; this is wholly a personal book of delightful reminiscences. There are innumerable good stories of Mark Twain, Woodrow Wilson, Howells, George Harvey (who never forgave Wilson), Bryan, Henry James, Kipling, Theodore N. Vail, Bret Harte, Lew Wallace, Thomas Hardy, Charles A. Dana, Booth and Barrett, Helen Keller (to whom Henry Irving gave a pair of eyeglasses!), Oscar Wilde, and others. I enjoyed this book so much I hate to mention its sins—but there are such, both of omission and commission. The former is shown in the absence of an index; the latter in many typographical errors and in one gorgeous bloomer about Walter Scott.

But I think every reader will love the book and its author. He says "I have lived and I have enjoyed life."

Brinkley Manor, by the one and only P. G. Wodehouse, needs only one remark to ensure its being read. Jeeves is in it.

Wine From These Grapes by Edna St. Vincent Millay, the new volume of her poems, fully sustains her great and ever-growing fame. While I think it is a disservice to her to compare her with Shakespeare—as some reviewers have done—I do not see how her numerous admirers can feel anything but a glow of satisfaction as they read this book. It is easier to gain a reputation than to keep it; some of her previous work has placed her so high among contemporary poets that anything she publishes is judged by a much more severe test than would be applied to the work of any new poet. Let me say then, that these poems, incandescent with thought and feeling, are in their language and music all that I hoped they would be. Her most dangerous rival is her previous work; and perhaps I can express no higher praise than to say that *Wine From These Grapes* is worthy of herself.

The Age of Confidence, by Doctor Henry S. Canby, is a delectable combination of autobiography and social history. Looking back on Delaware days in the nineties and eighties (he was graduated from Yale in 1899) the author recalls the atmosphere of security which enveloped the good American homes of that period. The people he knew lived in houses and did not as a rule question the authority of parents; who were, however, not tyrants, but who knew more about life and the world than their children; which fact, combined with intense and sincere affection on both sides, worked for harmony and happiness.

The author is a fair-minded man, with a judicial and kindly temperament. The fact that all children, when they grow up, become judges of their parents, does not always lessen filial tenderness; indeed, the influence of parents is often stronger after they have left the planet. Doctor Canby has no desire to put back the clock; he weighs both loss and gain in what is called progress; and merely reminds us of certain values that perhaps ought not to be wholly lost.

Furthermore he looks back on a happy childhood with clear-sighted vision, and apparently without illusions. This is a good book, written with insight.

The illustrations are admirable—how solid and secure seem those houses!

The Reason for Living by Doctor Robert Russell Wicks, of Princeton, helps to explain his success as a preacher and teacher of religion in a great university. This is a clear-headed, unpretentious, informal, but profoundly sincere discussion of religious faith and life. The book will be especially welcomed by university audiences.

The Copeland Translations, by Professor Charles Townsend Copeland of Harvard, is an agreeable additional volume to the highly successful *Copeland Reader* which appeared a few years ago. These are Mr. Copeland's favorite passages in English translation from foreign authors. It is a whole foreign library in one volume.

Sails Over Ice, by Captain "Bob" Bartlett, is one of the best books of northern exploration. It is a succession of thrilling incidents told with dramatic fervor and there are passages that are beautiful in their natural eloquence. The illustrations are a valuable addition to the text.

Riders of the Sky, by Leighton Brewer, is a poem of 163 pages dealing with airplane service in the World War. When I say poem, I use the word advisedly because this is genuine poetry. The descriptions are often beautiful and the narrative of individual combats full of spirit. It is a rather curious thing in these days to read a book of the Great War which has hardly a touch of disillusion or cynicism. Mr. Brewer himself served as an aviator, and while many of the incidents in the poem are imaginary, they are all based on intimate experience. Whatever glory still remains to war is probably found in the individual duels in the air. No one, I think, who takes up this book can fail to read it through, as the narrative is sustained in interest from first page to last.

Here is a very interesting letter from the American poet Bernice Kenyon, who gives me information of great interest:

> About your *eat-ate-eaten* question in the November SCRIBNER'S, which has just arrived —I recall a Mother Goose rhyme which seems to require your father's pronunciation of "eat" used as the past tense:
>
> Tom, Tom, the piper's son
> Stole a pig and away he run;
> The pig was eat,
> And Tom was beat,
> And Tom ran howling down the street.
>
> I remember that this *eat* used to bother me very much when I was a child, though the use of *run* didn't disturb me at all because so many people used it as a past tense.

ANTHONY ADVERSE CLUB

Mrs. M. S. Davis, Librarian of the Tarrant County Free Library of Grapevine, Texas, writes me that Mrs. Madora Culberson of Grapevine has finished reading aloud the whole of the novel to her family. She belongs. I am interested to see that in the coming screen version of *Anthony Adverse* (what a job in condensation) the leading part will be taken by the admirable Leslie Howard.

Mary Kinch, R.N., of Grofton, Mass., read the work aloud to her patient, Mrs. H. M. D., and thereby qualifies.

I am grateful to Miss Lydia B. Wilson of Allegan, Mich., for sending me the following extract from *The Kala-*

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mazoo Gazette of September 16, which I am sure my readers will enjoy.

BRADY WOMAN HOLDS READING CHAMPIONSHIP

Grandma Sadie Ettinger of Brady claims to hold the readin' championship of that township. She claims to have read *Anthony Adverse* straight through without skippin' a word in the third attempt, in two hours and thirty-four minutes. This comes close to being the world's record, it is claimed. Grandma Ettinger, who is eighty-two, reads without glasses and without understandin' most of the time.

THE FANO CLUB

The membership grows apace. On August 25, Miss Lucy R. Gorham of Westport, Conn., saw the picture, and writes that Sig. Antonelli was very kind and helpful. On August 31, Mrs. W. B. Morris of St. Joseph, Mo., joined; on September 3, Miss Anita Bachiochi of Springfield, Mass., records her appreciation of Sig. Antonelli's kindness; on September 13, Susan M. Judge and Harold E. Judge of Sioux Falls, S. D., were enrolled as active members; on September 29, Miss Bertha Blum of New Haven, Conn., enters with an appropriate quotation from Browning; on October 12, Columbus Day, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Pieretti, of Centerbrook, Conn., were inspired by the painting. And here is a fact of interest to members of the Club. Mr. Pieretti writes:

I obtained my early education in Fano about thirty-five years ago, and left Italy for Connecticut in 1903. Returned to Fano for a short visit with my relatives.

He returned to America on the *Rex*, to resume the active management of the firm of Pieretti Brothers in Centerbrook.

And here is a letter, which will interest not only Fanians, but all who intend to travel in Italy—and who does not? It comes from Virginia Livingston Hunt, of Washington, D. C.:

Florence, Sept. 21.

I send this card as a proof of my eligibility to membership in the Fano Club! I and my mother motored through that charming little town three days ago and lunched there at the Lido Hotel, overlooking the dancing Adriatic. Then we continued our way to Perugia, passing Gubbio en route. May I suggest to you, that if you do not already know that fascinating ancient little town you add it to your next Italian itinerary? It is little changed since the Middle Ages and its grass-grown Piazza bespeaks a peace, even unknown to your beloved Fano. The drive from Gubbio to Perugia is, to my mind, one of the most beautiful in Italy, and if one is in the vicinity on May 15, one can attend the delightful and amusing festival of the "Ceri," the origin of which is lost in antiquity.

From Mrs. George H. Woodruff, of Pasadena, Calif.:

Thirty-three years ago, almost the first thing I did in my new home, I subscribed for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE and have never missed a month since. I could not keep the home without it. I do not always agree with or approve of all the articles or the fiction but I am deeply loyal to you all and appreciate the high standard you have maintained all these years.

I feel I am entitled to a membership in the Anthony Adverse Club since I have read it through twice, once hurriedly, once painstakingly.

Alas, one might read the book through fifty times and yet not be eligible for membership; though it is certainly an achievement to have read it twice. It must be read *aloud* to one person.

Here is an excerpt from a letter illustrating the spirit of Christmas as celebrated in England. It is sent to me from London by DeWitt C. Barlow of New York City:

It was told me [the writer of the letter] by one of the *Aquitania* deck stewards, quite unaware of its merit.

"We shall not be home for Christmas this year, Sir, that's the bad part. We always make a great day of Christmas at home, you know; all the children about and the grandchildren. The next day is Boxing Day.

"When I was a little fellow my mother used to boil a plum pudding in the wash boiler. A great big one it was. First she would scour it out and then she would put the pudding in to boil. It would take twenty-four hours. It was big as a football. Then, if my father's ship was in, he would be home, and he would rig up a little block and tackle and fasten it to the roof beam, and then put a sling around the pudding, and we kids would heave on the line and hoist the pudding out, singing a sea chantey. When it was out my mother would pour scalding brandy on it and light it, and it would burn with a blue flame."

From Howard James Conn, of New Haven, Conn.:

There was one detail in Miss Cornell's superb production of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* about which I should like to ask you. When Mr. Rathbone read the poem in the first act and the letter from Elizabeth's father in the third act, I noted that he held the book and the paper at arm's length. I understood you to say in lectures that because of a difference in the focus of his two eyes Robert Browning read with one eye closed and with the printed page held close to his face. Could it be that this was a peculiarity which Browning did not have in his younger days? Or could he have read with the other eye if he had held a book at considerable distance? Or do you suppose it was a detail which was not reproduced by Miss Cornell's company because of the disturbing note which such an unusual gesture would have produced on the audience?

It is quite true that Browning did all his reading with one eye, holding the page close to his face. He never wore glasses.

I had a most interesting conversation recently with Edward S. Martin, "who needs no introduction" to my readers. The following information will be of interest to those who founded *Time, The New Yorker, Fortune, Esquire, The American Spectator,* and other periodicals born in the twentieth century. Mr. Mitchell founded *Life* with a total capital of eleven thousand dollars, ten of which he contributed himself, and the other one he got from a friend. He made two million dollars out of it.

A review in *The New York Times Book Review* says that Ezra Pound "has been one of the most important influences upon the modern poets." I have been wondering what was the matter with them.

BOOKS DISCUSSED IN THIS ARTICLE, WITH NAMES OF AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

Experiment in Autobiography, by H. G. Wells. Macmillan. $4.

The Sceptical Approach to Religion, by Paul Elmer More. Princeton. $2.

Peace with Honour, by A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton. $2.

I Remember, by J. Henry Harper. Harpers. $3.

Brinkley Manor, by P. G. Wodehouse. Little, Brown. $2.

The Reason for Living, by Robert Russell Wicks. Scribners. $2.

Sails Over Ice, by Captain "Bob" Bartlett. Scribners. $3.

The Copeland Translations, by Charles Townsend Copeland. Scribners. $5.

Riders of the Sky, by Leighton Brewer. Houghton-Mifflin. $2.50.

Wine from These Grapes, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harpers. $2.

The Age of Confidence, by Henry S. Canby. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

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Brain-Testers IV

How many of these questions can you answer?

THIS group of questions continues the series which for the past three months we have been printing for their stimulating quality and entertainment value. They are taken from a College Achievement Test used in a study, conducted by the Carnegie Foundation, of the relationship of secondary to higher education. They are used here by permission of the Co-operative Test Service. Answers appear on one of the advertising pages which follow.

Many requests for reprints of the questions have come in from those who wish to use them for groups or parties. Shall we continue to print the questions? What is the verdict of the readers?

Indicate which of the numbered phrases in the left-hand column below best applies to each of the phrases in the right-hand column. Do this by placing the appropriate number in the parenthesis to the right of the phrase.

1.

1. *Il Penseroso*	"All the world's a stage" ( )
2. *On His Blindness*	"They also serve who only stand and wait" ( )
3. Walt Whitman	"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed" ( )
4. *Christmas Carol*	"God bless us every one" ( )
5. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*	"Full many a gem of purest ray serene" ( )
6. Wordsworth	"It is a beauteous evening calm and free" ( )
7. *As You Like It*	
8. Edgar Allan Poe	

2.

1. Anabolism	Interstitial growth, as opposed to growth by accretion ( )
2. Maturation	Nuclear division, including the formation and division of the chromosomes ( )
3. Mitosis	The process of absorbing and storing up energy ( )
4. Mutation	The process whereby the chromosomes are reduced one-half in number ( )
5. None of the above	Asexual reproduction ( )
	Production of a new inheritable character ( )

3.

1. Culture	An injunction to do or not to do something ( )
2. Mores	Customs supported by non-legal sanctions ( )
3. Taboo	The psychic aspect of custom ( )
4. Tradition	The sum total of a group's ways of doing and thinking things ( )
5. Cultural lag	

4.

1. France	Archbishop Laud ( )
2. England	The Tudors ( )
3. Spain	Gustavus Adolphus ( )
4. Sweden	Ferdinand and Isabella ( )
5. Portugal	Henry the Navigator ( )
6. Italy	The Inquisition ( )
	Colbert ( )
	Vasco da Gama ( )
	The Huguenots ( )
	Lorenzo de' Medici ( )
	Louis XII ( )

5.

1. Double-reed instruments	Bassoon ( )
2. Single-reed instruments	Clarinet ( )
3. Neither of the above	English horn (Cor anglais) ( )
	Flute ( )
	French horn ( )
	Oboe ( )
	Piccolo ( )
	Saxaphone ( )

In the following questions, indicate which of the several responses best completes the given statement. Do this by placing the number of the preferred response in the parenthesis to the right of the statement.

6. According to the Gospels, Jesus regarded his mission as bringing
1. a release from the bondage of the Jewish law. 2. a national Jewish revolt against Rome. 3. the overthrow of the Pharisees. 4. the fulfillment of the Jewish law. ( )

7. It was said of the
1. Persians. 2. Spartans. 3. Athenians. 4. Milesians that "they cultivated beauty without extravagance and knowledge without effeminacy." ( )

8. According to Aristotle, happiness is
1. a settled state of the soul. 2. the complete functioning of the senses. 3. the attainment of an honored position in one's group. 4. an activity in accordance with man's peculiar nature. ( )

9. Mahatma Ghandi is a
1. Buddhist saint. 2. President of Calcutta University. 3. Indian nationalist. 4. Governor of Bengal. ( )

10. Rembrandt's work is distinguished for its
1. rich color. 2. animation. 3. strong contrasts of light and dark. 4. absence of human feeling. ( )

11. Intracellular digestion is the only method of digestion in
1. mammals. 2. cœlenterates. 3. earthworms. 4. amœbæ. ( )

12. The periodic law of the elements was enunciated about
1. 1810. 2. 1840. 3. 1870. 4. 1900. ( )

13. At the end of the eighteenth century the chief source of architectural inspiration for public buildings in this country was
1. classic. 2. Gothic. 3. Queen Anne style. 4. the new conditions of life in America. ( )

14. Cement and concrete have been in common use as building materials for about
1. 75 years. 2. 150 years. 3. 225 years. 4. 300 years. ( )

15. Most of the Canterbury Pilgrims of Chaucer represent
1. the nobility. 2. the lower classes. 3. the clergy. 4. the professions. ( )

16. The principle of the conservation of energy grew out of experiments with
1. magnetism. 2. chemical analysis. 3. the production of heat. 4. radium. ( )

17. A judge charges the jury as to
1. matters of fact. 2. legal responsibility of counsel. 3. what testimony to believe. 4. the law in question. ( )

In the following, if the statement is true, place a plus sign in the parenthesis (+); if false, a zero (O).

18. The functioning of the autonomic nervous system is not affected by the functioning of the central nervous system. ( )

19. Les chaises sont des objets presques inutiles. ( )

20. Inland regions generally have colder winters and hotter summers than coastal regions of similar latitude. ( )

21. In most American states a child born out of wedlock can be legitimized by the subsequent marriage of its parents. ( )

22. Bondholders must be paid their interest before the preferred stockholders receive any dividends. ( )

23. Chekhov's plays reflect the futility and aimlessness of the upper classes in pre-revolutionary Russia. ( )

24. The fugue was developed as a definite musical form before the sonata. ( )

25. If a line is parallel to a plane, it is parallel to any line in the plane. ( )

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Are You Over 45 Years of Age?

Are You an Executive of a Million Dollar or Larger Corporation?

● If so, you may be the person to inform that there are advertising mediums such as buses and street cars which can do an advertising job just as well—and better in many cases—than other forms of advertising.

● Campbell's Soup started their tremendous business with less than five thousand dollars a year for advertising space in street cars.

● The Fifth Avenue buses offer the last chance to advertise to thousands of persons just before they step into many shops to buy millions of dollars' worth of merchandise.

● Based on a month's tabulation, the Fifth Avenue buses delivered to

	passengers per year
Lord & Taylor's	378,000
Altman's	423,000
McCreery's Fifth Ave. Entrance	233,400
Best & Co.	184,500
Franklin Simon & Co.	134,700
John Wanamaker	284,294

● These figures are from a survey made by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company a few years ago, when the coaches were carrying only 46,000,000 passengers a year. During the past 12 months the buses carried away from Wanamaker's 366,918 passengers.

● It is just a little more trouble for your agent, after he buys space for you in the Fifth Avenue buses because he probably has to put through an order for a drawing besides a printing job, but we know that many of the concerns headed by those who have reached the "Age of Plenty" can profitably use advertising space in the Fifth Avenue buses. Mr. Executive, why not learn about this advertising medium? It naturally limits competition because of the limited number of spaces. It has a low cost visibility statistical standing that beats most mediums all hollow. Let us send you our presentation. A post card will bring it.

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, Jr.
Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Buses
425 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.
Caledonia 5-2151

boys, homesteaders and others whose living depends on government land policies. At the time of the strike he was on the San Francisco Peninsula and decided to go to the scene of action.

A NUMBER of letters and a great many editorials in newspapers all over the country about John Tunis's article "Human Waste in the Colleges" in the September issue are indicative of the wide interest and concern existing about higher education in America today.

POWER OF THINKING

Sir: May I say to you and to any editor of the Magazine who may be interested that the first article in the September number is in and *of itself* interesting and sound. But let me say the basis of that Pennsylvania investigation on which the article is founded is unsound. The test of the worth of a college education is not what one remembers or what one has forgotten. The test is the power of thinking. Henry Adams once said to the members of a class in Harvard College, and in his Adams-esque voice, "I am Professor of History in Harvard College; but I pride myself that I never remember a date."

What is the test of the worth of a college education?

CHARLES F. THWING,
President-emeritus, Western Reserve University.
Cleveland, Ohio.

A DYING INVENTION

Sirs: About a year ago SCRIBNER'S had an article on Edison by C. Hartley Grattan. When he got to the phonograph, Mr. Grattan described it as "now a dying invention." I was wrought up over this sufficiently to write Mr. Grattan at some length, and also to compose a short but barbed squib about it for one of our phonograph magazines.

Well, I am glad to see you disavowing, somewhat tardily, but most effectively, that untrue phrase, by introducing a department of phonograph records.

I have followed Richard Gilbert's "record writin's" since 1930, when he first appeared in that most illustrious house-organ, *Disques*. I was saddened when *Musical Courier* cut out his record reviews, but I think he can do more good in SCRIBNER'S.

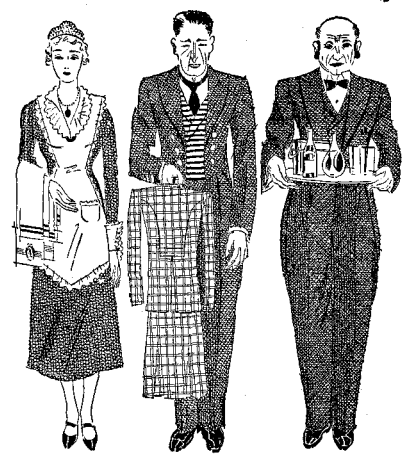
RALPH W. SNYDER.

Answers to Brain-Testers IV

(from page 64)

The numbers for the first five questions are listed as they should appear in the parentheses.

Question 1: 7, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
2: 5, 3, 1, 2, 3 & 5, 4.
3: 3, 2, 4, 1.
4: 2, 2, 4, 3, 5, 3 & 6, 1, 5, 1, 6, 4.
5: 1, 2, 1, 3, 3, 1, 3, 2.
6: 4.
7: 3.
8: 4.
9: 3.
10: 3.
11: 4.
12: 3.
13: 1.
14: 1.
15: 2.
16: 3.
17: 4.
18: O.
19: O.
20: +.
21: +.
22: +.
23: +.
24: +.
25: O.



PREPARE TO BE

Pampered

■ The smart way to visit New York . . . even for a day . . . is to take your own apartment in this distinguished residence hotel. The Park Lane now makes available to you even for short visits a number of its charmingly appointed suites.

And prepare to be pampered! To you, dear lady, will be assigned your personal maid to give you thoughtful attention . . . draw your bath . . . adjust your blankets to the weather . . . pack for you. Your husband will enjoy the care of a continentally-trained valet.

You will find, too, that the Park Lane's location is especially fortunate. For it combines the restful quiet of Park Avenue's residential section with convenience to shops, theatres, and business centers.

Two-room suites . . . living-room, bedroom, serving pantry, and foyer. From $10 the day, or at special monthly rates.

Year-round town houses. Apartments of 2 to 6 rooms. Furnished or unfurnished. Substantial savings on yearly leases.

NEW YORK'S HOTEL OF DISTINCTION

Park Lane

PARK AVE · 48TH TO 49TH · NEW YORK

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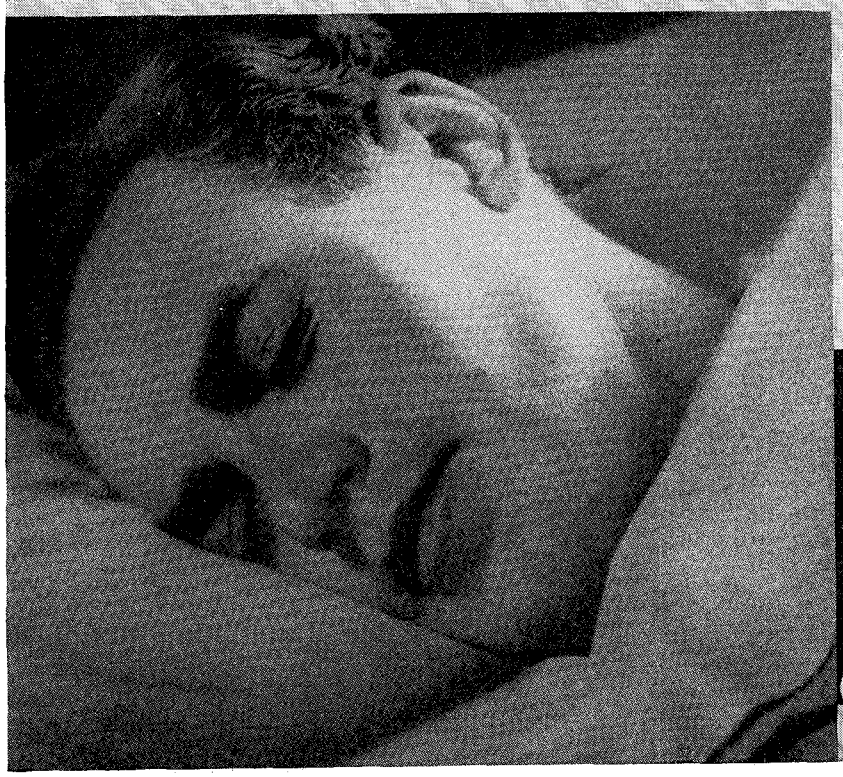
A Good Night's Rest

may depend on the little things you can be sure of at a STATLER HOTEL



● Night-time or day-time, at a Statler Hotel you will be happier, more comfortable and better satisfied because we have made it our policy to bend over backwards in our attention to minor details of service and equipment. Pictured on this page are just a few of the "little things" we have provided for your welfare at our hotels. We could point to a host of others, in *every* room at *every* Statler. And as time goes on, there'll be more and more . . . for out of our long experience we are constantly finding *new* improvements, both little and big, to give you a better place to live when you travel.

We look upon our personal attention to "little things" as a duty to Statler guests. Added to the service rendered by a staff of selected, trained employees . . . added to the *big* improvements we have pioneered as hotelkeepers . . . it becomes an all-important part of *complete* hotel service—Statler Service.

FEATURES OF HOTEL SERVICE PIONEERED BY STATLERS

- Pin Cushion
- Free Morning Newspaper
- Circulating Ice Water
- Free Radio Reception
- Bed Head Reading Lamp
- Full-length Mirror
- Inner-Spring Hair Mattress
- Certified Guest Room Lighting for Eye Comfort
- Private Bath with Every Room
- No Tipping at Public Restaurant Checkrooms
- No Tip Chiseling in Washrooms
- One-day Laundry Service without Extra Charge
- Street Store Prices for Cigar and Newsstand Items
- Statler Service Training of Employees
- Price of Room Posted in the Room
- A Guarantee of Guest Satisfaction

HOTELS STATLER

"WHERE THE GUEST IS ALWAYS RIGHT"

Cleveland $2.50 Detroit $2.50 St. Louis $2.50 Buffalo $3.00

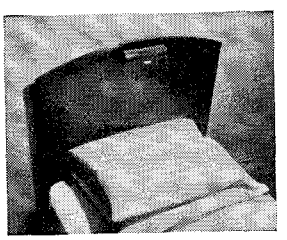
Boston $3.50 New York (Hotel Pennsylvania) $3.50

ROOM RATES BEGIN AT PRICES SHOWN

Mr. F. A. McKowne, President of Hotels Statler Co., Inc., inspects material for Statler bedrooms with an experienced eye. "One of our most important duties," says Mr. McKowne, "is to be ever watchful of the 'little things' that can make or mar complete hotel service."

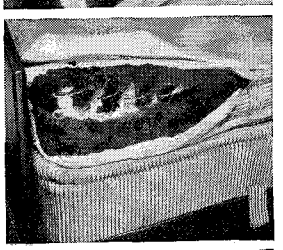
•

It's no mere accident that you rest better in a Statler. Notice the "little things" in this picture . . . the bed head light, *certified* correct for reading fine print... the *two* downy pillows (even on a single bed) with sanitary innerslips and snowy white outer ones . . .



•

In every room in every Statler you lie on an inner-spring *hair* mattress (shown cutaway here), scientifically designed for healthful, restful relaxation. On it is a protector pad to give added smoothness . . . bedclothes extra long and wide for night-long comfort . . .

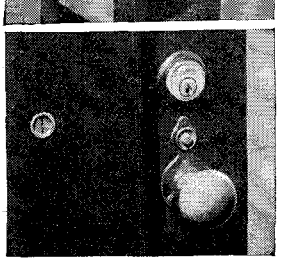


•

And as you drift off to sleep, you're still surrounded by our solicitude for "little things" that contribute to an undisturbed rest. Notice how the doors between rooms are *double* and felted at the edges for sound absorption. Sound-proof materials are used for floor and wall construction . . .

•

We could go on . . . and on. Here, for instance, you see the signal above the knob which shows *outside* your door to tell employees, "Room occupied, door locked." All these things —little in themselves—are a big part of the reason why people say: "They think of *everything* at a Statler Hotel."



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